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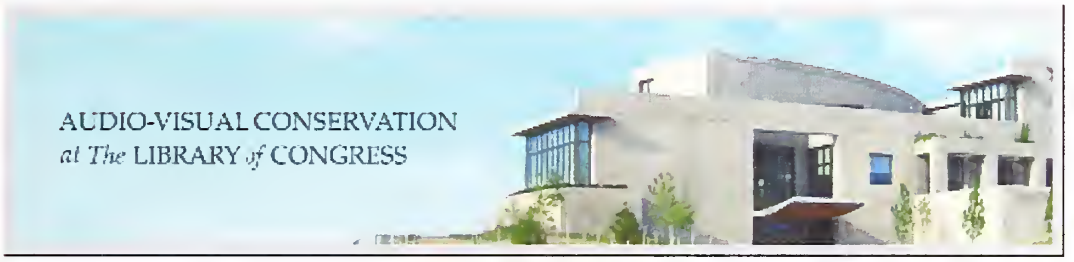

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MOVIE CLASSIC

SEPTEMBER

10 CENTS

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HOW THE MOVIE STARS KEEP YOUNG

PN 1993
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JOIN THE BIG PARADE
Every day in every town the big parade marches up and says, "I want Beech-Nut." Beech-Nut is on the tip of every tongue. It leads in flavor, in goodness, in taste. Join the procession. March up and say, "Beech-Nut please."
Beech-Nut
GUM and CANDIES
AIDS DIGESTION
CANDY COATED PEPSIN GUM
Beech-Nut
PEPSIN GUM
CANDY COATED GUM
Beech-Nut
12 BEECHIES
Beech-Nut LEMON DROPS
Beech-Nut LIME DROPS
Beech-Nut ORANGE DROPS
BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT GUM
SPEAR MINT
BEECH-NUT GUM
PEPPERMINT FLAVORED
When you choose Beech-Nut — you choose quality.
Use Beech-Nut Gum after every smoke — it makes the next smoke taste better.

Isn't It A Shame!

SWELL GIRL . . . GRAND LITTLE MOTHER . . . BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

Sally's baby is the cunningest thing in town—and women love Sally! She's clever and spirited and gay! But—there's a "but" about Sally!

When the crowd wants to dance or play contract, they always say, "Let's go to Sally's!" But—the "but" about Sally often sends her to bed in tears!

Sally's young husband is handsome—and lately he has had "a wandering eye." Tired of Sally? Never! But—he's noticed. For the "but" about Sally is her teeth.

Sally doesn't know that it's "pink tooth brush" which has robbed her teeth of their brightness, and ruined the charm of her smile. Perhaps she'll ask her dentist.

He'll tell her at once to clean her teeth with Ipana—and to massage Ipana into her gums. He'll tell her to get rid of "pink tooth brush"—to use Ipana.

It won't be long before Sally's young husband will find her just as pretty as when they were engaged! Sally's teeth will soon be brilliant again!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

YOUNG mothers have to be even more careful about their teeth than other girls do. But every girl should know that tender gums are responsible for the teeth's looking dingy and grayish.

Your dentist will explain this to you.

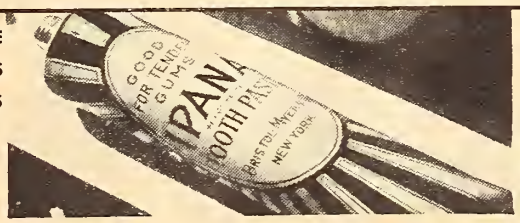
"Today's soft foods," he will tell you, "aren't coarse or crunchy enough to exercise your gums. Lacking stimulation, your gums tend to become flabby and tender. Then—you notice 'pink' on your tooth brush."

"Pink tooth brush," he'll explain, "is often the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It may not only dull your teeth—but *endanger* sound teeth."

But he'll tell you how simple it is to check "pink tooth brush." You should clean your teeth with Ipana, and massage a little extra Ipana into your gums—and you'll soon have "pink tooth brush" under control. For the ziratol in Ipana aids in firming tender gums. Your teeth will soon be brilliant again!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE



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VISIT
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"
SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4 — Chicago, June — October, 1934.

...AND IT'S A GLORIOUS HIT!

Because...more than 62,000 fans asked for an encore to "Dancing Lady"... they're together again!

M. G. M. Studios
Hollywood, Cal.
May we please see
Joan Crawford and Clark
Gable co-starred again,
like they were in
"Dancing Lady"?
They were glorious. Please
please let us see them
together again
Mary Lou Hart
Cherokee
Iowa

JOAN Crawford CLARK Gable

CHAINED

with

OTTO KRUGER · STUART ERWIN

A CLARENCE BROWN PRODUCTION

• Produced by Hunt Stromberg •

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

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AUG -8 1934

MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

VOL. 7, No. 1 SEPTEMBER, 1934

RUBY KEELER And DICK POWELL Lead the Parade

This month, presenting Ruby Keeler and Dick Powell on our cover, we are paying tribute to the two most popular stars on the Warner Brothers lot. But more than that. We are also paying tribute to their smart bosses —the Warners, themselves— who are celebrating their twenty-fifth anniversary in films this month.

Part of their celebration will be the release of "Dames," co-starring Ruby and Dick. You will find a photographic preview of it a few pages farther on.

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COVER DRAWING OF RUBY KEELER AND DICK POWELL BY MARLAND STONE

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LOVE IN BLOOM...CAN IT BE THE SPRING THAT SEEMS TO BRING THE STARS RIGHT INTO

BING CROSBY
MIRIAM HOPKINS
in "She Loves Me Not"

with Kitty Carlisle · Lynne Overman
Henry Stephenson · George Barbier
Warren Hymer · Directed by Elliott Nugent

MIRIAM HOPKINS
as "Curley Flagg"

"It is, so help me, just about the funniest farce I have ever seen." —*New York American*

"The most gloriously cock-eyed farce comedy the season is apt to reveal."—*New York Post*

"A wild farce . . . a riotous tale . . . they shouted in glee at the 46th Street Theatre last night."—*News*

a CROSBY-CARLISLE duet

Biggest Broadway Stage Smash in Years! In New York alone, "She Loves Me Not" has already played 250 performances, and every one of them capacity. In addition to this, road companies have been doing land-office business everywhere.

You Ain't Heard Nothing Yet! With Bing Crosby singing love-duets with Kitty Carlisle—with Miriam Hopkins as Curley Flagg—with gorgeous music* by those sensational Paramount song-writing teams—Rainger & Robin, and Gordon & Revel—we are certain that the picture will be as big a hit as the play.

KITTY CARLISLE

* P.S. We predict that "Love in Bloom" will be the song hit of the year!

PRINCETON

if it's a PARAMOUNT PICTURE it's the best show in town!

THIS ROOM? . . . CAN IT BE THE TREES THAT FILL THE BREEZE WITH RARE PERFUME?

Charles Ray Returns to Films —And Lives a Real Life Drama

And Other Intimate Hollywood Gossip

By Jack Grant

Charles Ray doesn't tell Frances Drake any sob-story in "Ladies Should Listen"—in which he plays the doorman and she plays the telephone operator. And he isn't telling any sob-stories in real life, either. Not Charlie!

CHARLES RAY has never played a rôle in his long and distinguished acting career that held more of a heart-throb than a little scene I saw enacted in the Paramount publicity office last month. Ray had that day called upon his old friend, Douglas MacLean, now a Paramount producer, had been offered a job in the latter's new picture, "Ladies Should Listen," and had accepted it. Now, he was entering the publicity department to talk to the men who would broadcast the news of his return to the screen after six years—whose business it was to "publicize" Charlie Ray, who for so long had had no publicity at all.

He stood silently for a moment in the doorway of the department's "bull pen," where the clatter of a dozen press-agents' typewriters was making a frightful din. He seemed confused by the activity or, perhaps, he had not as yet regained equilibrium after his stroke of sudden and unexpected good fortune. Obviously, he was unaccustomed to good fortune.

Hesitantly, he asked, "Is Mr. Miles here? I was told to ask for Mr. Johnny Miles." He had to repeat the question to be heard.

"I'm Miles," answered one of the workers.

The visitor's voice was still meek, half-apologetic. "I'm Charlie Ray."

"I know," said Miles warmly. The cordiality of the greeting changed everything. Ray relaxed. He was among friends.

He told of having signed for the part of the doorman in the MacLean picture—not a terribly important rôle, but a good one. "Maybe it will lead to something better." Then, slowly, his own story was related.

More than two years ago, he had been taken ill. The flu. He was very sick and his recovery was slow, arduous. Somehow, his strength refused to return. "The most I could do was to sit up to a typewriter." He waved toward the battery of machines. "So I wrote a novel."

What kind of novel? Why, about Hollywood, of course. But not an exposé. Be sure to say that it is not bitter. It is just about two kids on the outskirts of pictures. (They would be on the "outskirts!") Rupert Hughes liked the book and sent it to his publishers, who liked it, too. It will probably be out in the Fall.

There was a touch of elation in Charlie's tone when he told of his novel, an elation that quickly vanished as he was pressed to talk of the other months of his six-year absence. There was a whirl at vaudeville—sixty weeks, and that's pretty good. But not much else. He has been living quietly with his parents during his long convalescence.

And one other thing. Please understand that he did not call upon his friend, Doug MacLean, for the purpose of soliciting work. It was a social call, purely social. Even if he was broke, he wasn't begging.

(*Continued on page 10*)

W. C. Fields gave Baby Le Roy this model ship—and Le Roy registers his opinion of it. Or is he imitating Bing Crosby, about to croon in "Sailor, Beware"?

Relief every woman should know about

One of the most comforting times to have Bromo-Seltzer handy is around the trying time of the month. Not only is it helpful in relieving cramps and pains of nerve origin, but it likewise brings additional benefits which every woman will appreciate.

Thanks to its effervescence, Bromo-Seltzer promptly relieves gas on the stomach. If your head is dull or achey . . . that, too, is quickly relieved. At the same time, you are steadied and soothed. And your alkaline reserve, so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up by the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self . . . comfortable and relaxed.

Only a *balanced* preparation like Bromo-Seltzer could be so prompt and effective. Mere pain-killers do not bring the same results. Bromo-Seltzer contains 5 medicinal ingredients carefully compounded to bring the most effective results. Each ingredient has a special purpose. Moreover you take it as a *liquid* —hence it works much faster.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by for headaches, neuralgia, and pain of nerve origin. Always pleasant ...ever reliable...it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach.

It is easy to mix a Bromo-Seltzer at home. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet . . . ready to relieve pain at a moment's notice. Or get it by the dose at soda-fountains.

There is only one "Bromo-Seltzer" so look for the *full* name. Imitations are *not* the same balanced preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. A product of The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick Pleasant Reliable

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 8*)

"I'm in good shape now and I can take care of myself. I know I am going to find myself in this coming year. Don't ask me how I know. I just do. I have become a bit of a philosopher, you know. My chance will come.

"I don't know exactly what it will be. It may be something entirely new or it may be that boy grown up." (The country-boy characterization that Charles Ray made famous he always refers to as "that boy.") "It was 'that boy' that made me a philosopher. To some people he may have been simply a comic character, but to me he was real."

"What do you want me to tell people about you, Charlie?" asked Miles. "Shall I say that you are well off and merely returning as a lark to please your friend, MacLean? Or shall I say . . . ?" and Miles glanced down at the holes in Ray's shoes, through which inexpensive socks could be seen. They told a poignant enough story in themselves.

There was no hesitation in Charlie's voice now. "Tell them the truth," he said. "But don't write sob-stories about me. I've had my fun in this business. There is no reason to sob over me. And besides, these are my comfortable shoes. I always wear them for a walk—a long walk." Then Charlie Ray winked and departed.

It wasn't until after he had gone that we realized how quiet the "bull pen" had become. Not a single typewriter was clattering, not a man in the room working. All had sat absorbed in the real drama that had been unfolded before them—too absorbed to fabricate pallid substitutes for the real thing. For this, my friends, was a tale of Hollywood, the actual, unvarnished, unglorified Hollywood.

Every one of us out here, you see, remembers the final gesture, the magnificent gesture that Charlie Ray made before his retirement. He gave a party, perhaps the biggest party Hollywood has ever had, invited all of Hollywood to be his guests—and the next day announced himself bankrupt. And for this gesture he is an immortal.

He would not admit failure!

Wide World

This is something new in portrait sitting, *a la* Malibu Beach. Left to right, Peggy Shannon, Wynne Gibson, Arline Judge and Randolph Scott seat themselves in the Pacific Ocean and let the breakers send chills up their backs

Buck Jones can—but doesn't—boast about how long he has been a star. Long enough to have his little girl, Maxine, grow up and be his constant pal . . .

Other Old-Timers Return

CHARLIE RAY is not the only star of earlier day who is staging a return. Jack Mulhall has been seen recently in several Paramount pictures, as have George Walsh, William Farnum and Helene Chadwick.

Now comes the announcement that Thomas Meighan has been signed for a leading rôle in "Peck's Bad Boy," starring Jackie Cooper. He has come to Hollywood from his home in the East.

George's Lucky Lateness

GEORGE BRENT had a miraculous escape from death because he was delayed on a sound stage and couldn't keep an appointment. George has been taking flying lessons and needs only a few more hours in the air to obtain a pilot's license.

He had a date with his instructor for two o'clock, but was held up a half-hour. The pilot, tired of waiting, took up another student and the 'plane crashed in the Hollywood hills, killing both men. A strut broke in flight.

George will probably continue to be late for every appointment. So far as observers can see, however, he has no appointment for a reconciliation with Ruth Chatterton.

Epidemic

AN infantile paralysis epidemic has had Hollywood more than a little worried for the past month. Children of the stars have been rushed out of town and no one is holding swimming parties. It seems that the germ thrives in still water.

One film personality, Hal Rosson—estranged cameraman-husband of Jean Harlow—is known to have contracted the dread disease. He is now on the road to recovery without serious effects. Myrna Loy and Ida Lupino have been ill, but the reports that they have been ill with infantile paralysis remain unconfirmed.

It was said, when Rosson was first taken ill, that his sickness might lead to a reconciliation with Jean Harlow. Jean refused to make a statement until she knew that Hal was out of danger. Then she announced that she would proceed with her divorce plans. Papers may be filed even before you read this.

You may take it from us that Jean and Rosson won't patch it up.

Requiescat in Pace

SERVICES for the late Dorothy Dell were marked by lack of mob demonstrations so frequent at movie funerals of late. The street crowds in both Hollywood and New Orleans (where she was buried) actually behaved with proper respect. . . . Ruth Etting, whom Dorothy replaced in the "Follies," thereby winning her first important recognition, sang at the chapel services in Hollywood. As the last notes of her song, "The Rosary," died away, Ruth fainted. . . . Dorothy's last picture, "Shoot the Works"—was also the last picture of the late Lew Cody.

The Baer Market

HOLLYWOOD cashed in heavily, betting on Max Baer to win the world's heavyweight championship. Carnera money was not to be found out here and the few who journeyed East for the fight placed bets by the score for their friends. Richard Dix was one of the largest winners; W. S. Van Dyke, director of Baer in "Prizefighter and the Lady," was another.

Maxie's screen future is still undecided. With the current wave of disapproval against pictures at its peak, the studios are moving carefully. A canvass of women's clubs and other reform organizations is being conducted to determine if there is any objection to the prizefighter star. If there is, Baer won't be signed for films.

A bit silly, but that's the way it is.

Dis and Dat

DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS has leased a castle in England. It is a tiny, modest place with only eighty-two reported bedrooms. . . . John Gilbert has signed a five-year contract to star for Columbia. His first will be "The Captain Hates the Sea." . . . Jean Muir is still trying for that reputation of the frankest girl in Hollywood. Gloria Stuart deserves the reputation as she isn't trying. . . . Patricia Ellis has gone blonde. . . . Carole Lombard and the crooning Russ Columbo seem really interested. . . . Clara Lou Sheridan, one of the few survivors of Paramount's "Search for Beauty," is begging to do a Western picture. It's the first time on record any girl has ever *wanted* to do one. . . . John Boles still trembles and is nervous about walking through a preview crowd. . . . John Barrymore is very ill on his yacht—and Loretta Young was finally operated upon for a two-and-a-half-year-old ailment. . . . Francis Lederer went without food for a full week before starting his new picture. He claims that the thinner he is, the more romantic. . . . Marlene Dietrich being seen about with Brian Aherne. . . . Chevalier squiring Norma Shearer to a preview.

Grace Moore Triumphs

SUCH thunderous applause as your correspondent has seldom heard in a movie theatre climaxed the preview of Grace Moore's starring appearance for Columbia, "One Night of Love." Applause was frequent throughout the film, for Grace sings a total of nine operatic arias. But at the finale, the "Madame Butterfly" aria, the audience went wild, literally cheering.

So excited and pleased was Grace Moore's Continental husband, Valentin Parera, that he publicly kissed Harry Cohn on both cheeks. And was the producer's face red!

Garbo Notes

WHENEVER they run out of material on Garbo, the publicity department remembers her 1925 Lincoln, which she still drives. You should see the clippings they received from the simple expedient of announcing that it had a new windshield wiper.

Until the day they started shooting "The Painted Veil," Garbo avoided meeting Richard Boleslavsky, her director. Once she came as near to it as entering the same office where he sat in conference. Then, seeing him, she ran. Subsequently, he sent her a card saying, "Don't run. I'm more afraid of you than you are of me."

While on the subject of Garbo, allow us to announce that she has wired the back yard of her present home—barbwired it, a la No Man's Land.

I Thought I was Different, I know Better now!

"THIS is a hurly burly world—rushing around—gulping down food—staying up late—no time for exercise.

"So it isn't strange that, like a lot of us, I had to take a laxative now and then.

"And when that happened I used to go to the medicine cabinet and get the bottle of 'strong stuff' I had been using for years.

"This time the bottle was empty—and next to it was a little blue box with the word 'Ex-Lax' on it. I knew Ex-Lax. It was that little chocolate tablet my children always take, which I thought is good for children only.

"But it was after midnight and the stores closed, so I said to myself 'I'll try this Ex-Lax tonight—maybe it'll work on me, too.'

"Next morning I learned that Ex-Lax was just as effective for me as the strong, nasty stuff I had been using for years. That a laxative didn't have to be unpleasant and violent to be effective.

"So I say to you: If you think *you* are different, try Ex-Lax tonight! A box of six tablets is only a dime, and I'm sure you'll be as pleased with it as I am."

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Look for the genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X. At all drug stores, in 10c and 25c boxes.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative

IT WILL NOT FORM A HABIT

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

Most college pictures are football films. But "Student Tour" is going to be dif-fer-ent. It's going to be a foot-*fall* film. The coach is Chester Hale, and the co-eds are quick about learning their signals and holding that line

Three Walk-Outs

LILIAN HARVEY and Fox have decided to call it quits. Unable to agree upon her next story, they tore up Lilian's contract by mutual consent. She is now considering other offers, and Pat Paterson and Alice Faye are drawing the assignments originally intended for Lilian at Fox.

Bette Davis staged a one-girl rebellion at Warners and walked out on her assignment in "The Case of the Howling Dog" with Warren William. After her great success in "Of Human Bondage," which she steals from Leslie Howard, Bette thought her rôle in the detective story unimportant.

With only a few more months to go on his RKO contract, Joel McCrea refused to play a part on loan to another studio and was promptly suspended.

Charles Boyer, hubby of Pat Paterson, is said to have bought up his Fox contract, rather than play musical comedy rôles.

It isn't such a dull summer, after all.

Kate Goes Domestic

KATHARINE HEPBURN has taken a two-year lease on a home in Bel Air. That should be answer enough to the reports that Hepburn is quitting motion pictures. She is scheduled for "The Little Minister," "The Forsyte Saga" and "Joan of Arc," among other things—and may do "Anne of Green Gables" and "Tudor Wench" for good measure.

Marlene Untroubled

ONE of those little anonymous items in which present-day columnists delight appeared during the recent Paramount sales convention in Hollywood. It read, "What famous Paramount star snooted the visiting salesmen yesterday on the lot? She apparently thought them a party of tourists."

Reading the item, Joan Marsh frantically telephoned the publicity department. "I didn't mean to be rude," she said. "I was just in a hurry to get to the wardrobe department, so I ran right by them. Should I have stopped to speak? No one called to me."

Apologies were subsequently received from two other baby starlets on the Paramount roster. But none came from Marlene Dietrich, to whom the item referred. Dietrich refused to meet the salesmen informally. She said she planned to come to one party given in their honor. That was enough, and more, according to Marlene.

Her rumored feud with Josef von Sternberg over "Scarlet Empress" is all off. Everything is sweetness and light again. Marlene is even going to let her director take her back to a cinematic Russia for her next picture, "Red Pawn."

How would you like to have this for a papa? Norma Shearer does, in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street." Recognize Charles Laughton under side whiskers?

The Wests Come West

MAE WEST is holding a family reunion. Her father, Jack West, ex-prize-fighter, her brother and sister have already arrived in Hollywood. Other members of the family are on the way.

Incidentally, Mae was the hit of the Paramount convention party at Emanuel Cohen's home. She came late, staging an impressive entrance, and stole the show. Not a salesman in the room had eyes for anyone else after Mae arrived. . . . And Mae, ever the smart show-woman, had a censor on the set of "That St. Louis Woman" (formerly "It Ain't No Sin") to anticipate complaints. And only a couple of scenes had to be "laundered"!

Problem-Child

IN Lee Tracy's new picture, "You Belong to Me," a boy actor named David Jack Holt is giving an amazing performance. But this same young fellow is also causing an amazing lot of trouble, due to the fact that every time Director Al Werker is ready to take a scene, David wants to go some place.

Fredric March, who just adopted a second child, has also adopted sideburns. Which makes him Charles Laughton's son-in-law in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

They are considering changing the title to "Little Man, What Again?"

Do you know what Isabel Jewell's pet name for Lee Tracy is? She calls him "Angel," not only in private, but in public. Strangers seldom know whom she means. You have to get used to it.

Anent Clean Pictures

GENEVIEVE TOBIN, Irene Castle McLaughlin's candidate for the title of "Hollywood's Best-Dressed Woman," said a mouthful to New York reporters when she landed there after a

(*Continued on page 14*)

WARNER BROS.' "GO[illegible]IGGERS" FOR 1934!

"DAMES"

With 14 Noted Stars Including

RUBY KEELER • DICK POWELL
JOAN BLONDELL • ZASU PITTS
GUY KIBBEE • HUGH HERBERT

And Hundreds of Glorious Busby Berkeley Beauties

★

Directed by RAY ENRIGHT of "20 Million Sweethearts" Fame

★

Sumptuous Musical Presentations Created and Arranged by BUSBY BERKELEY

★

Five New Song Successes by WARREN & DUBIN • KAHAL & FAIN • WRUBEL & DIXON

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

It looks like a class picture—and that's just what it is. These are the newest members of the dramatic art class at Fox Studios, who get expert coaching. Left to right, front row, they are: Betty Bryson, Julie Cabanne, Richard Brodus, Joan Sheldon, Paul McVey, Shirley Aaronson and Phillipa Hilber. Second row: Carli Taylor, Ardel Unger, Pat Cunning, Mary Blackwood, Ann Nagel, Fred Wallace, Blanca Vischer, William Stelling, Florine Dixon, Glenn Gallagher, Ginger Briton, Vincent Carato and Al Gibson

(*Continued from page 12*)

vacation abroad. They asked her to comment on the "clean-up" campaign directed against Hollywood. She said: "I went to England because I'm sick of playing a vamp. I'm not a vamp off the screen, so I managed to have a good rest. If the churches can reform the movies, they're doing something that actors and actresses have been trying to do. No actress wants to play in an indecent picture. You may be able to hold out twice against such a picture, but usually, owing to contracts, you find you're in a picture you don't want to play."

To date, she is the only star who has spoken out on the subject for quotation. But others have commented . . .

Samuel Goldwyn announced cancellation of plans to produce "Barbary Coast" as Anna Sten's third American picture. He said he didn't want the present agitation for "so-called clean pictures, designed for children," to spoil "a strong, full-bodied story." He says it will still be a good story a few years from now, and he'll wait—rather than "suffer for the sins of other producers."

Cecil B. De Mille, producer and director, denies that movies are any more indecent or immoral than daily newspapers and says that both reflect life. He claims that the present agitation is making a whole great industry suffer for the stepping-out-of-bounds of a few producers.

Rob Wagner, editor of "Script," Beverly Hills' own magazine, and a friend of the movie intelligentsia, expresses sympathy with the movement to rid the screen of vulgarity—which isn't art, he says. You may be sure that his attitude reflects that of many movie higher-ups.

Westbrook Pegler, syndicated columnist, pokes fun at the rabid demands of some reformers—saying he is trying to write a scenario called "The Sweetest Story Ever Told," but he has to have both a hero and a heroine, and that immediately brings in the sex element. He says that movies and radio are hampered to-day, while newspapers aren't, because they cringed at the first adverse blows, instead of fighting for free speech.

Acme

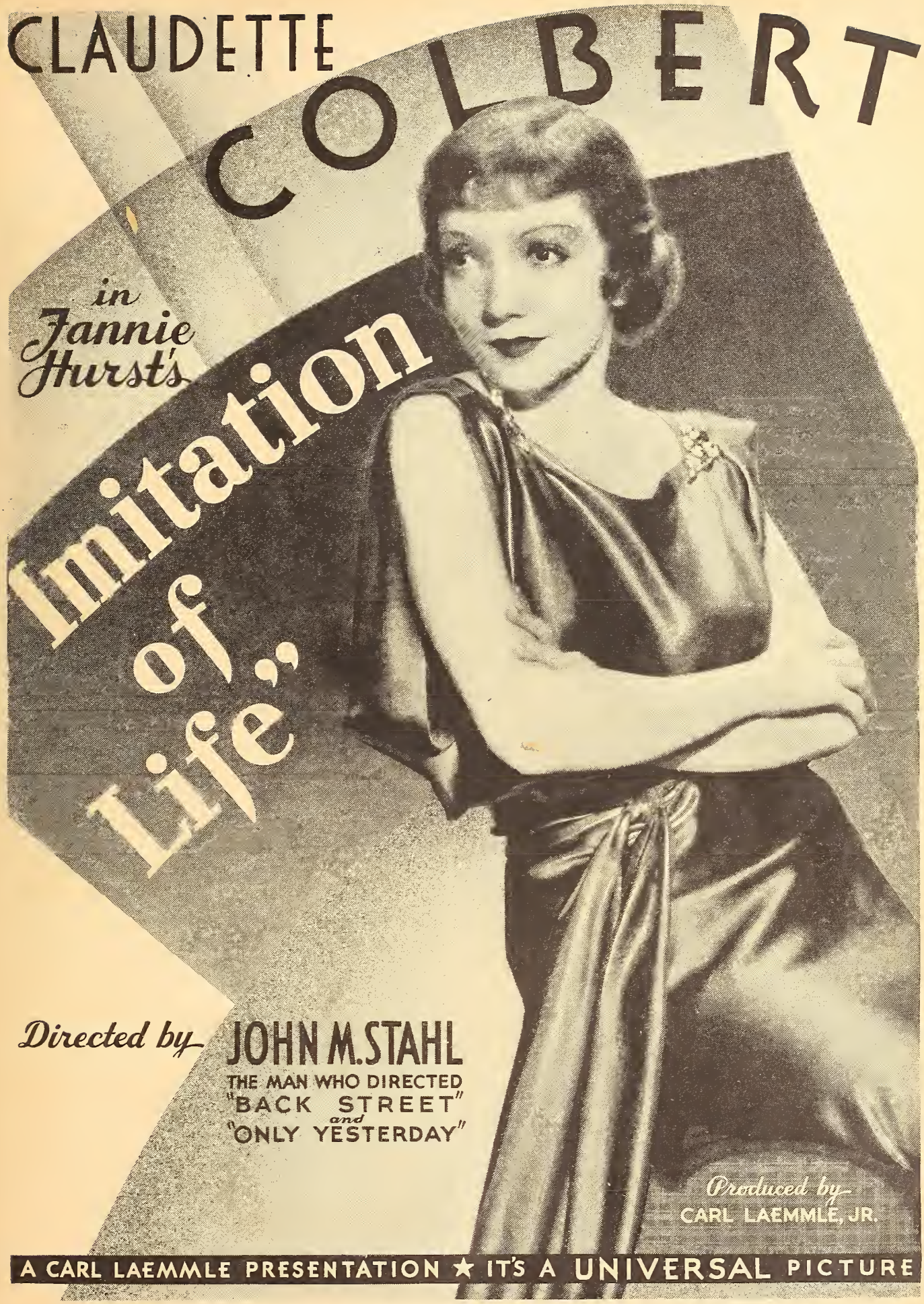
Who said Ben Turpin was cock-eyed? He saw that musicians are in demand. So, for his screen return, he's taking up saxophone playing, two pieces at a time

Meanwhile, every studio is announcing plans for memorable and worthwhile pictures—most of which, incidentally, were being planned before the present agitation ever started. Such pictures as: "Anthony Adverse," "David Copperfield," "Pickwick Papers," "Anne of Green Gables," "The Little Minister," "The Wizard of Oz," "Great Expectations," "Green Mansions," "The County Chairman," "The Tale of Two Cities," "Pride and Prejudice," "Joan of Arc," "Richelieu," "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and numerous others. And don't forget the start for a cleaner screen that producers had already made with such pictures as "Cavalcade," "Little Women," "The House of Rothschild" and "Of Human Bondage," among others.

Dix Springs a Surprise

RICHARD DIX had Hollywood thinking that he was giving up pictures for a long holiday—a holiday long enough to take a leisurely trip around the world, seeing everything worth seeing, doing everything worth doing, tasting the foods of all nations. And he had hardly reached New York when Hollywood picked up its morning newspaper to read that Rich had married his secretary, Virginia Webster. He met her seven months ago, when she won over six hundred applicants for the job, and was attracted to her "more than casually" because she "took her job so seriously." (There's a tip for you girls who want to marry your bosses.) Due to the illness of his father in California, Rich canceled all plans for a world trip and returned

(*Continued on page 78*)


CLAUDETTE COLBERT
in Fannie Hurst's
Imitation of Life"
Directed by JOHN M. STAHL
THE MAN WHO DIRECTED "BACK STREET" and "ONLY YESTERDAY"
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, JR.
A CARL LAEMMLE PRESENTATION ★ IT'S A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

A Tingle Down His Spine

A True Hollywood Short, Short Story

By Jack Grant

Illustrated by John J. Floherty, Jr.

THEY were nearing the end of the picture. Only the spectacular fighting sequences remained to be filmed and more than half of them had been taken. One more day, the director was sure, would see them through. He made this observation to the leading man.

"I fear you are being a bit optimistic," the actor said. "There is a tingle down my spine."

"And what might that mean?" the director inquired.

"I shall be injured in the very next take," was the startling announcement.

The director glanced at the face of his leading man. Seeing no signs of an intended jest, he attempted reassurances. Jangled nerves, probably. Nearly all actors indulge in temperament, entertain hallucinations, toward the end of a picture. And this had been a particularly exacting, arduous picture. "Nonsense, man," the director began. "You're simply . . ."

"I know what you are about to say," the actor interrupted. "I'm overwrought. I'm tired and nervous. It so happens that I am none of these things. I'm really completely in control of myself. But—*there is a tingle down my spine.*

"We have never discussed anything of the sort, you and I, so I have no knowledge of your views upon sub-conscious divinations, omens, or premonitions of disaster. I don't know if you believe such things are possible. I haven't an explanation for the strange premonitions I have experienced, but I have learned to heed the warning of a tingling spine.

"My earliest recollection of the phenomenon dates back to the age of eight. I was born and raised in the West Indies, you know, where my father headed an English banking house. I played with other children from the English settlement and one of our favorite games was our own variation of 'cowboy and Indian.'

"Upon one particular occasion, I was an 'Indian' being chased by a 'cowboy.' I ran through the woods toward an old fortress ruin, the other lad hot in pursuit. Suddenly, I felt a peculiar tingling sensation along my spine and stopped dead in my tracks. My pursuer, not expecting me to halt, ran into me, upsetting us both. As we picked ourselves up, we saw the gateway of the fort crash before us. Certainly, had we continued to run, we would have been buried under the falling stone walls.

"It was not until some time later that I connected a tingle down my spine with impending danger. The next time it happened, I was swimming. I felt an odd sensation and, thinking it a sign of exhaustion, stopped to tread water. At that moment, I sighted the dorsal fin of a shark, coming right for me. I started a race for shore that I won by only a tiny margin.

"Sharks are very common in the waters of the West Indies and I had a second narrow escape from one. By swimming zig-zag, I eluded a vicious big fellow. A tingling spine warned me that time, too.

"Many other times, I have received this sub-conscious warning. Once, while walking in the hills at night, I felt impelled to stop. Lighting a match, I saw I was standing on the brink of a rocky precipice. One more step would have tumbled me over. . . . Another time, I was descending a mountainside when my spine began tingling. Something told me to climb back to the summit. I had just started back when there was a landslide below me.

"Scores of automobile accidents have been avoided by some involuntary action upon my part. I have said that I can't explain it, but I have learned to heed the warning of a tingle down my spine. And right now I know I will be hurt in the next scene. In the leg, I believe."

Which is exactly what occurred. Henry Wilcoxon, playing *Marc Antony* in C. B. De Mille's "Cleopatra," walked into the scene and was carried out on a stretcher. The shot called for a duel with swords in which *Marc Antony* breaks the blade of his opponent, whereupon the other warrior hurls the broken sword at *Antony's* head. *Antony* protects himself with his shield.

But in the fury of the fighting, someone slipped and the sword was thrown too low. It caught Wilcoxon in the leg.

It was three weeks before Wilcoxon was in shape for re-takes. When they were ready to shoot the fight a second time, someone asked kiddingly: "How's the old spine, Henry?"

"Sorry, I'd like to say 'all right,'" Wilcoxon replied. "But I am going to be injured again."

He was. The thrust from a broadsword laid open the little finger of his right hand, a painful cut, clean to the bone. If you watch closely, you can see it on the screen. And when you do, remember that he had a premonition of the accident. There was a tingle down his spine!

Here's your *Entertainment map* for the new season

For real good times . . . real good movies . . . just follow this Fox map. Never before such a raft of good stories . . . such a galaxy of stars. Read these titles through again . . . watch out for them at your favorite theatre. Every one's a winner . . . pictures no movie fan wants to miss.

FOX

Contrast her life with yours

HER life is outdoors . . . the wind . . . the sun . . . the blue, murmuring Pacific. Yours is confined . . . the home . . . the school room . . . the factory . . . the office. Her food is plain and invigorating. Yours is rich and disturbing. Her breath is as sweet as the hibiscus in her hair—and she knows it. Yours . . . well, you really don't know . . . you merely hope.

Don't offend others!

Hurry and worry, over-indulgence in eating or drinking, little or no exercise, all have a bearing on the condition of the breath. Is it any wonder that so many Americans have halitosis (unpleasant breath)? The insidious thing about it is that you yourself never know when you are guilty of this offense. But you needn't be guilty if you will simply rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Listerine combats unhealthy mouth conditions and overcomes the odors arising from them. Use it morning and night and between times before meeting others. It makes you acceptable to them. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

Tested and Approved 4602 Good Housekeeping Bureau GOOD HOUSEKEEPING MAGAZINE

LISTERINE checks halitosis
(unpleasant breath)

NRA

Grace Bradley—As Modern As Cellophane

They wrap everything else in cellophane these days, so why not movie starlets? Grace—who looks at times like a new Barbara La Marr—is one worth keeping. She is in "The Cat's-Paw" and "The Pursuit of Happiness"

Is There A Hint Of Garbo In Drue Leyton?

If there is, it's unconscious. This bright-eyed newcomer from the New York stage is nobody's imitator. Maybe you noticed her in "Change of Heart." Now she's the charmer in the case in "Charlie Chan's Courage"

Portrait by Clarence Sinclair Bull

Madge Evans Isn't Worried By Reformers

The college boys and the "clean-up" brigade agree on one thing—there's nothing wrong with Madge or her acting. She's one movie gal they can go for in a big, idealistic way—and, moreover, will—in "Paris Interlude"

Portrait by Hurrell

Marian Nixon Has Met Some Men In White

Marian is the latest dainty daredevil to postpone an appendicitis operation until finishing a movie. In Marian's case, it was "We're Rich Again." Mending now, she's looking at European travel folders, planning a rest cure

MOVIE CLASSIC

When a picture has to be saved, directors call on GINGER ROGERS!

MOVIE CLASSIC
You'll Read It in
THESE PAGES FIRST

TOO VALUABLE TO STAR

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

LESS than a year ago, Ginger Rogers was yearning for a chance to play *Joan of Arc,* and worrying about passing out of pictures, along with the vogue for musicals. Last month, rated as the most-sought player Hollywood has ever known, Ginger Rogers signed a non-starring contract—*because she is too valuable to star*. How come? Because, as support to other stars, she can be constantly loaned to other studios—and at a steadily increasing rental price.

Within the year Ginger has skyrocketed from the status of a "nice kid for color" to rating as the most versatile lady of films. To-day, as the best little team-mate in captivity, she is considered a picture-saver by producers and a picture-stealer by fans. During this past year she has proved conclusively that she can team up with any star in Hollywood—dancer, crooner, wisecracker, romancer, roughneck or comic dumbbell.

Ginger came to this town, where bluff and front are calling cards, with the naive notion that true ability was its own best advertisement. She agreed with the philosopher that if you invented a better mouse-trap than anyone else or had a better high kick, the world would beat a path to your door. It was a theory that cost Ginger heartache and weary waiting, in spite of her background of five pictures and success as a musical comedy star on Broadway.

"You'll have to put on an act to attract attention if you expect to get anywhere out here," her agent warned her. "You'll have to do something to attract attention, something to make 'em want you."

And after making "The Tip Off," the picture for which she was brought from the East, Ginger did hit a dead calm. She would not haunt the studios—and she would not blow her own horn, in a town where horn-blowing is the favorite sport. She didn't tell everyone how good she was and what she had done—and, to use her own expression, "Hollywood apparently didn't know I was alive."

Still Knows Her Old Friends

GINGER is real, and hates pretense. She is film-dom's truly "All-American" miss. She is as native as any girl that the plains of Dakota, the hills of Virginia or the woods of Oregon can produce. She is the same to-day as she was back in Texas when she won the Charleston contest that started her on her career. Her

(*Continued on page* 72)

How Movie Stars Keep Young

By Dorothy Spensley

Blonde Toby Wing and brunette Clara LouSheridanpoint out where old age first appears and rejuvenation begins. Top left, the chin, which doubles. Top right, gray hair at the temples. Above; sacs under the eyes. Left: the back of the neck, where fat comes

HOLLYWOOD is America's Fountain of Youth—the place where men and women alike have discovered the secret of How to Stay Young, where the advancing years leave no marks on faces or forms. Consider, for example, the number of years that you have watched and admired certain beauties of the screen who must be approaching the four-decade mark. Today they still retain the illusion of youth with their supple figures, their smooth, crinkleless skins, their soft, luxuriant hair. How? The answer is: Hollywood wizardry.

"Where does a woman first show her age?" I asked Cosmetician Mala Rubinstein, Plastic Surgeon Rea Proctor McGee, Corsetière Beverly Bouvet, Scalp Stimulator Helen Clark and Muscle-Builder Pat O'Dea, all catering to a Hollywood clientele.

"In the backs of the hands, the throat, and the eyes," answered Mlle. Rubinstein, at the moment holding a skin revival in Hollywood.

"In the axillary muscles," said Dr. McGee. "That is, the fleshy portion back of the armpits. There is no way, other than by surgery, to disguise the attacks of old age when it strikes there."

"The breasts. They sag, and add ten or fifteen years to a woman's appearance," responded Miss Bouvet.

"In the hair—which gets thin and loses its vitality," said Miss Clark.

"The posture," Pat O'Dea told me. "We don't have women members, but I know that a bad posture and a prolapsed colon will slow down a man at least twenty years."

Very well, the answer is hands, throat, eyes, armpits, breasts, hair, posture. And, in modern slang, so what.

The Battle of All Ages

IT means that Hollywood, capital of loveliness and beauty, is the world's greatest battlefield. Behind Venetian blinds, ruffled taffeta curtains, in back of chromium and white-enamel waiting-rooms, there is

They've got to "keep young and beautiful" if they want to be stars—and here's the way they do it. *These secrets have never been told before!*

going on in Hollywood, constantly, day and night, the biggest battle ever waged against advancing age.

To the average person, a forehead wrinkle causes a momentary fret. To the film star, it is a catastrophe. "Crow's-feet" about the eyes, "dowager's hump"; fat at the back of the neck, sagging muscles, puffed eyelids, baldness, fallen bosoms—all spell professional suicide. All the artistic training and professional experience that have gone to make them world-famous are for naught when old age begins its encroachments.

True, another wrinkle added to beloved May Robson's plastic, expressive face is not a blight, but a benediction. The same may be said of other character stars, George Arliss, Lionel Barrymore, Helen Westley. But the beauty kings and queens who have attained popularity through appearance, rather than acting ability, what happens to them when Mother Nature decides to slow down, to stoke the furnaces less plentifully, to lessen glandular activity. They are the people who run frantically for help. And find it.

There are reductionists, cosmeticians, scalp treatment parlors, beauty studios, corset and brassiere shops, plastic surgeons, peopled with earnest, conscientious craftsmen, seeking the answer to the world's most baffling problem, How to Stay Young. Many of them are scientists, who are eagerly watching the progress of this battle against the changes that come with the years. They are animated by their desire to help the human race, and, above all, to prolong the productiveness of useful humans—humans whose profession demands outward physical perfection.

With young Toby Wing playing patient, equally young Clara Lou Sheridan points out where plastic surgery can work miracles. Above she indicates where "face lifting" is done. Top: She indicates where eye lids may be "lifted"

Therefore, if the stars have penetrated the secrets of retaining youth, why can't we? With Hollywood's youthifying wizards open to interview, let us find out some of their theories.

Save the Surface

"IF you do not cherish your youth enough to protect it—it will leave you," Mlle. Rubinstein quotes Docteur Maurice Delort as saying. That is also the *leit motif* of Hollywood's rejuvenation cantata. "Save the surface and save all," is one theory, and the cosmeticians are, naturally, its disciples. They specialize in stimulating skin circulation, both youthifying and beautifying complexion.

Forty is the danger time for women, Mlle. Rubinstein finds. Skin begins to yellow, muscles sag, eyes lack luster, hand skin wrinkles, crinkles appear in the neck, some women's eyelids puff. Then is the time for immediate action. Ten or fifteen minutes of intensive beauty attention a day should do wonders. An eye lotion, Mlle. Rubinstein says, is necessary to restore the youthful sparkle to tired eyes.

Herbal compresses can do wonders for those puffy lids, though if they are a network of fine wrinkles, a nourishing cream is needed. The backs of the hands and the throat are other places that need rich, oily

(Continued on page 64)

Getting the Lowdown on These New Heroes

Are Clark Gable's knees knocking together? Is there a shake in Bing Crosby's voice? Are these newcomers worrying them? Look over the up-and-coming boys, read their answers to Movie Classic's "personality quiz"—and see which answer the maidens' prayers!

This article is a companion piece to the article, "These Li'l Girls Know the Answers!" which appeared in the March Movie Classic. That revealed the answers of seven young and promising feminine newcomers to a series of questions about their Hollywood hopes and their designs for living. This does the same thing for eleven promising young men about Hollywood.—*Editor.*

EVERY now and then Hollywood is deluged with something—gangster cycles, foreign stars, trained animals, Garbo echoes, divorce epidemics. Right now it is deluged with an extraordinary number of young men who are making their screen débuts—personable young men who have been recruited from the stage and the radio and who are being groomed for stardom.

There are, at Paramount, Joe Morrison and Kent Taylor; at Columbia, Charles Sabin; at RKO, John Beal; at Universal, Guy Brooks, Frank Lawton, and Roger Pryor; at M-G-M, William Henry and Henry Wadsworth; at Warners, Philip Reed and Donald Woods. Movie Classic has subjected these bright young men to a questionnaire scrutiny, and their canny answers to the thirteen questions (see the slate) are pretty good indications of how they live and what they think about.

GUY BROOKS

HENRY WADSWORTH

FRANK LAWTON

ROGER PRYOR

JOHN BEAL

Charles Sabin, twenty-five, born in New York City, and single, was the first victim. He answered the questions between shots of "By Persons Unknown," in which you will soon see him with Shirley Grey and Ralph Bellamy. He was a trifle bewildered, as he had been told to make his performance a combination of William Powell, Richard Barthelmess and Robert Montgomery!

He *would* marry an actress if he fell in love with one, but it wouldn't work, he added pessimistically, for the same old reasons that have enlivened all the recent magazine stories on the subject. He isn't sorry he didn't continue in college because he never went to any; he would go back on the stage or write if his movie career came to an end (he has a play in production in New York now); he wants character leads with romantic interest because straight romantic types don't last; it depends on the woman whether or not he is susceptible; he reads sports, the columnists and the funnies in the newspapers (so do they all); he "tries unsuccessfully" to save most of his salary, and is very superstitious about everything. He asks others before he makes a decision, but always follows his own hunch; his ultimate goal is everything connected with the show business, and he likes, better than anything else in the world, honesty.

Sabin has had years of experience all over the world

By
WINIFRED
AYDELOTTE

1. *How old . . . where born . . . married or single?*
2. *Would you marry an actress?*
3. *Are you sorry you didn't continue in college?*
4. *What preparation for acting have you had?*
5. *What would you do if your movie career came to an end?*
6. *Do you prefer character or romantic leads?*
7. *Are you susceptible to the women you play with?*
8. *What do you read in the newspapers besides the movie columns?*
9. *What do you do with the money you earn?*
10. *Do you ask others before making a decision?*
11. *Are you superstitious?*
12. *What is your ultimate goal?*
13. *What do you like better than anything else in the world?*

WILLIAM HENRY

JOE MORRISON

He danced in Paris, was in vaudeville in London, and played dramas and musical comedy in New York. He suggests utter grace.

DONALD WOODS

KENT TAYLOR

Joe Studied for Priesthood

JOE MORRISON, at Paramount, is the boy who introduced "The Last Round-Up." It was his high, tenor voice over the radio that made this song one of the most popular of the year. He smiled nervously at every question. He is twenty-four, was born in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and is single. "If love were there, it would not make much difference if my wife were an actress or not," he said. He studied for the priesthood, but was advised that he could do more good in the world if he used his voice and so films were made a career for him when a scout heard him sing at the Paramount Theatre, New York.

He would return to the radio if he quit films; he prefers romantic leads, being a singer, but adds, wistfully, that "it would be great not to be classed merely as a singer"; has had musical comedy and vaudeville experience, and says that everyone can get a better effect on the screen if he is susceptible to the women he plays with. He buys annuities with his money; is not superstitious; and asks others before he makes a decision, but sticks close to his own hunch. His ultimate goal is: to make a success of pictures, to settle down, and to marry and have a home. He likes, better than anything else in the world, to overcome difficulties, to know he has done it all by himself, and to accomplish what looks impossible. He is appearing as the young stage-struck college boy who follows a theatrical troupe around the country in "The Old-Fashioned Way," with W. C. Fields. Joe has determination and should succeed.

Kent Can Take Heart-Break

KENT TAYLOR, twenty-seven, born in Waterloo, Iowa, added a little excitement by being married and treating me to a glass of sherry. Taylor is a very strong person, pleasantly positive and and vital. "When I first saw a motion picture, years ago, I said to myself, 'That's what I'm going to do when I grow up.' But it was darned hard work—I went right up through the 'extra' ranks, and I suffered every heart-break imaginable to get even where I am to-day," he said. But he smiled when he said it. He is too intelligent to be bitter.

He would like to have finished college "to have it in the background"; he would go on the stage if his movie career came to an end; he likes to get (*Continued on page* 66)

Ann Sothern Has Some "Tea For Two"

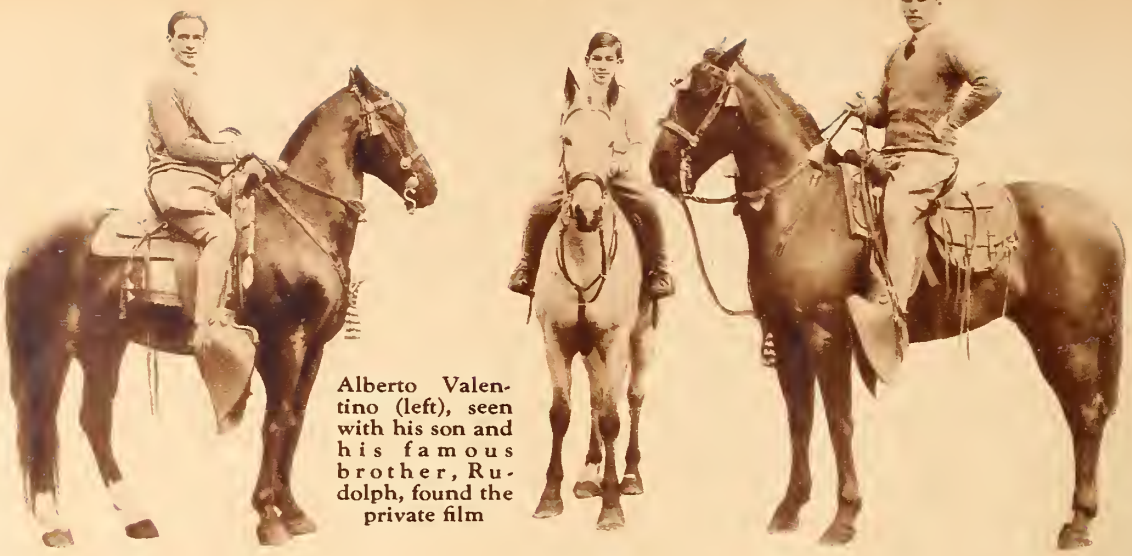
At least, it looks like iced tea. And Ann kinda looks as if she'd like to share it with someone—carrying a spare straw 'n' all. But don't crowd, boys. That extra straw is already spoken for by Roger Pryor. (The sexton is getting ready to pull the rope on the wedding bells.) Something else Ann is happy about is her rôle opposite Eddie Cantor in "Kid Millions"

Portrait by Irving Lippman

LOUISE HENRY—HARLOW RIVAL?

Or is Marion Davies the one to worry? Anyway, this girl is news—news of tomorrow. Her real name is Heiman. (Her Dad is a noted surgeon.) She got her stage name from her mother, once a variety favorite. Louise has diplomas from three movie schools — stock companies, vaudeville and night-clubs—and starts in "Hideout" and "Paris Interlude"

By Jack Grant



Alberto Valentino (left), seen with his son and his famous brother, Rudolph, found the private film

SCOOP! Long-Missing VALENTINO Film Found!

RUDOLPH VALENTINO lives again on the screen! A film record of his most intimate private life has recently been discovered by his brother, Alberto Valentino, and it is possible that the memoirs of the movies' greatest lover may be released to the public within the next few months.

No more startling news has come from Hollywood this year and it is with pardonable pride that MOVIE CLASSIC presents this exclusive scoop story upon the occasion of the commemoration on August 23 of the eighth anniversary of Rudolph Valentino's death. How can his memory be honored more fittingly than by the announcement that you may see him on the screen again?

There has never been a film autobiography of a motion picture personality before. Can it be that Rudy sensed his destiny as an immortal? Could he have felt that his admirers would remain faithful all these years? Did he recognize the demands of his public to see him after death and therefore provided an undying memorial? These are questions to which you and I will never know the answers. We can only guess.

Amateur photography was one of Rudy's hobbies. As a large number of stars to-day are devotees of the amateur, or 16mm, camera, so did he experiment with standard-size moving pictures. In a particularly gay mood, it was his pleasure to send for a studio cameraman to film little impromptu plays that he enacted for his own and guests' amusement. This private film was later screened at other parties. In rummaging through some of Rudy's

Above, as the camera caught Rudolph Valentino in a fast boxing workout, with Jack Dempsey as referee. Right, Rudy with Pola Negri, Mae Murray and Prince David M'Divani at the M'Divani-Murray wedding. *(Acme Photo.)*

MOVIE CLASSIC, on the eighth anniversary of Rudolph Valentino's death, is proud to tell of the discovery of his own screen autobiography—the greatest picture he ever made. It should be released to the public who have kept him alive in their hearts

effects, his brother uncovered reels and reels of it.

Why Film Wasn't Found Sooner

THE reason this film was not discovered sooner was that the cans containing it were thought to be merely discarded screen tests. It must be remembered that Alberto saw very little of Rudolph in the latter span of his life. The brothers were separated by half the world—one being in Hollywood, the other in Italy.

From time to time, there has been talk of the long-lost private Valentino film. Pola Negri once told me of it, regretting its loss. Now it has been found.

I have seen several reels in a projection room. Even in uncut, unchronological form, the film is tremendously impressive. Imagine, if you can, a smiling, laughing Rudolph Valentino, a carefree, vital fellow, a boy at play, a tender lover. It is a far more revealing portrait of the actual person than was ever glimpsed in any studio-plotted movie in which he appeared.

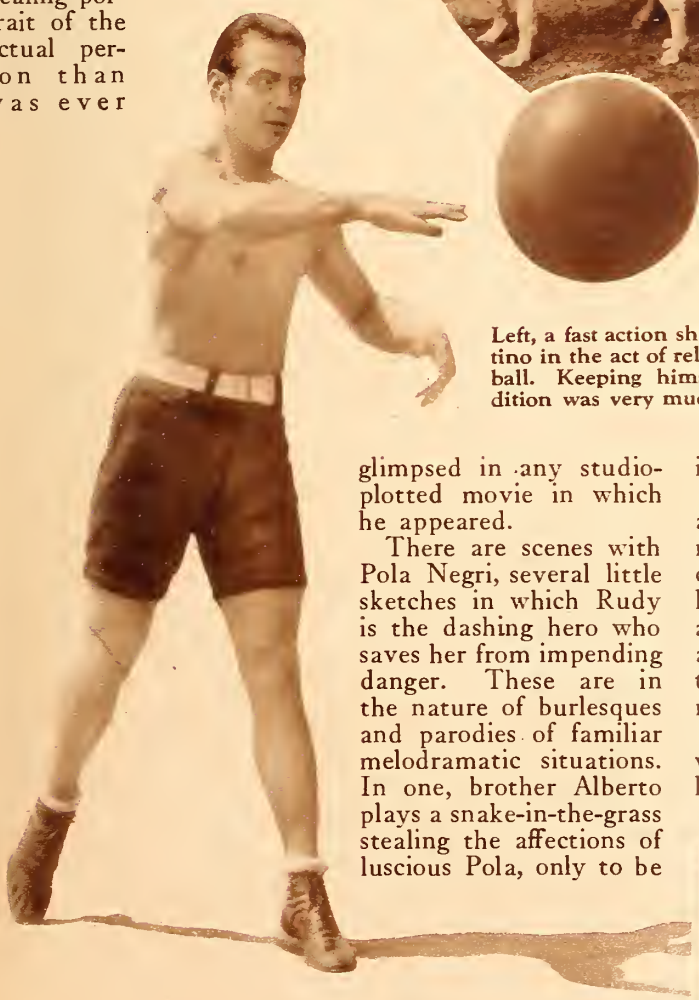
There are scenes with Pola Negri, several little sketches in which Rudy is the dashing hero who saves her from impending danger. These are in the nature of burlesques and parodies of familiar melodramatic situations. In one, brother Alberto plays a snake-in-the-grass stealing the affections of luscious Pola, only to be discovered in a compromising situation by his wife and Rudy. His wife takes Alberto away by the ear and Rudy proceeds to spank Pola.

There are many informal pictures posed in the swimming pool. Once, Pola is seated astride a rubber sea horse waving at the camera, when Rudy suddenly dives to upset her for a ducking. Several other times there are evidences of his fondness of practical joking.

Right, Natacha Rambova, his second wife. The film is full of his tender love for her

Chidnoff

Above, a "home" shot—showing Rudolph Valentino with his two hunting dogs on the lawn of Falcon Lair



Left, a fast action shot showing Valentino in the act of releasing a medicine-ball. Keeping himself in prime condition was very much a part of his life

Home Life Pictured

WITH Natacha Rambova, he is more sedate, the nearest approach to a playful mood being a romp with the dogs on the lawn of his Whitley Heights home. Jean Acker, his first wife, appears only once or twice and never with Rudy. It seems that she was an unwilling subject for amateur photography, for the few times she figures in a scene, she was apparently caught unawares.

The identity of some of the other ladies who play with Rudy in this, his greatest film, may never be known, except to themselves. Others, of course, are well-remembered actresses of the day—Agnes Ayres, several times Rudy's leading lady; Nita Naldi and Alice Terry being easily recognizable. The wedding ceremony of Mae Murray and Prince David M'Divani consumes nearly a reel. The reception held at Valentino's home is peopled with famous guests.

Contrasting with such intimate scenes is the large amount of scenic footage taken with Rudy as the cameraman. His devotion to beauty and appreciation of it could have no more convincing proof than the pictures he made of his beloved Italy. He achieved startling and breath-takingly lovely views of imposing cathedrals and quaint little churches. He realized fully the art of the motion picture camera and made use of it with the masterful hand of a true artist.

The camera was an important part of his luggage when he made his last trip to his native land. He must have spent days in traveling about, photographing things that caught his fancy, preserving bits of beauty in celluloid that he might again enjoy them upon his return to America — and work. There are several dozen

(*Continued on page* 80)

FASTEST FLASHES
from Hollywood in
MOVIE CLASSIC

They Write the Songs the Movies Bring You

No wonder Hollywood is turning out the tunes of the times —the movies have cornered the market on songwriters! (P. S. They're a colorful crowd)

By Doron K. Antrim

TIN PAN ALLEY is no longer another name for Broadway, which also used to be called Melody Lane, because of the song hits that were born there. The song scribes who made that sector world-famous simply do not live there any more. You'll find them—thanks to those thousand-dollar weekly pay-checks—ensconced right alongside the movie stars in arty houses on the hills of Hollywood or out at the beaches.

Gus Kahn—champ lyricist

Ann Ronell—"Who's Afraid—?"

On piano: Mack Gordon. At piano: Harry Revel

Yes, sir, with ritzy offices, like executives—although seldom used—the song-writers are very important people nowadays out on the studio lots. Don't they write the nation's songs, which the movies bring to you? That tune you're humming now—maybe it's "Jungle Fever" or "May I?" or "Cocktails for Two"—got its start in the flickers. It's a moot question whether songs make the pictures or pictures make the songs. Any way you look at it, the movie moguls have pretty nearly corralled the available supply of high-class song-writing talent and tied it up with juicy contracts.

Recall the dear, dead days of the mute, but not inglorious movie when theme songs were used? That was more or less the beginning. Then, when the film found its voice, song-writers and song-pluggers stampeded to the Coast and we had an epidemic of musicals and straight pictures in which everyone, from the star on down to the stable boy, sang. When there was nothing else to fill a gap in a film, a song was stuck in.

That's all different now. The boys have cut their eye-teeth. They know when and how to write for pictures. Occasionally, a number like

"An Old Spinning Wheel" or "The Last Round-Up" will make the grade outside of pictures, but they are getting fewer and fewer. Hollywood is now turning out the hit tunes.

They're a colorful lot—The songsmiths. They usually work in pairs—when they do work—one writing the words, the other the music. Take Harry Warren and Al Dubin, who are just about at the top of the heap. In ten months they did the music, wholly or partially, for "Footlight Parade," "Roman Scandals," "Moulin Rouge," "Wonder Bar," "20 Million Sweethearts" and "Dames," with one or more hit songs in each. It's a record, and the boys had to miss a little sleep to make it. You may also recall "42nd Street" and "Gold Diggers of 1933"—they're doing one for 1935—which were also the work of these two pacesetters. One of the reasons for their success is that they are old hands at the picture game.

Nacio Herb Brown, music; Arthur Freed, words

Lew Brown—handy man

Harry Warren took his first job at the old Vitagraph Studios in Brooklyn, New York. When two-reelers were in the making, you would find Harry caressing a battered old piano and helping the unrequited lovers to emote with such tunes as "Hearts and Flowers," "The Curse of an Aching Heart," and others. Those were the days of Clara Kimball Young, Maurice Costello (father of Dolores and Helene), Anita Stewart, the late John Bunny, the late Sidney Drew and Flora Finch. Any of those former stars would throw a few fancy fits if Harry was not at the piano to back them up when the going got glubbery. Harry never thought to write down some of the tunes he knocked out on that wheezy piano until a friend practically made him. He has been doing it ever since.

For years, Al Dubin, the other half of the combine—and he's more than half, if you consider poundage—has coined catchy phrases that have become the vernacular of American speech, such as: "Tiptoe Through the Tulips," "Painting the Clouds with Sunshine," "Dancing with Tears in My Eyes," "Shuffle Off to Buffalo," "You're Getting to Be a Habit with Me," "We're in the Money," "I'll String Along with You" and "Why Do I Dream those Dreams?"

They call Al "the mouse" out on the Warner lot because they can never find him when they want him. After scouring the place for him one afternoon, they located him in a lunch wagon where he had just taken on two hamburgers, one bottle of pop, one hamburger with egg, another bottle of pop, one hamburger with onion, and one ham and egg. At this point he was dragged out and asked what they were paying him for.

The inscription on the door of their department, where they are supposed to work, reads "Warren and Dubin"—that is, if Warren comes in first. If Dubin is the early bird, it reads "Dubin and Warren." Their favorite fracas begins something like this:

"Any nit-wit can write words, but it takes a genius to write a melody."

"So sez you. I can put more meaning into one simple word than you can in a whole hour of music."

"Well, say it." "Scram."

Asked You to Love Thy Neighbor

IF you drop into Moe Morton's place any time from 2 P.M. till dawn, you are likely to find Mack Gordon, of the team of Gordon and Revel, doing an imitation of Bing Crosby singing, "I'm Hummin', I'm Whistlin', I'm Singin'" from "She Loves Me Not." The best thing that Mack does is to clown and he's at it all the time, even when he writes songs. These tunesters have fashioned the numbers for "Sitting Pretty," "Broadway Thru a Keyhole" and, more recently, "We're Not Dressing," "Shoot the Works," "The Old-Fashioned Way," "Here Comes the Groom," "She Loves Me Not" and "Here Is My Heart," Bing Crosby's next. You can thank them for such tunes as "Did You Ever See a Dream Walking?" "May I?" "Love Thy Neighbor" and "With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Dreaming."

Neither of the boys gave song-writing much thought until they met in a publisher's office in 1930. Revel had just returned from touring Europe as a concert pianist, and was looking for a break. After the publisher had introduced them, Harry sat down at the piano and began fussing with a few tunes running through his head. Mack *ad-libbed* some words. Two

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Al Dubin coins phrases: Harry Warner, tunes; both coin money

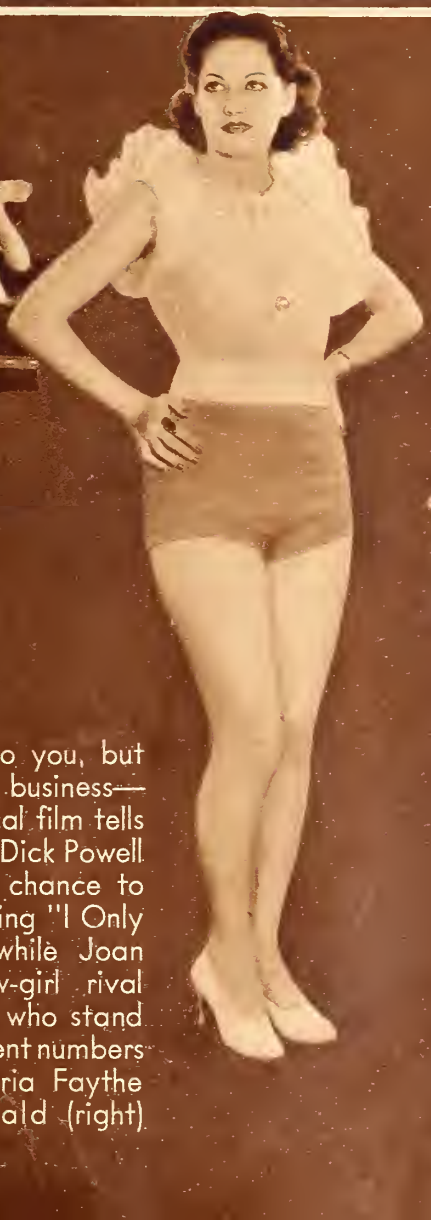
"DAMES"

— Glorifying the American Chorus Girl

Above, one chorine plays "soldier," while another one plays "pirate"—to the music

If chorus girls turned farmerettes, like Ruth Eddings (above), men would go "back to the land"

If a chorus girl were turned out into a cold, cold world, she'd still keep smiling. At least, that's the impression that you will get in "Dames" (left)



They may be beauties to you, but they're "Dames" to show business—and the newest big musical film tells their story. Which gives Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler a new chance to be backstage lovers, singing "I Only Have Eyes for You"—while Joan Blondell is Ruby's show-girl rival (top). Three of the girls who stand out conspicuously in different numbers are Donna La Barr, Gloria Faythe and Blanche MacDonald (right)

WHY SMALL-TOWN GIRLS HAVE MORE GLAMOUR

These glamourous gals of the screen—did you ever realize that most of them were born in the well-known "sticks"? Where do they get their poise? What is it that they have, and city charmers don't have? Here are the answers!

HAVE small-town girls more glamour than city girls? The experts of Hollywood, who should know about such things, are demanding recruits from small communities, preferably in rural districts. In the past, most screen beginners hailed from New York or Paris or some other world metropolis, but now they're coming from such towns as Talledega, Alabama, Deer Lodge, Montana, and Valley City, North Dakota—the birthplaces of Gertrude Michael, Jean Parker, and Ann Sothern. Apartment-raised girls are out, in Hollywood, and wholesome types who have been brought up on farms are in!

One of the first questions asked about a neophyte these days is not "Will she photograph," but "What is the population of her home-town," for under the new régime, special favoritism is shown to newcomers from villages whose inhabitants number three thousand, or less. A sign of the times is this quotation from *Variety*, a Hollywood trade paper.

"Columbia yesterday dispatched Carter Ludlow on a forty-eight-state plane jaunt to pluck four dozen beauties for a chorus number in Bill Rowland's 'Girl Friend.' *Plucker is ordered to pass up city gals and harness only pure-bred cornfeds from Doc Tugwell's agricultural domain.*" (The italics are ours.)

The reason for this wholesale exclusion of big-city girls, according to Mr. Ludlow, is: "Country girls are fresher. They don't live under the strain of city life, and their faces show this. In theory, their emotions are more apt to be untouched; at any rate, their emotions are less complicated. And according to the standards of the present, small-town girls have better figures. They may not be exactly buxom, but they do have the curves and healthy appearance demanded by the present vogue in beauty." And these new fashions in figures require a background of country living and health.

Such sweeping generalizations may sound a trifle far-fetched, but the backers of bucolic talent have more than theory on their side. Most of the actresses in Hollywood who specialize in glamourous rôles, strangely enough, hail from small towns or small cities. Just to name a few: Carole Lombard (Fort Wayne, Indiana), Verree Teasdale (Spokane, Washington), Miriam Hopkins

(Bainbridge, Georgia), Myrna Loy (Helena, Montana), Ginger Rogers (Independence, Missouri), Kay Francis (Oklahoma City, Oklahoma), Joan Crawford (San Antonio, Texas), Bette Davis (Lowell, Massachusetts), Pat Paterson (Bradford, England), Lupe Velez (San Luis Potosi, Mexico), Karen Morley (Ottumwa, Iowa), Mary Astor (Quincy, Illinois), Helen Vinson (Beaumont, Texas), Irene Dunne (Louisville, Kentucky), Rosemary Ames (Evanston, Illinois), and Dolores Del Rio (Durango, Mexico) are all lassies from "the provinces" who are winning honors in Hollywood.

Greta Garbo comes from a little town near Stockholm, Sweden; Katharine Hepburn, of Hartford, Connecticut, used to spend every summer at a small resort; Margaret Sullavan, the screen's newest sensation (who hails from Norfolk), went to school in a small town in Virginia, and imbibed that small-town atmosphere. *More than eighty per cent of screen players, male and female, were either born or brought up in small towns and small cities.*

You might not be surprised to know that Mary Brian is a native of Corsicana, Texas; that Joan Marsh was born in Porterville, California; that little Helen Mack hails from Rock Island, Illinois; that Dorothy Granger is from New London, Ohio; or that Rochelle Hudson was born in Claremore, Oklahoma (Will Rogers' home-town). But what about Glenda Farrell (Enid, Oklahoma), Fay Wray (Wrayland, Canada), Margaret Lindsay (Dubuque, Iowa), Esther Ralston (Bar Harbor, Maine), Marian Nixon (Superior, Wisconsin), and one of Hollywood's most sophisticated women, Hedda Hopper, who came from Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania. The late Lilyan Tashman, one of the ultra sophisticates of the screen, came from Brooklyn, New York.

This is certainly proof that small-town girls have SOMETHING. And Grace Moore, the world famous opera star, who has just made a tremendous hit in the picture, "One Night of Love," has further evidence that being brought up in a village lends attraction. On her foreign tours, Europeans frequently tell Grace that she "isn't at all like an American." They mean it as a compliment, which she attributes to her early years in Jellico, Tennessee—with a total population of a few more than one thousand souls!

"I believe small-town people have a more human quality, a warmth and naturalness that those who have always lived in cities lack," says Miss Moore. "This probably comes from close contact with neighbors—sharing their joys and sorrows. In large cities one never knows the people living next door and nothing is thought of it. So city people seldom have opportunities to cultivate sympathy and understanding that small-town people enjoy.

"If I ever have a child," she adds, "I'll insist on bringing her up in a little town. A child should be unhampered by too many reserves. Also, a child should know how to enjoy the out-of-doors. Such a life lends a charm to girls and women, especially. And, after all, charm is more to be desired than any other quality!"

And to think that all these years city folk have been calling you charming people *hicks!*"

Ginger Rogers, who grew up in the not-so-large city of Fort Worth, Texas, feels pretty embarrassed in explaining why she and most of her contemporaries have that quality the screen demands, but she admits that she probably would never have reached her present position in Hollywood except for her background.

"I've seen hundreds of girls in big cities, just as attractive and as good dancers as I am, totally submerged by their surroundings. They are not such "good mixers" as the small-town girl is—are not used to meeting all sorts of people. They're just part of the crowd, and they have no particular incentive to try to make more of themselves. With small-town girls it's different. They take a part in the community life — enter into all village activities. I won a Charleston contest in Fort Worth, for

(*Continued on page* 68)

By Mark Dowling

These have "home grown glamour." *Above:* Rochelle Hudson—Claremore, Okla.; Fay Wray—Wrayland, Canada; Jean Parker—Deer Lodge, Mont.; Miriam Hopkins—Bainbridge, Ga. *Opposite:* Glenda Farrell—Enid, Okla.; Mary Brian—Corsicana, Texas; Ginger Rogers—Independence, Mo.; and Toby Wing—Richmond, Va. The town should take a bow!

Does Bernie Hear Applause? Yowzah!

As the Old Maestro of radio, Ben is "the mosta of the besta" —what with his sly puns, his slang-coining, his smooth orchestrations, his bathroom baritone, and his kidding of himself "and all the lads." And as a movie actor (he grits his teeth), he hopes you'll like him. The returns aren't all in yet, but with 359 precincts reporting, he looks like a win-nah. Anyway, he'll be back in the Fall, to make "One-Night Stand" with Jack Oakie. He likes Jack the way he likes Walter Winchell

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

It's hot weather for "dressing up," but Stuart Erwin and his wife, June Collyer, and Arline Judge and her husband, Director Wesley Ruggles (right), are willing Martyrs—to attend a charity ball with other film celebrities. The ball, sponsored by Marion Davies, was for the benefit of the Children's Clinic

Acme

The curtain has rung down on the career of Alec B. Francis (left), beloved character actor—dead at sixty-five after an emergency operation. He was stricken while playing a rôle in Constance Bennett's new picture. A few days previously, he had foiled what looked like an attempted kidnapping

Maybe it doesn't seem possible that "The Kid" can be grown up—but here's evidence to prove it. Jackie Coogan, who is just a college boy home on vacation these days, is sipping sodas with Toby Wing. The columnists, rubbing their eyes, are starting romance rumors

Acme

Seven months ago, Richard Dix got a new secretary. Now, the new secretary—Virginia Webster—is his new bride. Here they are, on the S. S. *Santa Lucia* on their New York-to-Hollywood honeymoon trip

Laura La Plante has a new husband—Irving Asher, London film executive (left,) whom she recently wed in Paris, two months after her divorce from director William Seiter. They will live abroad

MARIE DRESSLER "FATALLY ILL," FIGHTS TO LIVE

"Grand Old Lady of the Screen," Who Hid Desperate Illness for Months, Lapses into Coma—Doctor Reports End Is "Only a Matter of Hours," But She Rallies

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

C. S. Bull

Even when the portrait above was made, Marie Dressler was seriously ill—but telling no one. Right, in the garden of her Beverly Hills home, bought with money she earned in her great "comeback"

Hurrell

IN a secluded mansion in peaceful Santa Barbara, Marie Dressler is waging, as this is written, the most desperate battle of her strife-torn career. Her adversary is illness; her principal weapon of defense is her own indomitable courage and her stubborn will to carry on. The issue is not decided yet—but it may be that Marie will never make "Living in a Big Way" or "Tish."

The world first learned of the seriousness of her illness when her doctor reported that she had lapsed into a coma and that the end was "only a matter of hours." Two days later, she regained consciousness, seemed a little stronger. She could smile weakly and converse in a half-whisper with the devoted friends—Allen Breed Walker, resort owner, and his wife—who have been caring for her; for brief intervals she could listen to some of the messages sent to cheer her, from rich and poor, from friends and strangers; she was able to ask that her nurses be paid each week in advance (always thinking of someone else); from her bed, she could look out across a pond of water lilies to the hazy horizon of the Pacific. Daily bulletins in the newspaper have reported "brief rallies," and "an almost imperceptible slipping."

Grand old trouper that she is, Marie Dressler taxed her strength too heavily and too long in order that "the show might go on." She would not admit her suffering. Day after day, she fought off her growing weakness and forced herself to go to the studio, to do her job. If anyone told her that she looked tired, she answered with humor and her Falstaffian laugh. Marie did not want anyone to guess that she was seriously ill, for her whole life revolved around her work and she could not tolerate the prospect of being "taken out of the game." She said to me once, "The one prayer of an actress is to die with her grease-paint on."

But between pictures—that was a year ago last Winter—she announced that she would take a vacation. "I need a little rest," she said, "and I want to visit friends in the East."

In reality, she went directly to a famous hospital and there submitted to a major operation. She knew, when she went under the knife, that her recovery was a desperate gamble—but still she kept her secret. The operation was successful, but specialists told her that at least three years must pass before they could guarantee her complete recovery. If in those three years, she suffered a relapse . . . they shook their heads gravely and urged the absolute necessity of rest and quiet. Rest for a trouper who had spent a lifetime in the hustle and pandemonium of show business? Ridiculous!

Marie rushed back to Hollywood before it was advisable for her to travel. No one there, except her devoted servants, Mamie and Jerry, knew of her operation, and she battered down their worry with a barrage of drolleries about her condition. Again she plunged into her work, again she tried to play her lifelong rôle of fairy godmother to everyone who sought her help—and again she overtaxed her strength and fatigue took its toll.

During the production of "Her Sweetheart, Christopher Bean," her agony became intolerable. She fought to conceal it—and that time she failed. On the set, time after time, she nearly fainted at the conclusion of a trying scene.

Foolhardy to jeopardize her life by such stubbornness? Perhaps — but, remember, Marie Dressler has been a fighter, first, last and always. Her life has centered in her work, for she lost, years ago, her last family tie. To quit and admit defeat, even to a severe illness, would have seemed to her like the beginning of the end. And she has not admitted defeat. Even when she sank into unconsciousness, her strong heart, which first started beating on November 9, 1871, in the little Canadian town of Coburg, refused to give up.

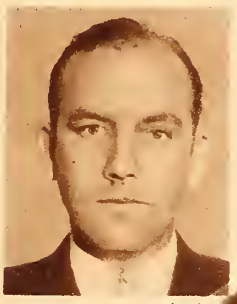
JEAN HARLOW NOW FEARS "LOVE CURSE" AS PARALYSIS STRIKES HAL ROSSON

Platinum Blonde Oppressed by Fate That Seems to Shadow Her Marriages and Men Who Marry Her—Ill Cameraman, Her Third Husband, Is Now on Road to Complete Recovery

By DOROTHY DONNELL

A FRIEND, meeting Jean Harlow at the studio, noticed that she had been crying. Why? Jean's voice shook as she asked, "Have you heard about Hal? Isn't it awful?" Her estranged husband, cameraman Harold Rosson, had just been quarantined with infantile paralysis—first victim in the movie colony of the epidemic sweeping through Los Angeles. Report had it that he was very low.

Jean's voice sank to the depths of tragedy. "Do you know," she said bitterly, "I sometimes wonder if I haven't a curse on me that touches all the men who fall in love with me!"



Acme

Charles McGrew, II

A month before Jean had said to a writer who was interviewing her on the subject of her separation from Rosson, her third husband, "Maybe I am one of those people just not meant for marriage."

The whole world knows of the tragedy that ended her second marriage, when Paul Bern's body was discovered on their honeymoon a few weeks after their wedding, with a note that indicated that he had committed suicide. The note ended, simply, "I love you."

It was the popular producer's very love for his beautiful, platinum-haired young wife that decided him to take his own life, according to the incoherent words he penned before his death, "and so undo the wrong I did you." Blameless as Jean Harlow was of the unhappiness that drove him to his death, it seems likely that if Paul Bern had never met her, he might still be living to-day. This feeling, rumor says, is at the bottom of the strained relationship between Jean and Joan Crawford, who fairly worshiped Bern, because of his advice in guiding her career.

Jean Harlow's first husband, wealthy Charles McGrew, II, whom she married at sixteen and divorced in 1931, has had his troubles, too, although tragedy has not touched him. His second marriage came to an end several months ago.

And now Hal Rosson, to whom she had been married only eight months when they parted, was suffering from one of the most mysterious and most dreaded of diseases. He has since passed the crisis, and doctors predict that he will not suffer any permanent after-effects of the disease, which struck him in the shoulders and arms. Jean constantly kept in touch with his doctors—and there were premature rumors of a reconciliation, based on her very apparent worry. When this befell Hal Rosson, is it any wonder that Jean—who has found only unhappiness in love and has seen unhappiness overtake the three men she has married—wondered bitterly if some malign fate hangs over her and the men who love her?

Acme

Jean Harlow's marriage to Charles McGrew II, ended unhappily. Her marriage to Paul Bern (above) ended in tragedy. Jean and Hal Rosson (left) separated—and his illness soon followed

Gratitude is the strongest trait in this girl. What first drew her to listen to the love that Paul Bern, himself, believed hopeless was gratitude because of his part in her success. It was gratitude again that formed the first bond between her and the little camera genius who had made her not merely a pretty girl, but a great beauty on the screen—and had, moreover, been her most understanding friend after the Bern tragedy.

Apparently, however, her fears that she may be an unwilling *femme fatale* are not shared by her admirers. William Powell has recently been Jean's frequent dinner escort. Max Baer, new heavyweight champion, is quoted as saying that Jean Harlow was one of his principal interests in life. And Michael Farmer is quoted as saying to reporters in Paris that if Gloria Swanson divorced him, he would like to marry Jean Harlow.

LILIAN HARVEY POSTPONES WEDDING; NOT MARRYING WILLY FRITSCH ABROAD

After Parting with Studio, Foreign Star Fails to Return to Germany (and Willy), As Planned—She is Staying on in Hollywood, and Wants Him to Try American Films

Ray Jones

A few months ago, Lilian Harvey was telling of plans to marry Willy Fritsch as soon as she could get to Berlin. Now free to go, she's staying — and has other plans!

UFA

Willy Fritsch

By JACK SMALLEY

LILIAN HARVEY has talked by transatlantic telephone with her fiancé, Willy Fritsch, and hopes to persuade him to come to Hollywood next January, when his contract with UFA expires, to co-star with her in an American picture. Contrary to published reports, she is not saying farewell to Hollywood until she has made at least one more picture. These developments, given exclusively to MOVIE CLASSIC, came when it was generally conceded that Miss Harvey terminated her contract with Fox with the intention of returning to Germany to marry Herr Fritsch, her former co-star in German pictures.

Only recently, Lilian gave an interview in which she said, "Hollywood has broken my heart," and made no secret of the fact that she has been unhappy in the film capital, not only because of her pictures, but because of her loneliness. On her finger was a wedding ring. "Willy gave it to me," she admitted. "No, we're not married, but we will be when I can get away for a visit to Berlin."

Meanwhile, this reporter has discovered a possible explanation for the silent feud between Lilian and Marlene Dietrich, who have many mutual friends in the German colony in Hollywood, but have studiously avoided each other. The German protégée of Josef von Sternberg corresponds with Fritsch; they exchange letters and photographs by registered mail. Before her marriage to Rudolf Sieber, it is said, Marlene and Willy were engaged—and the memory of the romance may still linger on. However, Marlene seems to be on the best of terms with her husband, who has recently been visiting her—which would indicate that Miss Harvey now has the field to herself. Yet the wedding date has not been set.

Announcement that Miss Harvey was not quitting Hollywood, after all, came as a surprise. She told me: "I cannot leave without making at least one picture that will show my American friends that I'm not really a flop. When I asked Fox to release me, I was very downcast and blue. I knew I was giving up a great deal of money in making this decision, but so many disappointments made all that count for little. I wanted to see my home in the South of France, and go to Willy. Then such a change came—cables, wires, delegations from producers, from abroad as well as Hollywood. My spirits lifted. But when I lost the blues, I knew I had to stay here. Then a new story was offered me, and for a week we've been working like Trojans on it. Suddenly, I was alive again

"Then I called up Willy. I want him to come here so much! But if you knew him—he is so easy-going by nature that it's hard to budge him. He argues that his English would not be good enough for American pictures—but who cares about an accent? And he has a smile that would surely win him friends here. Why, even Chevalier says Willy's smile is the better, and doesn't everyone love that grin of Maurice's? If I could quarrel with Willy, maybe I could get him angry enough to take the next boat, but he just laughs and you can't fight with him. I don't think he has ever quarreled with anyone. He is something like Robert Montgomery; impish—but maybe more grown up."

Asked (again) if she weren't really married to Fritsch (there are rumors of a marriage a few years ago in Switzerland), Miss Harvey made a *moué* and said: "Why should I deny it if it were? There would be records, you know! No, we thought of marriage before I came to Hollywood, but we decided to wait. Who knows what changes might come from working apart? It wouldn't be fair to either of us. But I know Willy hasn't changed. I've known him for five years, and he's always sweet and unruffled and smiling."

The real truth about her decision against making "Serenade" is far different from the story that she didn't like the script. She helped to write it! And her heart was broken when she couldn't make the picture. The difficulty arose when she and director Paul Martin couldn't agree with the studio on the budget for the picture. By mutual consent, her contract and the contract of her director were torn up. Her new contract will give her a choice of pictures—and the first one she wants to make will reveal her in the simple, universal favorite rôle of a little Cinderella, which in essence is the rôle that Lilian has played in real life.

"A simple plot, well done—that is what people enjoy, is it not?" she asked. "I haven't heard one adverse comment on 'Congress Dances,' the picture that led to my coming to America. In that I was a little nobody, swept into an exciting romance. That is all—yet it was fun to do, and people liked it."

Stepping to the wide windows of her home, which is perched high on a hillside, overlooking Hollywood, she tossed back her gold locks and exclaimed: "How can one leave so lovely a place?"

"RIDICULOUS!" JANET GAYNOR CALLS REPORT THAT SHE HAS A HIDDEN CHILD

Tempest in Teapot Created by Rumor That Janet Has a Three-Year-Old Child by Her Ex-Husband, Lydell Peck—But When Could Blessed Event Have Taken Place?

By ANN SLATER

HOLLYWOOD has seldom been more surprised than it was when it read in newspapers the rumor that Janet Gaynor had a three-year-old child by her ex-husband, Lydell Peck. Janet promptly denied the innuendo.

"Secret" children of stars have been sprung on Hollywood before, but they have always been children of pre-Hollywood days, like George Raft's son. Could it be possible that a famous star, who had lived for ten years right under the eagle eye of this most gossipy of all towns, had had a baby and kept the fact a secret for more than three years? On the face of it, the assertion seems what Janet termed it, "Absurd!—Ridiculous!"

Hollywood brides are always carefully watched possibilities for Blessed Event rumors, and in late 1930 or early 1931—when the baby must have been born, if the sensational statement of the chatterer were true—Janet was still a bride, her marriage to Lydell Peck having taken place in September, 1929. And there were no Blessed Event rumors about her.

And yet—and yet! The town talkers remind each other that none of the great stars of the films, not even Greta Garbo, lives a more private life than this same small, shy Janet. Then, too, Hollywood remembers her frequent trips to Honolulu, on one of which she bought herself a home; her walk-out from her studio, which kept her away from the screen for five months; and her trip to Europe. And there was the intriguing fact that the rumor got its start in San Francisco, home of the socially prominent Peck family, including Janet's ex-husband, Lydell Peck.

And Hollywood now recalls a newspaper item of December 18, 1930, which said, "Janet Gaynor will be operated on for appendicitis in Honolulu this morning. She was removed last night to the Queen's Hospital. Lydell Peck, husband of Miss Gaynor, was informed by cable of his wife's illness and left hurriedly for San Francisco, where he has booked passage aboard the *President Pierce*." Could the "appendicitis" have been a Blessed Event in disguise?

Intriguing as the idea of a hidden child sounds, it gives the supposition a severe setback to read the dates of Janet's voyages. Her first trip to Honolulu was a honeymoon journey, from February 26, 1930, to April 11, 1930. On December 2, 1930, she and her mother journeyed to Honolulu—where the appendicitis operation was performed two weeks after she arrived. She left Hawaii on January 23, 1931. On November 21, 1931, Janet and her mother went to Europe, returning two and a half months later, on February 2, 1932. Janet's last Honolulu trip was from December 30, 1932, to February 16, 1933.

Of course, there was Janet's historic walk-out when the part in "The Princess and the Plumber" didn't suit her. She was absent from the screen for five months that time. But during this absence writers were seeing her constantly, and if Janet had been "expectant," the world would have heard about it.

When the story of a concealed child was printed, Janet consulted her lawyer. His advice is said to have been that, if she did sue, it would be difficult to prove that she had suffered damages from the story. And yet the studio believed that it would damage Janet Gaynor with her millions of fans to be connected with a "maternal" story.

Last year, in the course of an interview, children were mentioned casually.

"Oh," said Janet, "I'd love to have a baby sometime! I adore children."

A publicity man was present. As the interviewer left, he asked agitatedly, "You aren't going to mention in your story that Janet wants a baby, are you?" Hardly had the interviewer reached home when the telephone rang. "You aren't going to call your story 'Janet Gaynor Wants a Baby,' are you?" demanded the publicity man. "You see, she isn't the *type* for that sort of thing!"

Evidently, her studio would have collaborated with any plan to hide the existence of a baby from a public that wants its Gaynor girlish, and dewy, and untouched by life. Yet could any star scoop Hollywood so gorgeously?

The fact that the rumors can't seem to decide whether the allegedly hidden child is a boy or a girl is a point in favor of Janet's denial that such a child exists. If anyone had seen such a child, reputedly three years old, the youngster's appearance and attire should be adequate sex-determinants. One of Janet's friends, commenting on the suddenness with which Janet "acquired" a three-year-old child, thanks to the gossips, says, "At this rate, they will have Janet a grandmother next!"

Last month, the rumor that Janet was denying had her engaged to marry a New York dentist.

Lydell Peck — was report news to him?

As Mrs. Lydell Peck, from September, 1929, to April, 1933, Janet Gaynor was never even rumored to be "blessed - eventing." And in such a gossipy town, how could she have kept it secret?

As They Are— Off The Screen

"Hi ya, honey!" cheerios Jimmy Dunn (left), spotting a female acquaintance on a stroll across the lot. Jimmy's like this with all the gals—that's why he has so many "romance" rumors. Over at the far left, you see Esther Ralston walking out to keep a luncheon date; someone left a memo in her studio mailbox. And, below, Cary Grant and Rosita Moreno, Spanish actress, relax outside the studio commissary after lunch. Then—back to their work

"I'll be seeing you," Jeanette MacDonald tosses over her shoulder to a friend—and the camera and the friend both get one of those delightful MacDonald smiles. She doesn't hoard them for the screen!

Meet Mady Christians (above). This well-known foreign actress came to America to star on the New York stage—but Hollywood didn't lose any time in signing her up. She's making friends with that smile

Jean Harlow, hanging onto some studio apparatus (and unconsciously keeping the man behind it from working) is getting acquainted with Gladys George, stage star, who has just been signed by the studio

See that look in Virginia Bruce's face (above)? It's exhibit A in the debate: Is Virginia Glad To Be Walking Back on a Movie Set, Or Isn't She? She walked out two years ago when she married John Gilbert; now they're divorced. On the screen, the only time you see Lewis Stone in a full-dress suit is at night—but movies are made in the daytime. Here he is, strolling to work, finishing a cigarette

THESE MOVIES

Bette Davis sneers at Leslie Howard's love in "Of Human Bondage"—but that doesn't release him from bondage to her

OF HUMAN BONDAGE—RKO

Picture Like Novel—Great

"OF Human Bondage," by W. Somerset Maugham, is one of the great novels of our time—and the picture, starring Leslie Howard, is faithful to the original in story, in mood and in intentions. I can think of no higher praise. Maugham set out to show the workings of the mind of a super-sensitive boy, born club-footed, who is in bondage to his limitations and to a love that is inexplicable; the picture—an experiment in psychology—sets out to do the same thing, and succeeds.

Philip first tries to be an artist in Paris, has to compromise with his dreams because of mediocre talent, and then takes up the study of medicine in London; soon afterward, he meets *Mildred*, an anemically pretty, but cold, common, grasping little waitress, and falls hopelessly, helplessly in love with her—with nothing able to kill his love. She doesn't love him; she runs off, at different times, with two coarse playboys; in one frenzied emotional outburst, she wrecks his beloved paintings; but still he cannot turn her away when she comes snivelling back, nor can he forget her or hate her or let another girl replace her in his heart—until fate frees him.

The picture has few exciting moments, few light moments, yet its realism and its suppressed emotions are spell-binding. From the first moment that you see *Philip* limping, Leslie Howard has your sympathy and never relinquishes it, with his face a mobile mirror of thoughts that he does not always need to tell. Bette Davis did a courageous thing in accepting the unsympathetic role of *Mildred*—and in it she gives a poisonously perfect performance; it is the best piece of acting she has ever done. Alan Hale and Reginald Denny, as specialists in cheap conquest, are only too real. Kay Johnson and Frances Dee, as two sincere women who love *Philip*, are warmly sympathetic. And Reginald Owen, as the hearty Bohemian who is Frances' father, steals every scene in which he appears. For his direction, John Cromwell will be well up in the running for the Academy award for 1934.

Shirley Temple has another romp in "Baby, Take a Bow"—this time with James Dunn as her principal support and "Daddy"

Madeleine Carroll, from England, and Franchot Tone are the lovers of "The World Moves On," the newest anti-war saga

THE WORLD MOVES ON—Fox

Has Sincerity, But Too Much Plot

THERE'S an earnest effort behind this picture, which has been created on a semi-colossal scale. But, somehow, it lacks conviction. It seems to me that there is too much plot, which robs it of simplicity and compactness. It is intended as a saga of a widely scattered family, starting in 1825 and then jumping through the World War to the financial panic of 1929.

The pattern is something like "The House of Rothschild," in that the founder of the family gathers his heirs around him as he reads his will and advises them to keep the family ties together in the succeeding generations. But succeeding generations grow up in different countries that eventually meet in war. You

REVIEWS OF THE CURRENT PICTURES

By Larry Reid

will also notice a vein of "Berkeley Square" in it, with the heroine feeling she is re-living an earlier existence; and you will see a superficial resemblance to "Cavalcade"—but where "Cavalcade" told its story in even sequence, with the reactions of tragedy building character, the new opus never gets down to rock bottom or concentrates upon the human touches. It unfolds some grand war scenes—with the offspring of the original founder at odds with one another. But you never feel pity for tragedies that develop because the plot jumps so frequently.

In reality it presents a series of plots—all of which are dwarfed by the sweeping war scenes, for which director John Ford must be commended. The miniature of the torpedoing of the liner is also well done. Back of it all is a romance embroidered with sub-romances and it engenders considerable conflict. In all, it is an earnest effort, but lacks greatness. The players are all praiseworthy. Madeleine Carroll screens beautifully and acts with fine poise, and Franchot

Everybody present looks surprised at this "Murder in the Private Car," except Charlie Ruggles. He's a detective

Tone is sincere. But the finest acting is contributed by the character actors, Siegfried Rumann and Dudley Digges. They seem to be apart from the others in humanizing their rôles. The photography is excellent. Had there been more human touches, more intimate scenes and less striving for a big canvas, it would have greater appeal. There is a note of propaganda in it—one emphasizing the futility of war. It would have a bigger meaning, if the characters championing it had been more colorful.

BABY, TAKE A BOW—Fox

Shirley Temple Is the Whole Show

SHIRLEY TEMPLE is practically the only reason for seeing "Baby, Take a Bow"—but she's plenty. This little five-year-old, now a full-fledged star, is not just a cute little package with a million-dollar personality; she is also a real actress, who knows her gestures, her expressions, her timing, her vocal acrobatics.

Richard Barthelmess doesn't look the part, but he's a gangster in "Midnight Alibi." Ann Dvorak is the girl in his life

She is the offspring of James Dunn and Claire Trevor—Jimmy being an ex-convict, like Ray Walker, trying to go straight. But Alan Dinehart, the meanest detective that ever got a laugh from an audience, keeps riding them, won't leave them alone. And when Ralf Harolde, a tough hombre, steals a pearl necklace and gives it to Shirley, who thinks it's a plaything and plays hide-and-seek with it, things begin to look troublous for Daddy Dunn. The action moves along hokumish lines, but it moves fast, and Shirley—who sings and dances a song about a Copy Cat—doesn't let your interest wane. Jimmy does good work in his paternal rôle. The others are sufficient; nothing more.

MURDER IN THE PRIVATE CAR—M-G-M

Mystery Comedy, Old Style

IF THEY had gone a little farther, this would have been a burlesque of all the murder mysteries ever screened

(*Continued on page* 60)

Grace Moore wins the love of both Lyle Talbot and Tullio Carminati in "One Night of Love." You'll like her, yourself

Here is a great study of Jackie Cooper and Wallace Beery, together again, in "Treasure Island." Jackie, who has grown inches, is the boy-hero of Stevenson's great yarn; Wally is the peg-legged pirate, as hard as nails, who is always up on deck

Jim Hawkins and Long John Silver

Baby Makes a Wow

Garbo, look to your laurels! And you, too, Janet Gaynor! Shirley Temple has all the baby stars in history backed into oblivion, and now she's starting on the grown-ups. And all she does is to be her playful five-year-old self. She just finished "Now and Forever." Her salary? Just raised to $1,250 a week

GILBERT'S UP AGAIN!

Studio fights and marital troubles get this guy down, but he always bobs up on top again. Yesterday he didn't have either a job or a wife. But to-day he has a new job, at least!

By GLADYS HALL

JOHN GILBERT is news, *different* news with every Hollywood edition. One day he is in an abyss, brooding and bitter; the next day, he is sky-high, exuberant and excited. He is, actually, an exaggerated symbol of Hollywood, which is a roller-coaster with sudden, breath-taking descents and amazing, sudden ascents. He is the star, who, one night, shines in the highest heavens and, the next night, is fallen to the blackest depths of the earth, only to rise again—

I had an interview with Jack recently in which he said, "I have been on the screen for twenty years and I have managed to squeeze out of it complete unhappiness. To-day I can't get a job. I mean exactly that: *I—can't—get—a—job.* Four short years ago I had a contract calling for two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a picture; to-day I can't get a job for twenty-five dollars a week or for nothing at all. It doesn't make sense. But there it is."

Twenty-four hours later, Jack came to my house for dinner, waving a five-year contract with Columbia in my startled face. He was already in production on "The Captain Hates the Sea," in the rôle of the reporter. He had an offer from Universal. He had had an offer from England. To the man who had thought he was starving, the picture pie had again been offered, with ripe plums for the picking. He was reborn, revivified, recharged as only John Gilbert can be recharged. And so, not one word of the story I had done the day before was true. I had to tear it up and—write this one.

It was a difficult mental feat to compare this electric Gilbert with the man I had talked with the day before. It was as if the hero of the silent version of "The Merry Widow" and "The Big Parade" had come back again, elbowing the less vital Gilbert of "Queen Christina" and her predecessors out of the way for good and all. I should have known that it would be like this.

Virginia Bruce

MOVIE CLASSIC
QUICKEST
to Tell the Newest News

Only Wanted to Work

BUT it was hard to believe that this was the man who had said, only twenty-four hours before: "What am I to do? Sit here on this hilltop and listen to the music of the silences? People advise me to 'go to Europe.' What for? I don't want to go to Europe. I don't even want to go to Honolulu! I don't want to go anywhere. I want to *work.* I want the simple right of every creature that walks the earth—the right to earn my own living."

I had known that day that *for* that day Jack was sick at heart. I knew that his contract with M-G-M had come to its final end and that that long strain was done. He had known that Virginia Bruce, his former wife, was back on that lot and he felt that he couldn't, with good taste and good feeling, work there, too. He had felt, too, that he could not go on living indefinitely in the house on the hill. California has community property laws, because of which Jack's worldly

(*Continued on page 62*)

Printed in U.S.A.

The GIBSON FAMILY

Pretty Sally Gibson is getting a hand.

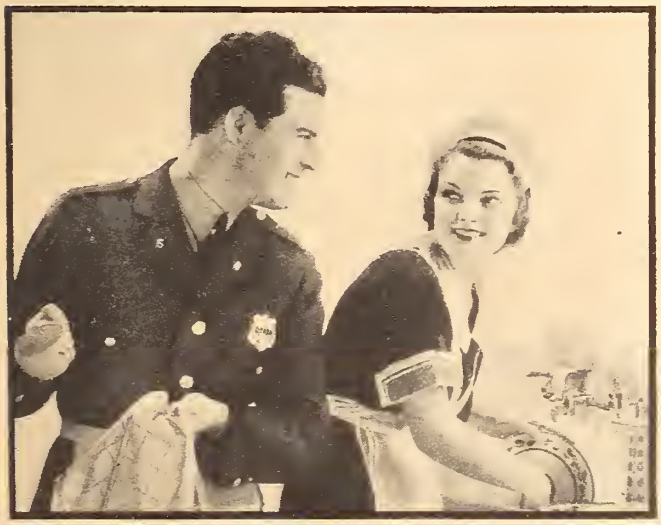
"Your eyes, your skin—golly, you're a knockout," breathes Ted.

"Oh, really!" blushes Sally. "You know the other girls won't believe that I just use Ivory Soap, but as Doctor MacRae says, a sensitive skin needs a pure soap."

Yes, doctors like their patients to use Ivory. They have no use for the exaggerated promises of many soaps. Doctors say: "Use a *pure* soap." Don't let impure soaps dry out your skin.

PROTECT your complexion. Pure Ivory Soap will help you.

"THESE SOCIETY LADIES'D give a mint for your skin, young feller," says Jenkins. Nurse Tippit smiles. "Do them a lot more good to use pure IVORY SOAP!"



THUMP! THUMP! THUMP! . . . Pete Clancy's loving heart pounds like mad every time he takes a cup from Julia's smooth hands. And when his hand touches hers (by accident, we trust) he goes all pink in the ears!

As for Julia—she silently thanks Mrs. Gibson for saying, "Yes, Julia, use Ivory for everything. It will keep your hands looking nice when you serve the table!"

IVORY FOR DISHES KEEPS HANDS NICE

"GO ON, GRIN, Sally Gibson!" says Jane. "I wash-ee wash-ee stockings. And I know half of them have runs!"

"If you wash-ee every night with Ivory Flakes," teases Sally, "your stockings would not run-nee, run-nee so much."

"That's what the salesgirl at Baxton's said," says Jane. "She gave me a lecture on Ivory's purity, she did. So don't preach to me, Sally. From today I'm using Ivory Flakes."

FINE STORES ADVISE IVORY FLAKES

Jane dreams of romance—

BUT while she sleeps she's spoiling her looks

NRA CODE

Jane leaves daytime make-up choking her pores all night! If she'd remove cosmetics Hollywood's way, she'd guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

JANE dreams of romance — every girl does! But like Jane, many a girl is taking foolish chances with her beauty. She *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly, but actually she is leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores to *choke* them day after day.

"What can be the matter with my skin!" Soon to her dismay she discovers enlarged pores — tiny blemishes — blackheads, perhaps. The distressing signals of unattractive Cosmetic Skin, a widespread modern complexion trouble.

To guard against this loss of beauty, thousands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty method. For cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night—give your skin this gentle care. Then you *protect* it—keep it beautiful.

The Hollywood stars, whose complexions are literally worth millions, have used this pure, mild soap for years.

Naturally I use cosmetics, but with my regular **Lux Toilet Soap** care there's no danger of my getting Cosmetic Skin
LUX
TOILET SOAP
KAY FRANCIS
STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "BRITISH AGENT"

What a BLESSED-EVENTING Star Thinks About . . .

JOAN BLONDELL isn't your typical movie mother-to-be. She doesn't say what people might expect. She says what she thinks—and she thinks she has had her fill of movie-acting!

By FAITH SERVICE

"A BIG happy family," laughed Joan Blondell, "—that's what I want from life! Here I am, as you see, expecting my first baby in about three months and hardly able to wait until I see it and touch it and hear it; and I'm planning already for others. George, this house, and babies—they are all I want. I'm not kidding you or myself or anyone; I mean it."

We were sitting in Joan's chintzy living-room, in her hill-top house looking down on the wide panorama of Hollywood far below—a sunny house all pine and maple of the Early American period when houses were homes and women were home-bodies.

"I want this child," Joan was saying, "and six or seven others. I don't care what this one is, boy or girl, because I expect to have so many that sex doesn't have to matter. If this one is a girl, we'll name her Georgia, after George, and if it is a boy, we'll probably name him Norman. I wanted to name a boy George, but George the First thinks a boy should have a brand-new name of his own, not a second-hand one.

"I've never been so happy in my life. I'm buying teddy bears and kiddie cars and Mickey Mouses and downy cats and dogs and rubber things. I've ordered all of the furniture, and it's all to be done in Early American design, only painted white. All the other things are to be in pink and blue. Some of the girls I know have had their baby things in yellow or green or even a pale lavender, but pink and blue are the baby colors, and I want this to be the *babiest* baby that ever was!

"All I want from life is George Barnes, our home, and children," says Joan. (P. S. She means it!)

"I'm not reading books on Infant Psychology, nor books on pre-natal care and influences. I'm not going to have my baby in any hospital, either. Hospitals are for sick people and babies have nothing to do with sickness. I want to be in a home-like, sunny place where George can be with me and my friends can come and go and where it will be like a festival of nativity."

Snaps Her Fingers at Career

I SAID, looking at Joan, "How will you feel if this affects your career in any way?" I was remembering Joan as we have seen her in so many pictures, the symbol of saucy seductiveness.

Joan laughed. "I'll feel swell," she said. "I not only don't like making pictures; I hate it. I

(*Continued on page 56*)

So much of their Loveliness

depends on the tooth paste they use

"Like my hat—like my teeth?" asks **BETTY DOUGLAS.** Her hat (from New York creator Lilly Daché, as are the other two shown here) is white piqué with navy blue veil and band.

GAY HAYDEN wears this beige antelope fedora. Her suit is brown wool crepe with orange silk foulard scarf (Spectator Sports, Inc., New York).

PHYLLIS GILMAN'S dress is black crepe-Elizabeth with pleated ruffling of pink crepe (Bonwit Teller).

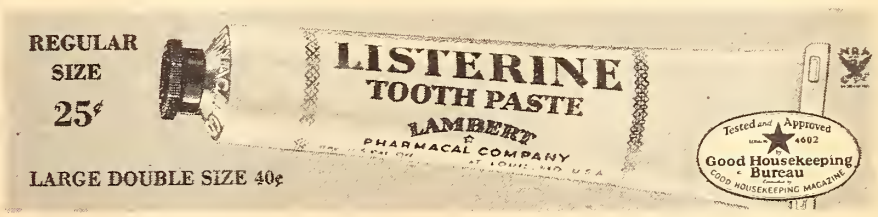
BETTY COOK shows you the halter-neck of one of the season's new and popular swim suits.

The country over, more than 2 million women have changed to Listerine Tooth Paste . . . it cleans so much better . . . gives teeth such high lustre. Why not try a tube?

Ask smart women why they prefer Listerine Tooth Paste to costlier brands—each has some special reason. "I like my teeth to shine," says Betty Cook. "It cleans better," explains another user. "It makes my mouth feel so clean and fresh," a third finds.

All agree—there is no use paying high prices when Listerine Tooth Paste at 25¢ gives so much better results. More than 2 million women share this belief. Among them are thousands who can afford any amount for cosmetics . . . for whom no beauty aid is too costly. Since other women find it so helpful, why not try Listerine Tooth Paste yourself? Test the way it cleans. See what a high lustre its gentle polishing agent brings to the teeth. Learn of the wonderful feeling of refreshment you get from its use—so much like the effect of Listerine itself.

At 25¢ for large tube, here's thrift to be proud of. And if you like an extra-large tube, buy the new Double Size—40¢—contains twice as much—saves 20% more! Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.



It's hard to outguess this adaptable film . . It soaks up the sun's brilliance . . . it drinks in the dull light of the shade . . works on days when ordinary films fail.

VERICHROME
gets the picture

Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.

HOW VERICHROME DIFFERS FROM ORDINARY FILM

1. Double-coated. Two layers of sensitive silver.
2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
4. Finer details in both high lights and shadows.
5. Translucent, instead of transparent.

Made by an exclusive process of Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, N. Y.

KODAK
VERICHROME
FILM

What a Blessed-Eventing Star Thinks About

(*Continued from page 54*)

positively hate it, all of it, every part of it. I've been unhappy almost ever since I've been out here. I still love show business—but making movies has nothing to do with show business.

"Any dope can be a movie actress. You could go down to a bargain basement right now and pick out any girl with a reasonably presentable face and take her to the studio, and if the studio wanted to badly enough, it could make a star of her. There's more baloney about this business of becoming a movie actress than there is in a chain of butcher shops. A girl doesn't need to know how to act. She doesn't have to have a thought in her head. She doesn't have to be beautiful or anywhere near it. She does have to have a studio back of her, and that's all she has to have.

"You don't need to have a thought in your head because any thought process is cut before it fully develops, anyway. We have writers do our stories for us, directors to tell us how to enter a room and leave it, cry, laugh, get up and sit down again. We have voice men to train our voices and mixers to pitch them where they should be pitched. We have make-up men to do what they can to our faces before we face the camera—and they can do almost anything. We have camera men to do what they can with our faces before the camera—and they can do everything.

"And the sum total can be wrecked or salvaged in the cutting-room. No matter what we do, or how we do it, it doesn't matter, once it reaches the cutting-room. If we give the grandest performance in the world, the cutters can cut it to bits, stupid and ugly bits. If we give the world's worst performance, the cutters can speed it up, patch it with something else here and there, and produce a masterpiece of acting. I don't say they do, but they *can*. I repeat, any dope can be a movie actress if the studio wants to make her one.

Doesn't Enjoy (!) the Spotlight

"I'VE never liked any part of it. I hate the so-called 'fame' part—where people recognize you on the street and point you out. I'm not beautiful. I don't dress up. I usually look like sin and never care. I can't be bothered. But when people nudge each other and say, 'There is Joan Blondell,' I feel self-conscious and miserable because I know how I must be letting them down.

"I feel sorry for the girls most people envy. I feel sorry for Garbo, awfully sorry for her. I feel sorry for Marion Davies and Joan Crawford and Mary Pickford and Carole Lombard and Claudette Colbert and all of them. What they have to be envied for, you see, I don't want. I'd rather be dead right now than think that I would just go on with my 'career' until I could go on no longer and would then spend the rest of my life having—nothingness. And if a woman doesn't have children, nothingness is what she does have. Women can see their names in electric lights and see them all over the newspapers and magazines; they can have limousines and palaces and furs and jewels and everything Fame is supposed to give as a handout—but unless they are mothers, they are mannikins and nothing but.

"I'm more interested in watching babies develop than I am in watching productions develop. The babies I'm planning to have will keep me off the screen and I already owe this one a debt of gratitude for just that. I don't ever want to go back. I have four more years to go on my present contract and if I can get out of it, I'll sing hallelujah!

"I haven't much of any use for money. I can live on what George makes and be perfectly happy. Babies don't need so much. Just a lot of love, and sunshine and milk and there'll be plenty of all of those things up here. I don't want to have a starchy, professional nurse for my baby, either. I want the baby to know which is its mother and which its nurse. My babies are going to know that I am their mother and no mistake about it. I'm going to bathe them and feed them and dress them and spank them when necessary and show them my love by being with them.

Wants More Time of Her Own

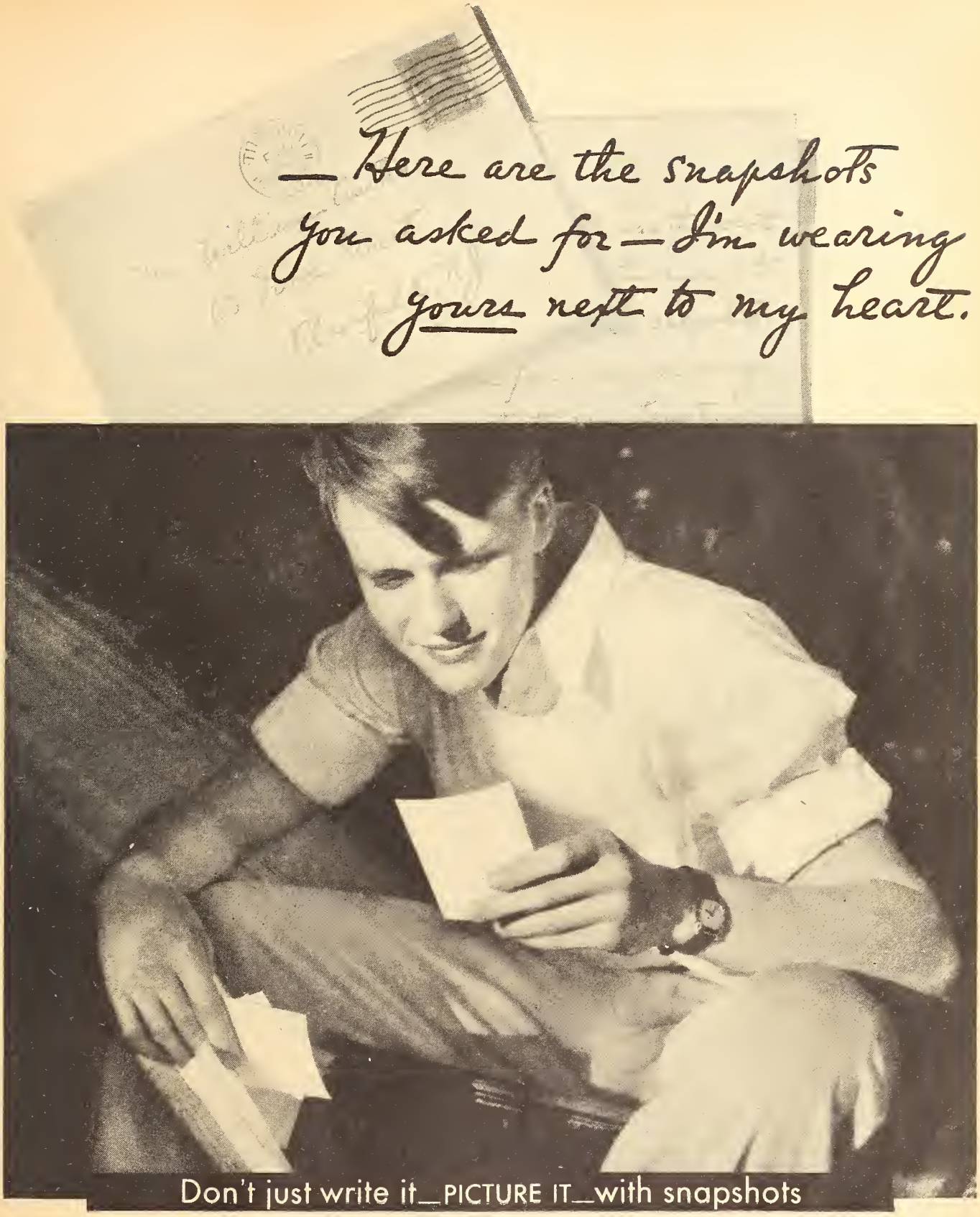
"IF, after this baby is born, they want to rearrange my contract so that I can make only three or four pictures a year, then I might go back. And if this should work out and I can go back under this arrangement, I'll *try* to like it. I'll try to take an interest in it. I'll even try to dress up and be elegant and like a movie star. It's awful to hate the thing you are doing as I've hated it. It's a wonder it didn't show in my performances—and maybe it did.

"Why, the last few pictures I made, I didn't even read the script before I started to work. I hadn't an idea of what the stories were about. I didn't even know who I was supposed to be, to do, or why. I didn't even know what I was supposed to be doing in such and such a room. I'd say to the director, 'What am I in this room for?' and he'd say, 'You have just arrived from Washington and you are supposed to be taking off your hat.' I'd say, 'Oh!' and let it go at that. I'm sure that Guy Kibbee and Dick Powell and Ruby Keeler and I got so tired of each other's make-ups that we were ready to die of exhaustion at the sight of each other.

"There is no life for me that means more than my home-life. I will certainly not live a life that will interfere with my life as a mother. I've been working from seven in the morning until eight or nine at night. So has George. We come home dead-tired and grab a little dinner and are too exhausted to go anywhere or to have anyone in, or even to talk. No amount of money could make that sort of thing worth while. And I've never made big money, anyhow. I had one of those unfortunate contracts. This past year I've made more, but it doesn't seem to have whetted my appetite for it.

"I have just about finished my last picture until after the baby's birth—if ever. Yes, you may well look surprised, though I think I got away with it all right. I didn't take time to look at any of the rushes—I didn't care enough. They knew about my condition and they still wanted me to make the picture, so that was that. I didn't worry. George photographed it and, of course, he made a slick job of it; and I had a double to do all of the running and walking scenes.

"I can talk all around it in circles but, inevitably, it narrows down to the same thing: all I want from life is George and our home and children. I'd rather have 'heaps and heaps of babies' than all of the heaps and heaps of press notices and contracts and fame and money in the world. There isn't a shadow of a question in my mind about what I'm going to do. If any issue of preference arises—babies or career?—the babies win, hands down!"



The day takes on a new glow—here's a letter! With snapshots of the one and only girl. The wonderful, wonderful girl . . . How important it is that snapshots can be taken, and sent speeding to their destinations, to make a young man's heart tremble and pound . . . So anything that improves snapshots is important, too. They've become much better since Kodak Verichrome Film came along. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kleenex Co.

Save Sore Noses from Hay Fever Misery

Use soft, dry Kleenex;
avoid damp, irritating handkerchiefs.
End laundry nuisance.

THE agonies of hay fever are bad enough. Don't add to them by using handkerchiefs which often harm more than they help. Instead, try Kleenex. Your nose will be grateful for the change from rough, soggy handkerchiefs that make raw, inflamed membranes cry out for relief.

Kleenex is a touch of comfort you'll welcome. The softest yet strongest of tissues. Far more absorbent than linen or cotton. And always dry, fresh, clean . . . because you simply use, then destroy. Isn't this better than an endless succession of mucus-clogged handkerchiefs any woman dreads washing?

Kleenex is priced so low you can use many of these disposable tissues for the cost of having one handkerchief laundered. Try Kleenex — at drug, dry goods, department stores.

500 in a box
"ECONOMY" CARTON
2½ times regular size for only
41c

NRA

KLEENEX Disposable Tissues

COCKTAIL RECIPES of the Stars!

MOVIE CLASSIC is the first—and only—screen magazine to present, month after month, the favorite cocktail recipes of the stars. Every recipe is a "scoop." Look them over. Better yet, try them. You'll find that "good mixing" is another of Hollywood's arts!—*Editor.*

IN honor of Max Baer, Hollywood's own, who is now heavyweight champion of the world, our recipes this month are devoted to punches. Which may be a bad gag, but the recipes are better.

There are many formulas for *Champagne Punch*, but the one favored by Adrienne Ames for a small party is mixed as follows:

Pour one pint of iced champagne into a chilled pitcher. Add the juice of one lemon, three tablespoonsful of sugar, and one-half wine-glass of strawberry syrup. Drop in a slice of orange and two slices of pineapple. Stir with a spoon and serve in champagne glasses decorated with fresh fruit. This serves four people (with a dividend).

Few people seem to realize that it is not compulsory to serve punch in a punch bowl. You can make large quantities, or you can mix small quantities — like a cocktail. Try an *American Beauty Punch*, from the recipe of Fay Wray:

Use a large bar-glass, filled with fine ice. Dissolve a half-teaspoonful of sugar in the juice of half an orange. Pour one teaspoonful of crême-de-menthe over the ice; then add the sugared orange juice, a jigger of brandy, and a jigger of French Vermouth. Shake, strain into goblets and float a teaspoonful of Port wine on top. Dress with fresh fruit and serve.

Douglass Montgomery has the recipe for that famous old *Cohasset Punch*. Here's how:

Into a large bar-glass half-full of shaved ice, put one jigger of New England rum, one jigger of Vermouth, three dashes of gum syrup, one dash of orange bitters, and the juice of one-half lemon. Stir and serve with a preserved peach on top.

Alice White suggests the equally well-remembered *Mississippi Punch*, suh—to be served in a tall highball glass filled with ice. The ingredients:

One teaspoonful of sugar, dissolved in a half-wine-glass of water and the juice of one-half lemon; one-half wine-glass of Bourbon whiskey; one-half wine-glass of Jamaica rum; and one wine-glass of brandy. Dress top of glass with fresh fruits.

You have heard of *Fish House Punch*. Here is the way Ralph Bellamy mixes it for a party of four. Better use a punch bowl or, as the prize contests say, an equivalent of same. It contains:

One and one-half wine-glasses of lemon juice; two wine-glasses of peach brandy; one wine-glass of cognac; one wine-glass of rum; one-half pound of fine sugar, and one and one-half pints of ice water. (By icing the water first, you do not need so much ice in the punch bowl.)

Clark Gable, the ol' mechanical wizard, has a gadget that helps him mix his drinks. Bottles feed simultaneously through this sypho-twins apparatus. No spilling!

But that's enough of punches. Now, for a cocktail or two. Did you know that there is one cocktail that can properly be served *after* dinner? That's what it is called, in fact —*The After-Dinner Cocktail*. This is Sidney Fox's recipe:

Into a shaker, put one drink of Prunelle brandy; one drink of sherry; four dashes of lemon juice; and plenty of ice. Shake well and strain. Serve in sherry glasses.

Then, too, there are several morning cocktails. Here's a neat little number named *The Morning Call* and prescribed by Grant Withers. It's a sure cure for those morning blues.

Use a tall shell glass, half-filled with shaved ice. Add one-half wine-glass of absinthe, one-half wine-glass of lemon juice, and one-half wine-glass of Maraschino. Fill with seltzer water and stir.

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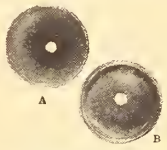

PROOF OF WOODBURY'S GERM-DESTROYING POWER Agar plates seeded with poisonous germs, shown by grey surface. Plate A bears a patch of Woodbury's Cream. The clear, dark ring shows this has destroyed all germs in its vicinity. Plate B, bearing a patch of ordinary cream, has no clear ring, showing this cream cannot destroy germs.

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These Movies

(*Continued from page 47*)

it's that improbable. As it stands, however, it is a would-be mystery comedy, intended to chill you when it isn't making you laugh. But its thrills are transparent, its laughs are mere snickers. Its setting—like that of the swell thriller, "Rome Express"—is a train; the immediate setting is a private car, on which a millionaire's long-lost daughter (Mary Carlisle) is rushing to meet her Dad, with kidnapers, murderers and an escaped circus ape complicating the trip. There are murders and attempted murders, with Charlie Ruggles, as a dumb, but wise-cracking detective, solving the difficulties by accident. The big climax—just to give you an idea—has the private car uncoupled from the train, rolling down a mountain in the path of a fast express. But, just as in the good old days, there's a switch handy.

MIDNIGHT ALIBI—Warners

Story Unreal, with Star a Gangster

"MIDNIGHT ALIBI," from a story by Damon Runyon, is Richard Barthelmess' last picture on his Warner contract—and he does more for the picture than the film does for him. It's the least believable of the Runyon stories that have so far been screened, and Barthelmess just isn't the type to play a gangster or sling underworld slang. Briefly, this is the plot: Dick is in love with Ann Dvorak, sister of the boss racketeer, and in escaping from the "mob," finds himself in the house of an "old doll" (Helen Lowell), who hasn't left the premises for nigh onto a hundred years because of a blighted love in her youth. Dick tells her of his romantic troubles; she then tells him the story of her broken romance—which Dick (in a dual rôle) and Helen Chandler enact in a fade-back. Dick then leaves, gets accused of the murder of the boss racketeer, and the Old Doll gives him an alibi for a happy ending. It's one of those half-way-between pictures—neither good nor bad. It will help you pass an evening, but won't pay you any memory dividends.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE —Columbia

A Picture You Can Rave About

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE" is one of those pictures that everyone has unconsciously been waiting for. Let's hope that those who have been telling people to stay away from the movies will be sporting and tell their followers that here is one movie they can't afford to miss. It has everything that a musical picture ought to have—a good story, good acting, and such singing as you have never heard on the screen before. Grace Moore, who was in the movies two or three seasons ago and didn't get the right breaks, now emerges as one of the biggest stars of them all.

Tullio Carminati, playing a great Italian voice teacher, discovers Grace and, falling in love with her voice, starts her on the long, hard road to fame—a road of rigid, relentless training. Into the picture steps Lyle Talbot, whose romantic attentions she welcomes as a relief from the grind, though Carminati fights them. Finally comes a singing triumph in Paris, with the pupil, headstrong with fame, clashing with the teacher and accepting an offer from the Metropolitan Opera in New York. And in New York she seems destined for tragic failure until Carminati appears to inspire her once more.

Grace Moore is so natural and effortless in her rôle that she seems to be living it—and in her rise to operatic fame, perhaps she did know similar sacrifices, emotions and triumphs. In her singing of four popular operatic arias (two of them are from "Carmen" and "Madame Butterfly"), she is equally effortless and emotional, with no straining for effect. Tullio Carminati likewise is living a rôle similar to one he has played in real life, and his playing of it makes him a candidate for 1934's Hall of Fame. Victor Schertzinger, besides his superb direction, has contributed the theme song, "One Night of Love."

SHOOT THE WORKS —Paramount

Oakie and Bernie an Amusing Team

"SHOOT THE WORKS" received advance publicity through the fact that two members of its cast—Dorothy Dell and Lew Cody—died a few days after completion of the picture. Many will probably attend it out of morbid curiosity. Others—who are seeking no more than amusement—will find it an entertaining little comedy revolving around Jack Oakie and Ben (the Old Maestro) Bernie. Its setting is show business. Oakie is a cocky promoter of cheap enterprises—flagpole sitters, stuffed whales, flea circuses and small-time dance bands; he has big ideas, but, somehow, they don't pay cash. Finally, Bernie, a band leader, leads a revolt against his management, and Oakie is left high and dry, with only Dorothy remaining his pal—and he does her dirt. Bernie climbs into the big-money class and owns a night-club, which is as good a setting as any for some song numbers and an amusing reunion between the boys. At this point there is an intended burlesque of the Bernie-Winchell feud that isn't so funny as it ought to be, because William Frawley makes his columnist-character such a low-life. Bernie, the smoothie, puts himself across as a movie personality by just being himself (though the script gives him another name); you-all will like him. Oakie humanizes his satirized rôle—also by playing himself. The late Dorothy Dell's beauty and promise are tragically apparent. The others in the cast—including Cody, Alison Skipworth, Arline Judge, Roscoe Karns and Paul Cavanagh—have little more than "bits." Two songs in it that sound like hits are "With My Eyes Wide Open, I'm Dreaming" and "Just a Bowl of Chop Suey—and You-ey."

HIS GREATEST GAMBLE —RKO-Radio

Notable Only for Its Newcomers

THEY seem to be trying to make Richard Dix a romantic jail-breaker. In "Stingaree," he was a bandit who managed to get out of the clutches of the law; in "His Greatest Gamble," he is a convict who has been railroaded to a foreign prison and, being a clever fellow, he escapes with ease and sails to America, where he has a mission. He wants to break the hold of his half-insane wife on their daughter, whose life is being wrecked. (P. S. He succeeds.)

The story is trivial and improbable, and the Dix talents, which are considerable, seem wasted. What is notable about the picture is the acting of the newcomer, Erin O'Brien-Moore, as his wife; she'll bear watching. Little Edith Fellowes, as their daughter when a child, also shows promise. Dorothy Wilson, as their daughter in adolescence, is sincere.

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Gilbert's Up Again

(*Continued from page 50*)

goods are considerably sub-divided, now that he and Virginia are divided. He said to me, "Yes, I can live the rest of my life even if I never work again, but that is not sufficient. I want to work because I love it. And I certainly could not go on living here unless I do work again."

I knew that he had wanted to make a picture in England after he and Virginia parted. He had wanted to get away. There didn't seem to be any spot for him at the time. It had been suggested to him that he make personal appearance tours. The money offered was interesting, but the sketches were not. He turned them down.

He had had plays submitted to him this past year. He said, "I did make one terribly bad error of judgment about one of them. Last year a play was submitted to me with an offer to play the leading part. I read the script and turned it down. I said that it was depressing, and that I didn't believe audiences, sufficiently depressed already, wanted to be further dragged down in the theatres. In short, I turned down—the Pulitzer Prize Play, 'Men in White'! The only salve for this error on my part is that they did change the script later on."

His Fair-Weather Friends

IT seemed strange to me that day on the hill. The tall white tower that marks the Gilbert property seemed to be a giant finger upraised accusingly at the studios where the hero of "Flesh and the Devil" and "Bardelys, the Magnificent" and others had once flashed his exciting way. It seemed to be raising an accusing finger, too, at the people who had been wont to come and go freely in this house, intimate friends of Jack's who were most intimate when he was most celebrated. They were friends for whom he had done all of the things one very good friend does for another; he had paid their doctor bills when their babies were born and they were "embarrassed," listened to their problems and cares, wined them and dined them. They were friends, I happen to know, who advised Virginia not to return to the star who seemed to be falling. They may have forgotten, those "intimate" friends, that he who goes down can also go up again.

Jack said on that day, "I'd like to be sixty-seven instead of thirty-seven. It's horrible to feel that life is ended before it should have got into mid-stream. If I were thirty years older, my blood might be cooler; I would be less restless, more ready for the contemplative life, for sitting here on this hill watching the panorama in which I take no part. I'm not ready. I can't go."

And I thought, that day, that here was a prisoner of Hollywood who wanted nothing so little as his freedom; who loitered in his cell even after the turnkeys had, apparently, set him free. I should have known that on the morrow the lock would spring again and Jack would be exulting in the prison-house he likes better than all the reaches of the earth.

Still in Love with Virginia

HE spoke of his loneliness and of his divorce. He said, "There is no reasonable reason for Virginia and I being divorced. It's absurd, because I love Virginia—and Virginia says she still loves only me. I believed and I hoped that we were destined to live all of our lives together, creating a home, having more babies, growing old together. I'm sorrier about the loss of Virginia than I am about anything that has ever happened to me in my life before.

"It was my own fault, of course. I admit it. I was arrogant, nervous, overstrung. I said things I didn't mean to say, did things I didn't mean to do. I was sick over the way I was playing my part in 'Christina.' I knew that I was giving a bad performance. I was working under terrific pressure. I felt the conditions around me to be unfriendly. The whole thing kept twisting in me like a knife. Perhaps I thought that she would understand. I forgot how young she is. I lost sight of the fact that, after all, who am I to suppose that I can go through life being arrogant and expecting people to 'understand'?

"Odd, too, that this should have happened to me just when it did. There was a diabolical timeliness about it. Because, for the first time in my life, I was becoming conscious of the fact that to put grease-paint on my face is a contributory part of life, but not all of it.

"I had reached the stage where I was thinking, 'Well, I may have to take it on the chin professionally—but, personally, I'm fixed all right and, so, I have everything.' I was beginning to develop a social consciousness, to realize fully my responsibility to my wife and child and to the community in which I live. I wanted to do so many things for the baby. I wanted to give her the kind of childhood I didn't have.

No Super-Friendship for Him

"BUT it is over now and I shall not see Virginia again. I don't believe in Hollywood's super-friendly divorces. I mean, I don't hold with the couples who, after divorce, are seen holding hands, dining and dancing together, expressing their regard and admiration the one for the other. If others choose to behave so, it is their own business. It isn't my way. I love Virginia and I wanted her for my wife—or not at all.

"I am probably through with marriage. I don't care to become the Nat Goodwin of my time. I would feel ridiculous if I should start to court a girl again. I can't imagine any girl's taking me seriously. After a while it does become ridiculous."

I felt that day that it was all too bad. The screen seemed to me to be wilfully and deliberately discarding a flaming, exciting personality, a flashing hero whose shadow should be accelerating the pulse of all picture-goers. I felt that there was, or there should have been, a fine balance between Jack, that dark and eager man, and Virginia, the fair, calm-appearing girl.

I knew—never mind how! (there is always the "little birdie")—that Virginia still sent Jack flowers once or twice a week; that she sent him flowers the day their divorce was granted; that she still writes him notes signed "With all my love." I knew that she was telling people that she is in love with him, that there can never be another like him. I knew that she had called Jack the day their divorce went through and suggested that they go out together, celebrate, be friendly. Jack hadn't felt like celebrating. Does a man, he wanted to know, *celebrate* the loss of a lovely thing?

It is curious and paradoxical about Jack. For the truth is that the very qualities in him—the excitability, the ardors, the "temperament"—that made him tear the hearts of the public apart and will make him, now, tear them apart again, are also the very qualities that have brought him to grief.

But that was yesterday. To-day we have a star again. He will come back. And he will, undoubtedly, marry again. For that will be Tomorrow. He is young. He looks magnificent. He renews himself, in all ways, with the richness and completeness of a Phoenix rising, new-born, from the ashes and mistakes of Yesterday. There is never anything finished about Jack. He is the perpetual hero of To-day's Best Seller.

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MIDOL

Takes Pain Off the Calendar

How Movie Stars Keep Young

(*Continued from page 25*)

creams to supply deficient oil gland secretions. Exercise, a wholesome diet—these two things tend to stimulate circulation, tighten muscles. Pay attention to these particulars, whether you are twenty or forty, and you have the tell-tale signs of old age under control.

Although complexion may be important in the game of defeating the visible signs of old age, the corset and brassiere makers are convinced that it is the torso that betrays a woman's years. With this belief in mind, Hollywood merchants pay particular attention to their lingerie departments. One exclusive Hollywood shop imported Miss Beverly Bouvet from New York to instruct the ladies of the cinema (and others) in the mysteries of abdominal support.

Reduces and Builds Up

WRONG-FITTING corsets can make a woman look like her grandmother, says Miss Bouvet, and further adds that she has actually reduced waistlines and demon hip-lines from two to three inches by correctly encasing the figure. Flabby, fallen bosoms are Miss Bouvet's specialty.

"The boyish-figure craze did more to ruin the American woman's figure, than any other fad you can name," she told me. "It did more to age young girls, too. Girls of twenty come to me now with their breast tissues broken down so that their bosoms, which should be firm and solid, look as old as a forty-year-old's.

"Of course, I also serve the matron, and for each type—the young girl whose upper figure has been ruined by tight binding in an effort to flatten her natural curves, and her mother—I recommend special 'uplift' brassieres."

Made of double satin or French batiste or Alençon lace, fitted to your figure, these spherical containers with the deep indentation between the breasts, the elastic strap at the back, are less a luxury than a downright inspiration. They tend to develop the wasted muscles. The flabby, bound mass of flesh that marks maturity gives way to a small waistline, curved hips and bosom. Ten years are dropped from the body's appearance.

With Hollywood's plastic surgeons (Doctors Rea Proctor McGee, Josif Ginsburg, H. O. Bames, W. E. Balsinger, et al.), the question of combating old age is entirely scientific. Their battle is taken far deeper than the skin.

"Every portion of the human body has distinct and necessary functions to perform," says Dr. Rea Proctor McGee. "It is utterly impossible to maintain appearance without maintaining function and so it becomes equally necessary to restore function if you intend to restore the appearance that has, from any cause, become impaired."

Preserves Their Usefulness

DR. McGEE may perform miracles with sagging chins and misshapen noses, but when he restores youth to an aging face, he is doing it not to gratify a patient's vanity, so much as to give that person a chance to use, until the day of his death, the experience that he has acquired in life. It is merciful to bring to normal the cleft-palate of an infant, yes, but how does the surgeon know that the child will reflect honor and respect upon his parents when he reaches maturity? It is as gratifying to the plastic surgeon to restore function and youthful appearance to someone whose success is assured. Such is the case of the motion picture star.

Behind closed doors and on white operating tables under carefully sterilized hands, the motion picture people have latter-day miracles performed on them. New eyelids, all satiny, to replace crinkled ones. (The hairless skin for eyelids is grafted from beneath the upper arm.) Face "lifts"—six different types. And not the Continental type that uses a tuck at the temples and distorts the shape of the eye, but a "pull back" method that restores the natural contour of the face.

There are side face "lifts"—small incisions, which are later rendered invisible. The forehead "lift." The eyelid "lift." The neck "lift"—that's made horizontally across the nape of the neck, and its effect is so far-reaching that it elevates the breasts. The chin "lift." The breast "lift." "Lifts" and other operations (enlarging the eyes, remodeling the nose, trimming uneven ears, et cetera) may be done in the office under a local (novocaine) anesthetic.

Dr. McGee, illustrator, painter, novelist, editor, who handled A.E.F. and British plastic surgery work during the War under special assignment by General Pershing (and won a colonelcy for it), agrees that the "boyish form craze" played havoc with the American woman's figure.

Most Amazing Operation of All

MOST amazing of all plastic operations, and one which makes an ingénue of any grandmother, is the re-arching of the neck. Dr. McGee calls it his "dewlap" operation. All the flaccid skin that forms double chins can be removed with his deft scalpel. You would be amazed if I mentioned the name of the once well-known actress who was having her "dewlap" removed, her eyelids made over and her face lifted by this doctor's wizardry. Her reward was a stage contract, and his the fact that he had returned her to her professional usefulness.

Helen Clark prevents baldness, grows hair, keeps hair looking young. So do the Barnetts, Harpers, Patteneaudes, and others. Cleanliness, inside and out, is Miss Clark's tenet, and for that reason filmsters Reginald Denny, Fanchot Tone, Lincoln Stedman, Johnny Hines, George E. Stone, Joe E. Brown, John Beal, Conrad Nagel, David Manners, Jack Holt, Walter Byron, Joel McCrea, Paulette Goddard, Mae West, Joan Marsh and Polly Moran, among others, spend an hour and one-half or longer, once a week or oftener, under the physio-therapy lamps of her establishment.

Miss Clark's formulas, like Rubinstein's, are her own, but the pungent aroma of oil of pine is thick in the Clark suite. Every bit of dandruff is removed from her celebrated scalps before each washing, and little electricity is used for drying the hair. After that, brisk brushing with a boar's bristle brush.

If you are worried about becoming bald, here is news. Film performers, swimmers, golfers and beach enthusiasts run the greatest risk of baldness. The strong lights are bad for cinema heads, the strong sun for swimmers, golfers, beachers. If you want to protect your hair, says Miss Clark, wear a head covering that has green in it. Green is Mother Nature's protective coloring (didn't she make the leaves green?) and it's great for diffusing the bright, harsh, aging rays of the sun.

The Sun Cure

THE sun, however, is what Pat O'Dea, of the Apollo Health Club, recommends. "Forty-five minutes a day for health" is what he asks of his members, and in return

he gives them mineral oil and alcohol rubs, electric cabinet baths, needle showers, physical instructions, calisthenics, therapy lights, weight reduction, body-building, nude sunbathing, open-air handball games, and a complete health examination by Hollywood's own Dr. Harry Martin (husband of Louella Parsons) and his staff of seven assistants.

"Neglect of the body is treason to the mind," says Mr. O'Dea. And lest they be traitors to themselves, filmsters Sidney Blackmer, Walter Connolly, Donald Cook, Donald Dilloway, William Gargan, Harry Green, Allan Jenkins, Paul Kelly, George Meeker, Frank McHugh, Alan Mowbray, Jack Oakie, Pat O'Brien, George Raft, Charles Starrett, George E. Stone, Gordon Westcott and Ben Bard, have joined his club. It's the best way, they feel, to retain that youthful look of vitality that goes so well with the matinée girls and the box office.

After thirty, rules Mr. O'Dea, a man must not overdo. He must exercise only until he is tired, then stop and rest. If Dr. Martin's chart shows that the member should play only two games of handball, and he attempts three in succession, one of the attendants interferes. It's like the army. Members obey rules.

Now you know of the intensive battle, day and night, that is being waged against the March of Time in Hollywood. Nowhere else in the world, perhaps, is the battle so intense, and are the results, if you allow Old Age to catch up with you, so pitiful.

There is no beauty, to Hollywood, in the Browning lines: "Grow old along with me! The best is yet to be, The last of life, for which the first was made . . ." In Hollywood there must be no Old Age. No one can afford it.

No wonder Ann Sothern has topped the ladder to stardom—with underpinnings like these. The silken glove doesn't hold a candle to the silken—ahem—ankle!

Pert new Hair Styles from Hollywood Hits

Easy to copy if your hair is not TOO DRY or TOO OILY

Both dignified and glamourous is this coiffure designed for a mysterious lady who is every inch a princess! Can you imagine making that whimsically curled bang out of oily, stringy locks? If your hair is too oily, treat it with the Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo described below.

This sleek-soft coiffure was selected by an important star playing the role of a most intriguing lady. The turned-up curls must snuggle close to the head. Don't attempt them with harsh, fly-away hair. For too-dry hair, use Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo treatment (below).

To *correct* OILY *hair:*

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair*. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

Help *for* DRY *hair:*

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair*. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** *hair*

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** *hair*

"WE GUARD OUR FEET

as a concert pianist guards his hands"

● Lycette Darsonval, Première Danseuse of the Lifar Russian Ballet, won the "Prize of Honor" at the International European Dance contest, as the best woman classic dancer of the world.

● To a famous dancer, foot care is of greatest importance. Not *all* foot troubles can be removed with Blue-Jay. But most of them are simply "corn troubles," ended in a jiffy with this safe, scientific corn remover. Corn pain ends instantly. In three days the corn is removed. Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house.

25c at all druggists—special sizes for bunions and calluses.

RADIO PROGRAM! "The Singing Stranger"—Broadway stars! Tuesday and Friday afternoons NBC.

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1. Soak foot ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.
2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over corn.
   A is the B & B medication that gently undermines the corn.
   B is the felt pad that relieves pressure, stops pain at once.
   C is the strip that holds the pad in place, prevents slipping.
3. After 3 days the corn goes. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn.

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BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC CORN REMOVER

● **Free Booklet**—contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn Street, Chicago. M.C.-9

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Getting the Lowdown on These New Heroes

(*Continued from page 37*)

his teeth into character parts, and has had stock and high-school stage experience. When I asked if he was susceptible to his leading women, he laughed and said, "I'm a married man." He saves as much money as he can, but working in films is expensive; he doesn't walk under ladders if he can help it, but a black cat crossing his path always brings good luck. He asks others about a decision because he believes "two heads are better than one and I have made so many mistakes"; he wants to be a featured player *without* stardom, and he likes his work better than anything else in the world.

Taylor played *Rip* in "Double Door," a part that taxed his ability to the utmost because of the fact that his lines were the weakest ever given to a weak character, and Taylor, himself, is an exceedingly strong person. You will see him next as *Bob Redding* in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch."

John Started Where Ann Did

I WAS introduced to John Beal on the set of "A Hat, a Coat, a Glove," in which he plays young *Hutchins*. "Excuse me," he said as director Tony Miner called, "I have to do a little acting," and thereafter he sprinted around like a madman between me and the camera, and succeeded in answering the thirteen questions in two hours flat.

Beal is slight, earnest and ambitious, is already well-known on the New York stage, and made his screen début as Helen Hayes' would-be lover in "Another Language." He is twenty-four, was born in Joplin, Missouri, and is single. Would he marry an actress? "It would depend." He wouldn't elaborate on that answer. He graduated from the University of Pennsylvania; goes back to New York every Fall for stage work, and is an illustrator besides. He likes all parts and never wants to be typed; went on the stage at the age of twenty with the Hedgerow Repertory Theatre (Ann Harding's dramatic springboard); said, "I would rather not answer that one," when asked if he were susceptible; saves what money he can; carries a little white elephant in his bill-fold. He always asks others about decisions, but obeys his own hunch; wants to be a very fine actor, a good artist, and a well-rounded person. When I read the last question to him, he said, "Shall I gag this one? I might as well lighten up the deep stuff. I like onions and sauerkraut best." Which left me hungry, but I confess, unimpressed.

Guy Brooks—an entirely pleasant young man, tall, handsome and likable—is thirty, single, and hails from Fresno, California. He would not marry an actress because two people can't have the same career, and marriage in Hollywood is impossible (he thinks) for the reason that all paths lead away from the home and husband and wife drift apart. He has always planned to be a screen actor, starting eleven years ago to collect experience as prop boy with Gilmor Brown in Pasadena. After leaving this little theatre, he toured with an opera company, was road manager for a Fanchon and Marco unit, and after two years' struggle, achieved two colossal flops in New York. He then returned to Hollywood and appeared in a show put on by Ginger Rogers' mother, in which he was discovered by film scouts.

Guy Wants Character Rôles

HE is not sorry he didn't continue in college. If he could no longer act, he holds a union card as a stage hand. He prefers character leads because "you have a chance of being more outstanding. In fact, you can positively spread yourself with laurels. There are very few straight romantic leads left, anyway. Things have changed, and audiences no longer (lucky for me) are interested in the merely good-looking romantic star without any character."

He is not susceptible to the women he plays with; is not superstitious, and pays bills with his money. Although he disapproves of one individual's being controlled by another, he does ask older persons' advice and tries to strike a happy medium. His ultimate goal is retirement and travel. He likes harmony better than anything else in the world. You saw Brooks (real name, Earl Eby) in "Cross-Country Cruise" and "Finishing School," and he is now playing in "Romance in the Rain."

Frank Lawton, who has the longest lashes ever seen on human eyes, met me in the commissary at Universal, his face, hair, hands and clothes dotted into a rash by whitewash paint. They had been shooting a scene all morning in which he had to paint a ceiling. Underneath the paint, he looked like a nice, clean, good-natured English boy—which is just what he is. He has had the unique experience of playing in two American films, in one of which, "Cavalcade," he played Diana Wynyard's son, and in the other, "One More River," on which they are now working (and in which he got the paint), her lover. Which proves a versatility belonging, obviously, to both of them. In between a Manhattan cocktail, chicken consommé, roast beef, and rice pudding, I contentedly elicited from him the following:

Frank is Semi-Susceptible

HE is twenty-nine, a Londoner by birth, and single. He would marry an actress, but is afraid that it would demand an awful lot of unselfishness; he is not sorry that he did not continue in college as "it is more valuable to be learning your job on the stage"; character leads are the most interesting; he went on the stage in London at the age of nineteen, and is "inclined to be susceptible" to the women he plays with. He says he pays his income tax with the money he earns; he won't defy any general superstition; and sometimes asks others, if the decision is ticklish. His ultimate goal is to succeed at his job, and his answer to the last question—what does he like better than anything else in the world?—is heart-warming. He likes best the company of good friends. I shall remember him for his physical slightness and his mental robustness.

Roger Pryor prefaced every one of his answers with a hesitant, but booming "Well . . . ?" that carried with it an introspective inquiry and a great desire to be honest and spontaneous with his answers. He is twenty-nine and a native New Yorker; was a married man the day I saw him, but was afraid he would be an "ex" by the time this story comes out. He claims that he is not qualified to say why marriages fail in Hollywood as he has been here such a short time, but positively will not marry again. (There are rumors that Ann Sothern will be the next Mrs. Pryor.) He is glad that times have changed so that "a fellow with a face like mine has a chance in the movies."

He never went to college. If he could no longer act, he would turn to music (his father is Arthur Pryor, the band leader), playing almost all musical instruments. "I'm a sort of Jack-of-all-musical-trades." Character rôles intrigue him, as he "is not the Adonis type and can get by in that stuff in spite of his face." He played in repertory

for five years—one part at the matinée and a different one in the evening—and then had eight years on the New York stage. He is definitely *not* susceptible to the women he plays with; buys annuities with his money, and believes that thirteen is his best number. He is impulsive, relying solely on his snap judgment because after he gives a subject considerable thought he finds himself see-sawing. His ultimate goal is world travel, and he likes best, inasmuch as food is the most important item of life, a good dish of spaghetti. You saw him in "Moonlight and Pretzels," "I Like It That Way," "I'll Tell the World" and with Mae West in "That St. Louis Woman." He is now beginning "Romance in the Rain."

Phil Wants to Go to Oxford

PHILIP ("GLAMOUR") REED is Warners' big bet, and, from your side of the footlights, a pretty safe bet. Single, born in New York City, and only twenty-six, he is one of the most charming young men on the screen to-day. His apparent sincerity, his youthful eagerness and aliveness, are accentuated by one of the most beautiful speaking voices I have ever heard. Well, what if I did spin out the interview a little longer than necessary . . . ?

In spite of the fact that he believes that a Hollywood marriage is not probable—only thinly possible—he would certainly marry an actress if he fell in love with one; and his answer to the "susceptible" question—"I'm human!"—suggests that developments might develop any day. He went to Cornell Agricultural College and is so sorry that he didn't graduate that he is going to study English literature at Oxford when he can find the time. In 1927 he stepped his first step on a stage, going into a stock company at ten dollars a week as a majordomo. The next week he had a speaking line and got fifteen dollars. He saves what money he can and spends quite a bit on his studies.

"It helps to be superstitious," he told me. "It's helpful to say, 'Now that's a lucky number and I can't go wrong.' Then if anything does go wrong, you can blame it on the superstition and keep your ego intact." He asks others about decisions if he thinks they might know, and then follows his own ideas; and he wants, as his ultimate goal, success and enough money to live on the income, leisure to travel and to do what he wants to do. He likes his mother better than anything else in the world. His next picture will be "Romance in the Rain." His real name is Milton LeRoy. My impression of him is: charm, plus padded shoulders.

Don Has Played 250 Rôles

ANOTHER big bet at Warners is Donald Woods, who resembles Fredric March. He has been loaned to Fox to play in "She Was a Lady," with Helen Twelvetrees.

Woods was born in Brandon, Manitoba, Canada, is twenty-seven, and is married to a non-professional. If he were not married, he would marry an actress if they both had enough self-confidence to keep their respective egos in their place. He didn't finish college and feels a certain lack of background, but is grateful for his theatrical training. He plays romantic leads, but likes character work; has played about two hundred and fifty rôles on the stage in stock and Little Theatres; must know and like his leading women to be able to play effectively with them, but inasmuch as he is entirely wrapped up in his wife and two-year-old son, he can't get emotionally excited about them; supports his family and puts a certain amount aside each week for his son; is not superstitious and "gleans the news" in the papers. He always asks others about decisions. He aims to save enough money to buy books, to travel and to maintain a comfortable home in Hollywood for the rest of his life. He likes his family

(*Continued on page 69*)

7 stains dim many a Gorgeous Smile . . . ARE THEY SPOILING YOURS?

DID you ever notice this about the girls that men admire? They aren't always beautiful. Their features may be plain. But the minute they turn on a glorious smile—*they're simply fascinating!*

The secret of those million-dollar smiles? This one is very important—*sparkling, white teeth!* This is the secret that counts most.

Remember this—dull, discolored teeth are only stained teeth . . .

That's why it's so important to remove, completely, all the seven kinds of stains that everything we eat and drink and smoke leaves on our teeth.

These stains which dull and discolor teeth require *two* cleansing actions to remove them completely. Most toothpastes have only *one.*

Colgate's Dental Cream completely removes all stains—makes teeth whiter and smiles brighter—because it has TWO cleansing actions.

First, Colgate's penetrating foam washes away many of the stains. Second, Colgate's gentle polishing action removes all the more stubborn stains, and in addition, polishes your teeth to a brilliant lustre.

So all you have to do to have whiter teeth and enjoy a brighter smile, is to get a tube of Colgate's today—use it regularly.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results . . . sells at the same low prices.

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK
if one tube of Colgate's doesn't make your teeth whiter

If, after using one full tube, you're not satisfied that Colgate's has made your teeth whiter ...send empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N.J., and twice what you spent for the toothpaste, plus postage, will be returned to you.

Science classifies the hundreds of food stains into these 7 major groups—1. Meats and other proteins. 2. Cereals and other starchy foods. 3. Vegetables. 4. Sweets. 5. Fruits. 6. Beverages. 7. Tobacco smoke.

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SEE TRIAL OFFER BELOW

Tattoo your lips, and you'll dare romance! Tattoo . . . that lovely lip color of intense, more meaning brilliance . . . tempting in itself, but more tempting on lips. Subtle, exquisite Tattoo! Different from anything else. Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . only the color stays. No pastiness . . . only the color . . . the warm red of challenge to adventure . . . to *fate!* Then, Tattoo your cheeks into alluring harmony with your lips by using the exactly matching shade of Tattoo Rouge.

Choose your most suitable shade of Tattoo by actually testing all four at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. Tattoo For Lips is $1.

Tattoo Rouge (for Lips and Cheeks) . . . 75c

4 STARTLING SHADES

TATTOO *for Lips and* TATTOO ROUGE *(for cheeks and lips) come in these really startling shades.*

•

CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

•

EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it *very* effective!

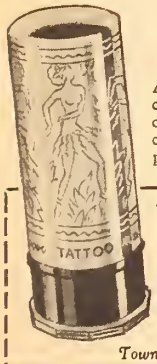
•

NATURAL is a medium shade. A true, rich blood color that will be an asset to any brunette.

•

PASTEL is of the type that changes color when applied to the lips. It gives an unusually transparent richness and a depth of warm color that is truly amazing.

Don't be misled by imitators . . . there is nothing else like Tattoo!



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A miniature size of Tattoo (Lipstick) contained in a clever black and silver case, will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover postage and packing. Tattoo your lips!

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10c enclosed. Send me Trial Size Tattoo (LIPSTICK) postpaid.
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TATTOO

Why Small-Town Girls Have More Glamour

(*Continued from page 27*)

instance, and when we had another contest, between the Dallas champion and myself, all my neighbors and friends came to cheer for me. If I hadn't been buoyed up by their enthusiasm, I probably wouldn't have won, and if I hadn't won I couldn't have gone into vaudeville, and if I hadn't gone into vaudeville—"

Miss Rogers, looking fresh and lovely as if she had just come off a farm, paused for breath.

"An attractive girl in a small town—the town belle—is a pretty important person in the community. This gives her confidence and poise, and materially adds to her appeal to men. She has lots of beaux, and learns how to handle them. In a city, she'd be just another cute girl in a million.

"Small-town girls also have simpler likes and tastes, even though they do say radios and automobiles have changed all that. They're more naïve and appreciative of favors. A corsage is a real treat, and a dinner invitation means something. No matter what people tell you is the secret of glamour at the moment, a small-town girl's freshness and enthusiasm will attract ninety men out of a hundred, any time!" And as Ginger is one of Hollywood's most popular belles (for Hollywood, itself, is just an overgrown small town!), she ought to know what she's talking about.

Town Drove Her to Acting

And even if you aren't popular in your little community, Hollywood has an argument to prove that you're better off than if you lived in a city like New York or Chicago. Jean Muir hated the small town she comes from (Ridgewood, New Jersey), and feels she was badly treated there.

"I was rather gawky, I had big feet, and the girls and fellows snubbed me. I've been to dances many times and sat all alone in a corner."

This made Jean develop the rare quality that puts her over on the screen—that gentle sweetness and understanding. In a city she might have found solace in theatres, lectures, or some form of amusement or study. In the little town she was driven into herself, and as a defense reaction, she decided she'd go to Hollywood, and show them!

"I also think country girls develop more naturally," Jean adds. "They aren't such slaves to fads and fashions. They don't mimic the current styles as city girls do. I don't mean just styles in clothes, but in personality, looks, and conversation. Country girls are freer—they're not so apt to be typed. And it is the fresh, new faces—with something *different* about them—that Hollywood is looking for."

These aren't the only reasons offered for the present search for bucolic types, by any means. A well-known director offers the information that a small-town girl entertains more in her own home than the city girl (who relies on public restaurants and hotels), and consequently she has more poise and makes a better hostess. On the screen, he adds, this is important!

Why Men Prefer Them

And a popular leading man explains that since small-town girls are guarded from associations with men more religiously than their city sisters—guarded by gossip, if nothing else—they are more apt to be thrilled by male companionship. A metropolitan lass is apt to disappoint a man by offering hail-fellow-well-met camaraderie, instead of the blushful innocence he is seeking.

Maybe one of these reasons is why Toby Wing (Richmond, Virginia) is one of Hollywood's most sought-after *femmes*, why Isabel Jewell (Shoshoni, Wyoming) has captured the popular Lee Tracy, and why Dorothy Dell (Hattiesburg, Mississippi—Roscoe Ates' home-town) was one of our most promising newcomers, before her tragic death in an automobile accident. Ruby Keeler (Halifax, Nova Scotia), Heather Angel (Oxford, England), Adrienne Ames (Fort Worth, Texas), Dorothy Jordan (Clarkesville, Tennessee), Frances Dee (Garvanza, California), Raquel Torres (Hermosilla, Mexico), Maureen O'Sullivan (Boyle, Ireland), Peggy Shannon (Pine Bluff, Arkansas) and Merna Kennedy (Kankakee, Illinois) are some more small-towners.

And the potency of a small-town background isn't confined to the feminine sex, apparently. The three greatest screen lovers to date all got their start in half-way rustic settings. Rudolph Valentino came from the small town of Castellaneta, Italy; John Gilbert is from Logan, Utah; and Clark Gable was born in Cadiz, Ohio. Other masculine favorites of today who got away to "small" beginnings are Robert Montgomery (Beacon, New York), Dick Powell (Mt. View, Arkansas), Richard Arlen (Charlottesville, Virginia), Gary Cooper (Helena, Montana), Johnny Weissmuller (Wimber, Pennsylvania), Franchot Tone (Niagara Falls, New York), John Boles (Greenville, Texas), Charles Farrell (East Walpole, Massachusetts), Harold Lloyd (Burchard, Nebraska), Bing Crosby (Tacoma, Washington), Fredric March (Racine, Wisconsin) and last, but far from least, Max Baer (Livermore, California). Plenty of other small-town boys have made good in the movies—and have married small-town girls.

Yes, Hollywood has gone small town in a big way. Even a large percentage of the current crop of Wampas Baby Stars started their careers in little hamlets. In the writing, directing and the technical side of pictures, the proportion is even higher. Whatever a small-towner wants to do in Hollywood, the screen offers an opportunity. Once people thought the term "hick" an insult, but now it's a compliment—and how!

Raquel Torres, one of Hollywood's most glamourous girls, hails from Hermosilla, Mexico

Getting the Lowdown on These New Heroes

(*Continued from page 67*)

better than anything else in the world.

William Henry, a sleepy-eyed, tousle-headed youngster of nineteen and as engaging a fellow as ever had a grin from ear to ear, rushed off the boat on which he lives, shook my hand feebly in the publicity office, announced weakly that he was hungry, and dragged me off to the commissary where he answered the questions, after re-fueling, with much vim and vigor. He lives on the boat from choice, with a Chinaman and a German, although he has an apartment in Hollywood. He verges on the fanatic about water, and has all the earmarks of being a first-class vagabond.

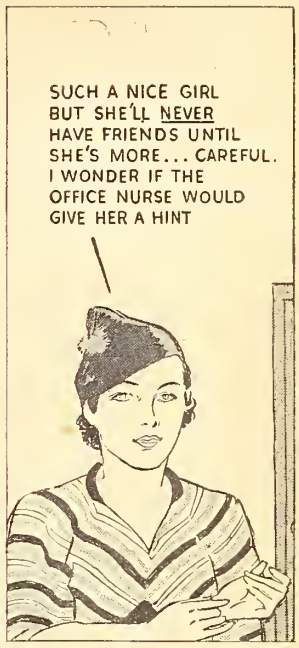
Half-Sorry He Left College

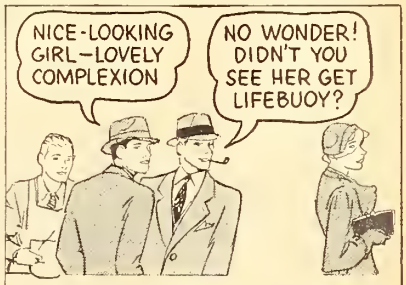
BORN in Los Angeles, single, he "couldn't say" whether or not he would marry an actress, and thinks that happy marriages haven't much of a chance in Hollywood. He is sorry in a way that he didn't continue in college and makes up for it by studying every day. If his career came to an end, he would hop on a boat and go to Honolulu to join the Little Theatre there; he wants character work—no wishy-washy stuff for him; he learned everything about the theatre in Gilmor Brown's Pasadena house, where he sewed costumes, painted scenery, directed and acted. When he was eight years old, he played in silent films.

A little while ago he was drafted at a day's notice into being master of ceremonies for some musical show that "opened and closed in one night," giving, however, a film scout time to see, sign and send him out to Hollywood three days later. He is "too young to get mixed up" with the women he plays with—and has to work too hard; he buys books and records with the money he earns; is respectful to "theatrical superstitions that work"; and asks his mother about any decision. His goal is to be a good actor, and he likes the business he is in better than anything. He was *Gilbert* in "The Thin Man." This lad is the youngest and most individual of the crop.

Full of the ham and eggs, I next saw Henry Wadsworth, twenty-seven, born in Maysville, Kentucky, and single. He would marry an actress if he fell in love with her, but thinks marriage in Hollywood would be difficult. He graduated from the University of Kentucky, and from the Carnegie Institute of Technology. If his film career came to an end he would go right back on the stage; and if he couldn't act, he would direct. Character parts are more interesting than romantic, and his preparation for movie-acting includes one hundred and fifty weeks in stock, five New York shows, one-night stands under canvas, and every other wrinkle of the theatrical business.

In answer to the "susceptible" question he replied that it was primarily a matter of business, but there were always exceptions. He budgets his money; used to be superstitious, but overcame it by a philosophy he developed for himself, and very seldom asks others before he makes a decision. His ultimate goal is to be a great actor, with technique blended with inspiration. He added that there are good, fine and great actors and that there is no excuse for an in-between. He has lawyers on one side of his family and preachers on the other, with Lee grandfather a Congressman—all of them gave him his taste for the theatre, inasmuch as "lawyers and preachers are the best actors in the world." His pictures are "This Side of Heaven," "The Show-Off," "Operator 13," and "The Thin Man." He is quietly sure of himself and where he is going, though totally lacking in conceit.





SHE uses Lifebuoy — *'nuff said!* For bland, creamy Lifebuoy lather deep-cleanses both face and body pores — freshens even the dullest skin to new radiance. Abundant in hot or cold water, hard or soft — it purifies and deodorizes; stops "B.O." (*body odor*). Its fresh, clean scent, that vanishes as you rinse, tells you Lifebuoy *protects.*

Old as ANCIENT EGYPT New as MODERN PARIS

alluring eye make-up

History records that Cleopatra's greatest charm was the deep, dark beauty of her commanding eyes . . . eyes that were mirrored pools, their brilliant depths subtly enhanced with beautifully accented lashes.

Yet, with all her wealth and power, Cleopatra had only the crudest materials . . . How she would have revelled in having smooth, delightful Maybelline . . . the non-smarting, tear-proof, utterly harmless mascara with which modern women instantly darken their lashes to the appearance of long, sweeping luxuriance. Nothing from Paris can rival it! Maybelline's use by millions of women for over sixteen years recommends it to you!

Maybelline is now presented in a new ultra smart gold and scarlet metal case . . . in Black, Brown and the NEW BLUE. Still 75c at all leading toilet goods dealers.

MAYBELLINE, CHICAGO

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THE APPROVED MASCARA

They Write the Songs the Movies Bring You

(*Continued from page 33*)

hours later, Mack grabbed his hat and rushed for the door. "Got to catch a train," was his parting shot.

Just when a song was coming up, the big boy beat it and didn't say where he was going. Upon making inquiry, Harry learned that Mack was playing a vaudeville date in Utica and next morning found him boarding the first train out. During Mack's stay at the theatre, they turned out nineteen songs —among them, "Help Yourself to Happiness"—and clicked from the start.

Mack could not work without a cigar in his face and the three old half-dollars that his mother once gave him jingling in his jeans. He would not lose these for all the rice in China. When he begins to worry these coins around, another song like "Love Thy Neighbor" is coming on. Gordon has the non-stop, daytime record for sleeping. He always takes a 'plane from Coast to Coast so that he can sleep. On a trip in early Spring, he took off from California in a Palm Beach suit and arrived in New York with a snowstorm going full blast. Mack is married and lives with his wife and two children in a swell-looking house next to Jimmy Cagney. Harry has not yet been hooked but supports his mother and father on the Coast. The boys are clever. You'll be singing them.

He Gave You "Jungle Fever"

WALTER DONALDSON is another ace tunester. He turned out "Riptide" for Norma Shearer's picture, "Jungle Fever," "Once in a Lifetime" and "Sleepy Head" for "Operator 13," and "Dancing in the Moonlight" and "I've Had My Moments" for "Hollywood Party." Walt is also making music for Eddie Cantor's new picture, "Kid Millions." He is one of those golf hounds and gets nearly all of his ideas out on the course. What a life! But he seems to thrive on it.

Donaldson usually works with Gus Kahn, a veteran lyric writer. Gus is a free-lance. He likes to gag—and how—and can write as good a novelty song as a sweet ballad. His wife, Grace Leboy, can also turn a few tricks at a tune. Gus has written some songs for "Caravan" and is now writing some for the new Joe Cook picture, "Fun on the Air."

Lew Brown, after quitting the triumvirate of DeSylva, Brown and Henderson—the boys are not speaking now—has been going it solo. Lew is an extra-handy man at what-have-you. He can write the book of a revue, as well as the songs, and act as producer. Coming to Hollywood in 1930, he helped produce "Sunny Side Up," "Just Imagine," "Indiscreet" and lately "Stand Up and Cheer" with Warner Baxter. Lew is short, dark and very nervous. Most of his tunes come to him while strumming a guitar.

Recall the gorgeous music all the way through "Flying Down to Rio," especially "Carioca"? Vincent Youmans takes that bow. He carries on the melodic tradition of Victor Herbert. Vince first jumped to popularity with such Broadway productions as "Wildflower," "Hit the Deck," and "No, No, Nanette," from which emerged that tantalizing "Tea for Two." He's a likable chap, a kid in many ways. And when you get him started, boy, what music he can write!

That song, "All I Do is Dream of You," in "Sadie McKee," which popped up suddenly, is the work of Nacio Herb Brown and Art Freed. These boys have also done "Hot Choc'late Soldiers" from "Hollywood Party" and others. Brown—who wrote the first big movie song hit, "Singin' in the Rain"—has a beautiful apartment in Hollywood overlooking Beverly Hills and some of his parties are getting to be the talk. Arthur Freed has a summer place at Malibu

Bill Jason (left) and Val Burton (right) well-known song-writers, are shown tel girls how some of the songs they wrote for "Cockeyed Cavaliers" go. The g left to right, are: Doris Campbell, Betty Egan, Virginia Edwards, Eva Reyno line Wilson and Harriet Duffy. They all appear in the picture

Beach near that of Connie Bennett and umpires beach baseball for all the movie colony there.

In Tune with the Times

AMONG the others, we find Arthur Johnston and Sam Coslow, who wrote that sprightly "Cocktails for Two" from "Murder at the Vanities." Sam can do a job on both words and music, as in the Burns and Allen picture, "Many Happy Returns." Johnston is responsible for "The Old Ox Road" in "College Humor," which made such a hit.

And don't forget the country's rallying cry from the depression, "Who's Afraid of the Big, Bad Wolf?", written for that popular children's classic, "The Three Little Pigs," by Frank Churchill and Ann Ronell, the first and only song from a movie short that ever became a hit. Ann has written both words and music for "Down to Their Last Yacht."

Then, there are other screen songs that the whole country—nay, the whole world—has been humming, while it danced. For instance: "Let's Fall in Love," by Harold Arlen, who also wrote "It's Only a Paper Moon" for "Take a Chance"; "My Dancing Lady," by the song-writing team of Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields (the daughter of comedian Lew Fields); "Hold My Hand" (from "George White's Scandals") by Ray Henderson; "How Do I Know It's Sunday?" (from "Harold Teen") by Sammy Fain; "Tonight Is Mine" (from "Stingaree") by Frank Harling; "Waitin' at the Gate for Katy" (from "Bottoms Up") by Richard A. Whiting, who also wrote "Gather Lip Rouge While You May" for "My Weakness"; "Are You Makin' Any Money?" (from "Moonlight and Pretzels") by Herman Hupfeld; and "A Bowl of Chop Suey and You-ey" (from "Shoot the Works") by Walt Bullock. Also, don't forget that Mae West writes her own songs. And Ann Dvorak and Elissa Landi are amateur song writers.

There are still a few song scribes a little shy of pictures, such as Jerome ("Smoke Gets in Your Eyes") Kern and Irving Berlin. No one has so far been able to lure Kern away from theatrical productions and Bronxville, New York, long enough for exclusive picture work, although one remembers with pleasure the picture version ("The Cat and Fiddle." And "Show Boat," "Sweet Adeline" and "Roberta"—all Kern operettas—are coming up).

Irving Berlin did the music for "Puttin' on the Ritz" with Harry Richman and later "Reaching for the Moon" with Douglas Fairbanks. There are plenty of legends out about Berlin, such as the one that he punches out his melodies with one finger on the piano while an arranger takes them down; but they are exaggerated. Berlin can and does play the piano. He writes both words and music. Almost every day a long-distance call to New York from the Coast offers him the whole works if he will do the numbers for just one picture. But he has not found time so far. Sooner or later he'll fall. The pictures get them all eventually; it is only a question of time before they fall for Hollywood.

With the success of "One Night of Love"—the first movie to make grand opera palatable to the masses—it looks as if the greatest song-writers of them all (composers like Verdi, Puccini, Wagner, Schubert, Leoncavallo) will soon be represented on the screen. Such melody masters as Franz Lehar, Oscar Straus and the late Victor Herbert have already had operettas filmed. And one of these days the movies may present "Of Thee I Sing," with music written by that composer of songs and symphonic jazz, George Gershwin, whose famous "Rhapsody in Blue" had a movie hearing in Paul Whiteman's "King of Jazz."

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Too Valuable to Star

(*Continued from page 23*)

friends of three or four years ago find the identical happy, frank, prank-loving gingertop in the studio to-day that they knew when she was trying out for her first vaudeville act, when jobs were few and hamburgers precious and she never even dreamed of Hollywood.

Sudden success has not turned her head, and Hollywood's famous high-hat is a red flag to her, as many a four-flusher has discovered just when his act seems to be going fine. It is because of Ginger's naturalness that she can team with almost any type of star, her own unaffected personality serving as a perfect foil for her partner's art.

There are those who can dance (though Ginger's astounding foot-work with expert Fred Astaire in "Flying Down to Rio" and "The Gay Divorce" has yet to be equalled), and there are those who can croon back at a crooner; there are those who can wisecrack at a wisecracker and those who can play dumb with the dumbest—but there is only Ginger Rogers who can do them all, and still have a whole sleeve-full of dramatic ability tucked away for possible use on a rainy day.

Critics say that Ginger was the partner who set Dick Powell off to best advantage. Radio Pictures wouldn't think of attempting to team anyone else with Fred Astaire, and Fox admits she is a "natural" for Jimmy Dunn. Universal selected her as first choice to play opposite the debonair William Powell in "The Great Ziegfeld," and other studios are casting such covetous eyes upon her in their efforts to build teams that will make the box-office cash register tinkle a merry tune that Radio made her new contract read for fifty-two weeks a year, instead of the customary forty—just so other producers wouldn't have to worry about what she might do in the extra twelve weeks.

Out of Work Six Months

BUT in spite of all Ginger's ability, her refusal to "put on an act" or tell the world how good she was kept her out of work in Hollywood for six dreary months. In fact, Hollywood never took the trouble to look into her case at all. If it had, she would not have been cast in a "bit" in a musical picture and then casually asked by the director in search of a "filler" if she thought she could sing the chorus of a song for a close-up.

When he heard her, he stared in amazement. "I didn't know you could sing like that. Where did you learn?"

"I sang in musical shows on Broadway," replied Ginger.

"Is that so? What ones?"

"'Top Speed' and 'Girl Crazy' were a couple of them."

"'Girl Crazy'!" repeated the director. "Oh, my gosh—are you *that* Ginger Rogers? Well, what do you know about that? Come on, we'll put in the whole song."

And that's how stars are made.

"Of course," admits Ginger, "I never was any good at impressing people, and I'd probably never have been in pictures at all if Paramount's scout hadn't happened to see me in New York in 'Top Speed' just when they needed a girl for the stock company at their Long Island Studio. I went out there daytimes."

Which brings us to Ginger's first partnership in films—with Charles Ruggles, in "Honor Among Lovers." Ginger's part in that picture was not a particularly bright one, but the way she got it is certainly illuminating.

One by one the principals of that stock company had been called back to Hollywood, until only enough remained on Long Island to make the picture, "Honor Among Lovers." So this was put into production, with Dorothy Arzner directing, and every member of the company participating. That is, every member except Ginger was participating.

Made Rôle for Herself

CONSEQUENTLY, she was not notified, and knew nothing of the work going on. It was not until two or three days later, on one of her regular trips out from Manhattan, that she discovered that a picture was being shot.

"What's my part?" she asked, a little breathlessly. (Ginger is always breathless.) "Everybody else in the company has a part, and I want mine."

"But there isn't any part you could play," explained Dorothy Arzner (who is, by the way, the only woman director in films).

"Charlie's got a part," Ginger said, indicating Ruggles, "and if Charlie's in it, I ought to be in it."

A large tear threatened to swamp a couple of Ginger's choicest freckles. She turned appealingly toward Ruggles. Charlie smiled encouragingly, cleared his throat and twiddled his thumbs.

"If there is one," replied Dorothy Arzner, "I can't recognize it. But I'll tell you what you do, dear. Take home a script tonight, and if you find any part that suits you, come back tomorrow bright and early and tell me about it."

Next morning Ginger was back, bright and early. "There," she exclaimed, triumphantly, opening the book and pointing to a certain character description, "that chorine."

"But, good heavens, honey," gasped the director, "this calls for a tall, dark, exotic, strikingly dressed, sophisticated woman of the most evident gold-digging type," and she looked down at Ginger's something less than one hundred pounds, her freckled face, dancing eyes and reddish hair.

"Oh," returned Ginger, "she doesn't have to be just like that. A little change wouldn't make any difference. She can have on funny clothes, and a funny little hat, poked over her eye, like this: and she can be awfully dumb. She can just hang on Charlie's arm, like this," demonstrating, "and look up at him like this," turning a dumb and adoring face up at her erstwhile partner, "and instead of that English accent and always trying to get something, she doesn't need to say a word—but just follow him around wherever he goes."

"Aside from those slight changes, you would leave her just the way the script says, eh?" smiled Miss Arzner. "But, Ginger, you've made yourself a part. We'll do it that way."

Ginger Rose to the Emergency

UNPRETENTIOUSLY meeting emergencies is Ginger's middle name, whether those emergencies happen to be framing gags with Joe E. Brown, perfecting intricate dance steps with Fred Astaire, or teaching tricks to chorus girls and "bit" players.

One day, when things weren't going so well for Ginger, her mother—who is a writer and stage director—received a telephone call from a theatre manager in Long Beach.

"I need help," explained the manager, "and I need it quickly. I'm putting on six acts of vaudeville and a good picture, but

this afternoon I had only nine people in the house. And there were less than fifty here last night. I want Ginger to come out and save my life, and I need her for the two-thirty show."

"That ought to be simple," replied her mother. "We have no act, no routine, no new songs and no pianist—and a whole morning to get ready."

"Oh, Ginger can figure out something," assured the theatre manager. "I'll take a chance on her."

Ginger, who had pulled the receiver far enough away from her mother's ear to hear what was being said, grinned and nodded emphatically.

"Well, she's crazy, too," replied the mother, "so I guess we'll be there."

"We'll have to hurry to get ready," was Ginger's amazing suggestion.

"Why hurry?" ironically inquired her mother, "Haven't you 'Am I Blue' absolutely mastered? Your whole repertoire, I believe. But a very appropriate song, and one the theatre manager will join you in after the show. But then, of course, you have your reputation as a resourceful young lady to maintain—and it wouldn't do to say 'No' simply because you haven't anything to do—unless, perhaps, you sing 'Am I Blue' backwards, in case they should happen to want an encore."

"We had to get a musician first," smiles her mother to-day. "When I finally located one and got him on the 'phone, Ginger worked out her routine with him, one at each end of the line—humming her songs for him to follow on the piano. Then, as we drove out to Long Beach from Los Angeles, those two did their rehearsing in the car. And she sang 'Am I Blue.' She sang it slowly, and she sang it fast. She wailed it as a dark-skinned gal and moaned it as a forgotten lady. And then, after three encores, she sang the fool thing in 'pig Latin, and brought down the house."

Wowed Producer, Too

WHICH brings us to Ginger's work in "Gold Diggers of 1933," when she did the same thing with "We're in the Money." One day, during the shooting of the scene in which this song was featured, Ginger suddenly waved to a group of the chorus girls who were always somewhere near her, to draw up close. Then, all bending over in true football huddle formation, they listened to:

"Erewa inya etha oneyma owna," and so on and so forth, and as they giggled and chuckled, Darryl Zanuck, studio head, who stalked the sound stages during the production like one of the four horsemen, heard, drew close and listened.

"Who did that?" he suddenly demanded.

As the girls scattered in all directions, Ginger grinned, and bowed. "My top performance," she announced.

"Here, come over to the piano and let's hear that again."

Hearing it again, he turned to the director of the picture. "That goes in," he announced abruptly, and hurried back to the executive offices, to start the wheels grinding out more film for Ginger to caper through.

Personality, according to Ginger, is merely a matter of letting good enough alone, of being natural and not trying to pretend.

"If the public accepts a girl for what she is, and gives her success through its recognition, why should she immediately try to remake herself into something she is not?" asks Ginger. "Why not be just what you are, and ask your friends to smack you down if you try to go high-hat?"

(P. S.—Lew Ayres is the lad she favors—and it looks like wedding bells soon.)

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"Little Man, What Now?" Answers the Call for Better Films, Says Reader

$20.00 Prize Letter

With all this discussion going on concerning the need for better movies, we find one motion picture which can quiet the clamor, silence the complainant, and give peace and quiet to the human soul. This picture is, as perhaps you have already guessed, Hans Fallada's "Little Man, What Now?" directed by Frank Borzage.

Margaret Sullavan and Douglass Montgomery give such sincere performances that one leaves the theater feeling that he has just had a long heart-to-heart talk with two very remarkable people.

No impossible situations were in the picture, no scenes where the red flag of sex was waved before the audience, nothing which anyone would hesitate to relate or discuss freely before the most rigid of persons. When a picture can attain this standard and still be a box-office success, it has reached in my opinion the highest type of drama.

The love scenes between Miss Sullavan and Mr. Montgomery were a lovely presentation of how true love should conduct itself. It was love that was unashamed, sincere, and above all—powerful enough to be the salvation of two lives and to culminate in the courageous and victorious effort to provide for the arrival of a third.

MARGARET HAYDEN, *Azusa, Cal.*

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$10.00 Letter

A New Note In Mystery Stories Sounded In "The Thin Man"

Eureka! At last a really diverting mystery picture, free from the clammy eeriness characteristic of most productions of this type. Instead of the usual attacks of goose-flesh, cold sweat and jittery nerves, I found myself indulging in amused chuckles as I followed the deductions of that inimitable sleuth of the celluloid, William Powell, alias *Nick Charles* in "The Thin Man."

Indeed, contrary to the blood-curdling canons of prevalent cinema thrillers, "The Thin Man" moves along on a strong undercurrent of humor, that in no wise detracts from the suspense and interest. Egged on by the beauteous and beguiling Myrna Loy, Powell wends his nonchalant way through a labyrinth of liquor, laughs and logic to a triumphant dénouement of the enigma.

L. W. PATTILLO, *Jacksonville, Fla.*

$5.00 Letter

No Fear of Boycotts With Stars Like Ruby Keeler

I can imagine the embarrassment of the leaders of the movie industry at the recent boycott instigated by the churches. The mind of the masses at times moves slowly but inexorably, and it has at last taken a stand against the so-called salacious and demoralizing films to which our youth are being exposed.

May I suggest, as a way out of the dilemma, that producers find and engage more girls of Ruby Keeler's type—likeable, sweet, wholesome, and not obsessed with sex. Judging her by her behavior before the camera, I would say she is a girl that any man would unhesitatingly be proud to introduce to his mother.

Also, if they give us more pictures such as "Little Women," in which character and courage are justly exalted, there will never be any need to worry about boycotts by an irate public.

The movies are one of the greatest agencies for good in the country, provided however, they wish to avail themselves of their high privilege.

R. W. D., *Penns Grove, N. J.*

Honorable Mention

Shirley Temple Will Bring Them Back

If the vogue of little Shirley Temple, the new star, is as symbolic of public taste as Mae West was illustrative of a public nausea, then we must applaud her, not only for her clever and innocent acting, but also for her inspiring influence upon publicentertainment.

As a feather may turn a scale and decide the balance, so may tiny Shirley Temple throw her weight on the side of wholesome motion pictures, and win back the affronted thousands who. are at present shunning the theatres because of unpalatable and suggestive films.

May the name, Shirley Temple, always mean excellent entertainment.

JEANNIE MOORHOUSE, *West Los Angeles, Cal.*

American Public Prefers Home-Grown Talent

Why do producers spend thousands of dollars to import foreign actors and actresses, training them, giving them country-wide publicity, when American artists are much more to the taste of the American public and in my opinion, more capable?

Why do producers and other officials of the screen world tolerate the temperament displayed by these foreigners and capitalize it, or is it just another way of appealing to public interest? For instance, there is the recent article in MOVIE CLASSIC about Francis Lederer's passion for reality as displayed by his insisting upon chewing genuine blubber in an Eskimo scene instead of a substitute much more appealing to civilized taste.

Picture the simplicity of such able artists as Helen Hayes, Ann Harding, Paul Muni, Barbara Stanwyck, Alice Brady,—no breaking into tantrums and sending an entire staff scurrying on useless errands. It doesn't require the expenditure of a million dollars in advertising to urge the public to see pictures in which the above artists appear. Let's have more American pictures, with all American players.

MOLLY R. WINTERS, *Brooklyn, N.Y.*

Garbo Creates More Interest By Her Seclusion

When I see Greta Garbo in a film, I patiently try to find the greatness reputed to be hers. All I ever see is an angular person wandering about with a lost expression and a voice suggestive of a bad cold. She is no actress and her off-screen mannerisms are simply absurd.

Perhaps her frantic desire for seclusion is because she herself realizes just how much she lacks personality and fears that if people met her face to face they would find that out too. Therefore, she creates more interest by keeping away than she would by mingling.

I am also positive that Garbo has no wish to leave Hollywood despite the "I tank I go home" rumors. If she was serious about leaving Hollywood, she has the wherewithal to buy more railroad tickets than necessary with which to depart, but I think the trouble with Greta is that she does all her acting off screen.

PEGGY MCNEILL, *Glasgow, Scot.*

Cary Grant Is The Only Leading Man for Mae West

I READ recently that Paramount is planning to star Cary Grant on the strength of the public's response to his work as Mae West's leading man.

Evidently, he is going it alone henceforth and I regret that this is the case. For his own sake, because I doubt that he will ever attain the same popularity and success that he would if he continued to play opposite our most glamourous siren; and for Miss West's sake, as I fear she will find in no other leading man the complete foil to her blonde beauty and frank personality that the dark looks and unassuming, almost shy, mannerisms of this tall, handsome chap afford her. The rather shocked-but-loving-her-just-the-same expression in his eyes, when she pulls one of her rowdy wisecracks, is priceless. I expect the movie public to raise a howl of protest when she appears with another leading man.

EDITH ROTHROCK, *Louisville, Ky.*

Colorful Figures of History Really Live on Screen

SHADES of the little red school house! When I think of how I hated history and how I now go for such pictures as "Disraeli," "Alexander Hamilton," "Voltaire" and "Henry the VIII"!

Time and fame have a way of setting men into historic attitudes. As a school kid, I found it hard to believe that the figures appearing on history's pages were once human beings like myself. The past, somehow, seemed like a group of heroic paintings, of beruffled and bewigged gentlemen who kindly faced the artist and passed into eternity that way!

But now, thanks to the talking screen, history becomes real flesh and blood . . . vivid, alive, fascinating! I am glad that my children have the opportunity of learning history through this medium, which I was denied. Pictures like the above-mentioned are a real inspiration and have sent me to the library to dig out more about these colorful figures. I am now learning the history I missed. LEE THOMAS, *Lynchburg, Va.*

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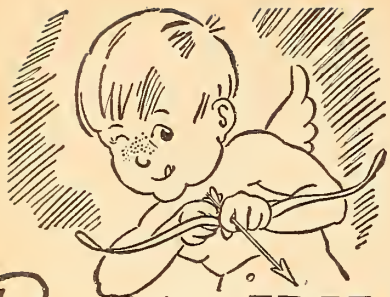
September REAL DETECTIVE



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One Golden Glint will bring romance!
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Seattle, Wash. * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

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Speaking of Stars . . .

THE biggest picture ovation in months was given to Grace Moore and Tullio Carminati, when Hollywood got its first glimpse of "One Night of Love." Grace was present, but Tullio was in New York . . . **Kay Francis** has gone abroad for a long rest—part of which she will get in Rome, at the home of Count and Countess di Frasso, Gary Cooper's friends. Other friends relate that she still weeps in the silent watches of the night over the break-up of her marriage to Kenneth MacKenna. She may have obtained the divorce, but they claim that she wasn't the one who wanted it. And, apparently, even Maurice Chevalier and William Powell haven't been able to console her. Though if Maurice can get to Europe before she returns, he might try again . . . **John Gilbert's** latest ex-wife, Virginia Bruce, telegraphed: "Darling, isn't it wonderful?" when she heard of his getting a big rôle in "The Captain Hates the Sea," with other offers thronging in upon him. She's the only one of his four ex-mates who has remained a pal. Furthermore: "I prefer to be called Mrs. Gilbert. That is my legal name—Virginia Bruce Gilbert. I have a child and I want to keep my married name" . . . Ralf Harolde just walked up to the altar with an astrologist, Georgia Wheeler. Wonder if that's a tip-off that Ralf has a big screen future? . . . Lew Cody, who died in his sleep a few nights after "Shoot the Works" was completed, was buried in his native New England—in the same cemetery with his French-Canadian forebears. Dorothy Dell, who was killed only a few nights later in an automobile accident, was buried in New Orleans, where she started on her meteoric career, rather than in her native Hattiesburg, Mississippi . . . Cody left $42,000 in realty, $1,300 in cash, and $4,450 in personal property—a small estate when you consider that he had been prominent in films ever since 1915, but eloquent testimony to the high cost of living as a star . . . **Josephine Hutchinson,** who ranks next to Eva Le Gallienne in that actress' famed repertory company, is a phenomenon to Hollywood. Instead of sweeping into Hollywood in dazzling fashion as many a stage star does, she arrived two months ahead of the time when her contract was to begin—so that she could sit on the side-lines of sets and learn the technique of movie-acting. This girl is one of Hollywood's increasing crop of sincere artists. Her first picture will be "Gentlemen Are Born," with Dick Powell—who has manifested an interest in Margaret Lindsay since Mary Brian left town . . . Several liquor companies are trying to get advertising tie-ups from movie stars, whose private bars have been photographed. The stars are pouting "No," displaying false modesty at their expertness in mixing cocktails and highballs . . . Joe Penner, the "Wanna buy a duck?" man, is reported to be getting $75,000 for the six weeks he will spend in making "College Rhythm" with Lanny Ross. And just a year ago, he was reported to be getting $750 a week for strutting his stuff in vaudeville . . . Thorne Smith, author of the hilarious "Night Life of the Gods," is newly dead, but his story still lives on. In fact, it's going to be immortalized on the screen, with Lowell Sherman directing . . . George Burns and Gracie Allen are gonna have a baby—if they can find one they like in an orphanage. That is, they will when they return from a jaunt in Europe. They sailed on the same boat with Kay Francis . . . **President Roosevelt** has had enough movies on board the *U. S. S. Houston* to keep him entertained every evening. He's a dyed-in-the-wool fan and the producers sent him their best pictures, many of them not yet released. Hollywood hoped he would stop off on his way from Hawaii . . . **Dorothy Mackaill,** just back from abroad, got so homesick for Hollywood that she hopped a boat without saying goodbye to her father in England; she radioed for forgiveness . . . **Max Baer** is coming back to Hollywood—perhaps to play the milkman who accidentally becomes a prize-fighter in the comedy, "The Milky Way"—and he'll be on the same lot with Mae West, who has always liked prize-fighters. (Her father used to be one.) . . . Maxie, reported pining for his ex-wife, Dorothy Dunbar, was bounced back on the ropes by her recent court application to have her name legally changed from Dorothy Dunbar Baer to Dorothy Dunbar Wells, her name by a former marriage. She doesn't (!) enjoy the publicity connected with the name of Baer . . . Claiming that she had been made "ill and nervous" by the cussing and furniture-wrecking of her *Tarzan,* Lupe Velez filed divorce proceedings against Johnny Weissmuller. Eight days later, hostilities were called off—again. Her lawyer announced, "They are apparently very much in love with each other" . . . **Charles Ray** and his wife, the former Clara Grant, recently revealed that they have been separated for a year, because of incompatibility. No divorce plans have yet been announced . . . **Minna Gombell** and her hubby,

DEVELOP YOUR FORM

by a Safe Simple Method successful more than 30 years. Build up Flat Scrawny Bosom, Neck, Arms, Legs--or ANY part of the Body. Get a Beautiful Symmetrical Figure with no trouble and little cost.

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Director Wallace Goodrich — BOSTON — General Manager Ralph L. Flanders

MUSIC or DRAMATICS

Screen and stage success requires artistic and cultural training. Give yourself this advantage. Degree, Diploma and Special Courses. Music and Drama. Fall term Sept. 20. **Write Ralph L. Flanders, Gen. Mgr., for Catalog.**

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Many people with defective hearing and Head Noises enjoy conversation, go to Theatre and Church because they use Leonard Invisible Ear Drums which resemble Tiny Megaphones fitting in the Ear entirely out of sight. No wires, batteries or head piece. They are inexpensive. Write for booklet and sworn statement of the inventor who was himself deaf.

A. O. LEONARD, Inc., Suite 286, 70 5th Ave., New York

Approved way to get rid of every trace of superfluous hair-50¢

ZiP

DEPILATORY CREAM PERFUMED!

Also to check perspiration, use ZiP *Spray Deodorant*

Joseph W. Sefton, Jr., San Diego banker, recently celebrated their first anniversary uniquely. She was in Honolulu on vacation; he was in San Diego, but he drew up a "declaration of trust," in which he stated "that the year ending this day has been one grand year, due solely, entirely and without the possibility of doubt, to the personality, understanding and affection of one Minna Gombell Sefton." When they were married, he drew up a legal document specifying that between the hours of 3 p.m. and 1 a.m., she would be privileged to go out with any unattached male of her choice, if business kept the Seftons apart . . . **Barbara Stanwyck** and Frank Fay have been playing Good Samaritans again. Two years ago, they went to the aid of Fay Temple Mack, stage actress, who was told she would never be able to walk again, because of a spinal infection. With their help, she has fought her way back to health . . . The Crosby double Blessed Event—now there **was** news. Bing's and Dixie Lee's brace of boys are the first twins born to any movie couple. Bing and Dixie knew that there would be two (X-rays told them), but they didn't expect them so soon. Result: the babies had to live incubator lives at first, with even the slightly dazed father not permitted to see them . . . **Gilda Gray,** the first shimmy-shaker and former screen star, is now a Baroness. Her husband, Hector Briceno de Saa, just inherited the title and part of the million-dollar estate of a Baron-uncle. Gilda's comment: "Isn't it great! Isn't it wonderful! Isn't it grand!" . . . **Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.,** recently gave Gertrude Lawrence a small yacht in England. At the christening, when she named the boat "Grateful," she couldn't break the bottle of champagne in the orthodox manner, though she tried three times. A hatchet was called for, the bottle was broken, the ship named, and a yachting party set off for a week-end cruise. So that romance is still very much "on" . . . And newspaper dispatches tell of Douglas Fairbanks and Lady Sylvia Ashley flying to France for a week-end with titled friends . . . Will Rogers, who has finished "Judge Priest," is off for a world tour, on which he'll pay particular attention to Japan, Soviet Russia, Scandinavia and Germany. His wife and two sons went along . . . **Buster Collier,** who used to be the "date" champion of silent days (the Lyle Talbot of his time, at it were), sends word from London that in the Fall he is marrying Marie Stevens, former "Follies" beauty . . . **Jack Holt** is being rumored about to marry again—with the prospective bride a San Francisco society woman.

This **FALL and** *Next* **WINTER**

A 22-Acre Playground

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With the Ideal Year 'Round Climate

A HOTEL amazing in its varied vacational appeal. Embracing within its own grounds the fairways of an 18-hole Pitch-and-Putt Golf Course—Tennis Courts and Archery—Pergola walks and shady nooks — and the magnificent **AMBASSADOR LIDO,** with generous sand beach encircling a huge open-air plunge. Indoors—a "talkie" theatre, doctors, dentist, post office and 35 smart shops. Exquisitely decorated rooms and suites—the merriest of night life at the **COCOANUT GROVE.**

+

What Guests Have Said

Prince and Princess Asaka of Japan: "Enjoyed the city immensely, and believe it was partly due to the elaborate entertainment given them in your hotel."

Mr. Albert D. Lasker: "When the opportunity comes to me of stopping with you, it is a pleasure to which I look forward."

Madame Amelita Galli-Curci: "I am looking forward to another visit to the Ambassador Hotel this Fall. It is one of the most beautiful I know of."

Mr. John Barrymore: "I have always found the Ambassador a delightful place to live and shall be glad to have you say so."

Carl Van Vechten: "The Ambassador is, I should think, one of the very best hotels in the world."

+

Kindly and Sincere Service. Moderate Rates. Room and Restaurant Tariffs upon request.

The LOS ANGELES **AMBASSADOR**

Dancing nightly at the world famous **COCOANUT GROVE**

Managed by **BEN L. FRANK** with the co-operation of an unusually loyal and efficient staff of employees.

Even a casual visit to the Savoy-Plaza brings you face to face with your ideal of living in New York. Gourmets praise the cuisine . . the service. From its windows a living mural of sheer beauty . . Central Park. A design for living in New York. Suites of various sizes exquisitely conceived as in a private residence. Most reasonable rentals for monthly or longer stays. Single Rooms from $5. Double Rooms from $7. Suites from $10.

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager

SAVOY-PLAZA

FIFTH AVENUE
58th to 59th STREETS
NEW YORK CITY

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 14*)

West—but by way of the Canal, which gave the homeward trip a honeymoon air. . . . A few days before the wedding, his first wife, Winifred Coe Dix, announced her engagement to Dr. Harley J. Gunderson, noted surgeon. Dix and his first wife have one child, a daughter, who is in the custody of her mother.

Gloria Re-Decorates

GLORIA SWANSON decided to re-decorate the patio of her home, herself. She found some garden tables and chairs among the props left from the ill-fated "Queen Kelly." "It is the only thing I have ever been able to salvage from that picture," she explained.

Wishing to repaint the furniture, Gloria bought some eleven dollars' worth of paint in several colors. The following day she sent for more paint. The chauffeur returned for another re-order the third day.

"What in the world is Miss Swanson painting?" asked the paint store proprietor.

"Furniture," replied the chauffeur.

Knowing that Gloria had purchased enough to paint an entire house, the proprietor called to investigate. He discovered that she was using it without mixing it.

Title Note

"WE Live Again" is the title finally chosen for "Resurrection," which Anna Sten is making for Sam Goldwyn. When it became known that a new title was being sought, one Hollywood gagster suggested "Sten Up and Cheer."

Our Gayer Generation

JEANETTE MACDONALD welcomed her perpetual fiancé, Bob Ritchie, returned from an European talent hunt for M-G-M, by giving him a surprise cocktail party. As Bob brought his mother to visit Jeanette and her mother (it was Mrs. Ritchie's first Hollywood visit), the invitations included other mothers, Jack Oakie's and many more.

There were more than a hundred and fifty guests, but the ones who were the gayest and who stayed the latest were the mothers.

Winchell Note

WALTER WINCHELL is more than a little annoyed at the character he believes to be himself in Paramount's "Shoot the Works." The columnist in the picture is played by William Frawley and indulges in a feud with the band leader played by Ben Bernie, with whom Winchell has so long engaged in a gag insulting match.

Winchell has obtained an injunction against the use of his name in advertising or publicity connecting him with the picture in any way.

Tragedy for Mary?

WE hear that the young music publisher, killed when a passenger airliner crashed recently in the East, was one of the latest of Mary Brian's admirers. And we also hear that for the first time Mary was on the verge of marriage. Still, she and Dick Powell have been seeing a good deal of each other while he has been filming "Flirtation Walk" at West Point, not far from New York, where Mary has been rehearsing for a revue. And Jack Oakie openly begs her to marry him in every interview he gives. There's something about these quiet gals. . .

Franchot's Ex-Romance

WE heard the other day that Franchot Tone was engaged to Judith Wood when he arrived in Hollywood and that he called her up by long-distance 'phone to tell her about Joan Crawford . . . just as she (Judith) was about to step onto the stage in a Broadway show. Credence is added to the story when we remember that as Franchot and Joan entered a famous

The autograph hunters have no regard for vacations at all, but Lanny Ross doesn't seem to mind it a bit. The fair admirers caught him on the beach, in Atlantic City, and stormed him, with everything from a piece of paper to an inflated rubber sea-horse, for his signature

restaurant during the early days of their romance, Judith Wood, dining nearby had her table changed to put the length of the room between them. . . .

Kent Is Evelyn's "Steady"

KENT Taylor, the spies report is worried. He is being teamed again with Evelyn Venable, and though he admires Evelyn immensely this is the fifth picture in which he has made love to her and he is afraid the fans will soon not be able to think of him in any other rôle. Kent is quietly and happily married, besides being a clean-cut, likable young fellow (which, no doubt, makes him the continued choice of the fastidious Evelyn). With one of the most generous contracts in the business, the Venable girl has the right to refuse to do anything on the screen that she doesn't want to do. That included being "bundled" with Francis Lederer in a comedy of Early Colonial days. If you don't know the quaint and naïve custom of "bundling," look it up in the encyclopedia and you'll see why Evelyn turned down the part! That Evelyn Venable—Hal Mohr is due to end in an elopement any day now, say her friends.

Matrimonial Danger Ahead?

WITH Charles Boyer parting with Fox and mentioning plans of going back to Paris, what of his little blonde English bride, Pat Paterson? Pat can't break away without sacrificing her whole career. Boyer's last trip back to Paris cost him his romance with Frances Dee. Might this trip lose him a wife?

May Never Come Back

MADELEINE Carroll may never come back to Hollywood. The men of the town went goofy about her, which isn't strange since report has it that a certain Royal Personage has been in love with her for years. But what have Hollywood men to offer Madeleine? Stardom? But she is already a great star in England. Diamonds? Don't make me laugh—Madeleine's hu band, Phillip Asthey, is one of Engla wealthiest men. And when you'v hausted those two stock prizes, Hol' doesn't know what to suggest.

They Can't Ruffle L

THE first preview of "Of H age" brought forth a stran The audience, growing *Mildred's* cruelties to *Phili* whenever she appeared "Take that Jane out!" proportions before the c "Amazin'," murmured it, " 'straordinary peo ever seen Leslie H ruffled. Recently he friend of his and his the Howard projecti privately taken pic tured in "stag partie unclad females on t of yours?" he murm disclaimed any acq ordinary!" said Les upstairs.

An Unu

BETTE Davis' husbands of his job in the Nelson Jr. refuse star's husband. Colony Club or little and sings honestly. He dollars recent want a car, an spend on one. bargain than I. do?" Now he i Ford through t

(Cont

Charm!

Why are some women so glamourous and others so drab?

It may be a matter of health. Clear skin—sparkling eyes steady nerves—bubbling vitality—a dependable disposition. Radiant health attracts.

If you are not as well as you want to be, try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Sold by all druggists.

"My mother used to take your Vegetable Compound. I took it when I got married and now my daughter is taking it."—*Mrs. Marie Lubeck, 1024 Boston Road, Bronx, New York.*

"I got all rundown and tired out with no appetite. People told me about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. One bottle eliminated that awful tired feeling. My husband says I am like my old self"—*Mrs.*

Lydia E. Pinkh

900 Rooms—All Outside

Scoop! Long-Missing Valentino Film Found

(*Continued from page 31*)

views of the exquisite bay of Naples.

Scenic Italy has been the subject of many screen travelogues. But you have never seen it as Valentino photographed it. The man was homesick and his nostalgia, as evidenced by his almost reverent presentation of his beautiful homeland, will bring a lump to your throat. Thousands of writers have penned great epitaphs for Rudolph Valentino. Yet he unconsciously wrote a greater one for himself—"I loved beauty."

Rudy also photographed the magnificent castle on the Hudnut estate. It is believed that he took them after his separation from Winifred Hudnut, the girl he married under her screen name, Natacha Rambova, and continued to love until his death.

Only once did Valentino take his camera with him to the studio and then solely for the purpose of filming his blooded Arabian horse, *Haroun*, in action.

In Alberto's possession is more than a reel of film taken at Rudy's funeral in New York and interment in Hollywood. Thousands of people can be seen lining the streets of both cities. Movie celebrities by the score came to bid him a last farewell—Charles Chaplin, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Harold Lloyd, the Talmadges, Joseph Schenck and hosts of others attended the services. It comprises an imposing climax for the screen's first autobiography.

"Yes, Betty, we'll always be BLONDES"

SUNNY golden curls . . . smart blonde coiffure. Mother and daughter keeping young together—thanks to Blondex. This special blonde hair shampoo not only helps prevent darkening—but safely brings back true golden color to dull, drab, faded light hair. Brings out the bright, gleaming lights—makes the hair soft and silky. No injurious chemicals. Not a dye. Invigorates the scalp. Ask any Blondex user! At all drug and department stores.

Remove that **FAT**

"So happy & grateful!" J. A.

Have you a full, oversize bust? You can reduce 3-5 inches and have alluring, slim loveliness with my famous **Slimcream** treatment, which reduced my bust 4½ inches, and weight 28 lbs. **in 28 days!** I GUARANTEE TO RETURN YOUR MONEY if your form is not reduced after applying my **Slimcream** treatment for 14 days! Full 30 days' Treatment, **$1.00**, sent in plain wrapper. The ultra-rapid, GUARANTEED way to get those slender, girlish, fascinating curves so much admired. **FREE!** Send $1.00 for my **Slimcream** treatment NOW, and I will send you, FREE, my world-famous, regular $1.00 **Beauty Treatment**, with a gold-mine of priceless beauty secrets never before revealed! Limited Offer—SEND TODAY!

Daisy Stebbing, Dept. MC-10, Forest Hills, New York

DR. WALTER'S

Flesh Colored Gum Rubber Reducing Garments

LATEST BRASSIERE 2 to 3-inch compression at once. Gives a trim, youthful, new style figure. Send bust measure **$2.25**

NEW UPLIFT REDUCER **$3.25**

REDUCING GIRDLE, 2 to 3-inch compression at once. Takes place of corset. Beautifully made; very comfortable. Laced at back, with 4 garters. Holds up abdomen. Send waist and hip measures **$4.50**

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Tells More Than Words Could

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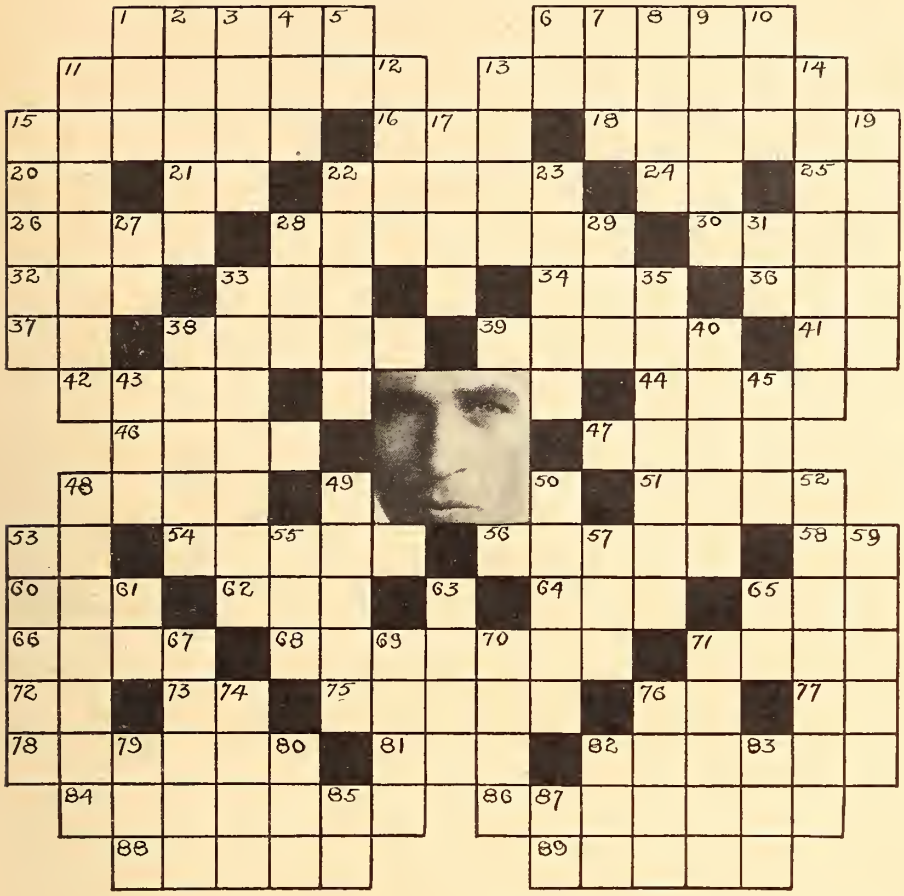
For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



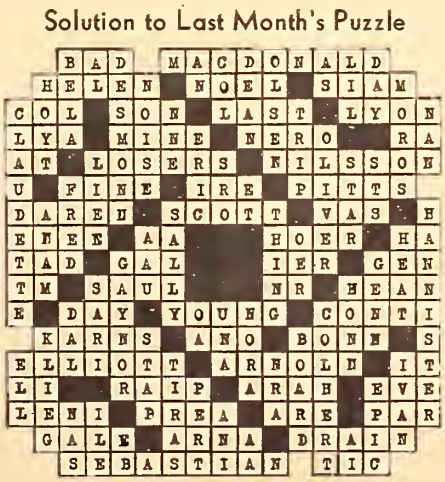
HORIZONTAL

1. The Sun God (poss.)
6. His first name is John
11. *Sarah* in "Success at Any Price"
13. His first name is Louis
15. Last name of the star in the center
16. Starlet from England, aged sixteen
18. Take a letter from Bebe's last name to get this
20. Rankin's initials
21. Carey's initials
22. Will Rogers likes to kid the S———
24. Valentino's widow (init.)
25. "—— Mine Tonight"
26. Mona Maris played *Countess* —— in "Kiss and Make Up"
28. *Fuzzy* in "Born to Be Bad"
30. "I've Got ——— Number"
32. Her name means "one"
33. Screen "heavy" who recently died
34. "—— Tide"
36. Where fan letters go when incorrectly addressed (init.)
37. Natheaux' initials
38. What some mistakenly call Lyda Roberti
39. *Poelzig* in "The Black Cat"
41. Ever or always
42. Conduct a periodical
44. The movies will have to "clean up" or ———
46. A river in the homeland of Francis Lederer
47. "If I Were ———"
48. Theatres ——— entertainment
51. A peasant
53. *Littledale* in "Operator 13" (init.)
54. *Alice* in "The Circus Clown"
56. We'd like to see Disney make more of this man's fables
58. *Slim Sullivan* in "Half a Sinner" (init.)
60. Over
62. Loretta Young calls Sally Blane ———
64. Take son from Helen's last name and this is left
65. Only star who authors her own pictures
66. First name of the star in the center
68. Whatever became of ——— Gish?
71. *Carlotta* in "Affairs of a Gentleman"
72. Initials of the author of "Counsellor at Law"
73. Kent Taylor's home state (abbr.)
75. A symbol or sign
76. He authored "Strange Interlude" (init.)
77. *Anita* in "Smarty" (init.)
78. In "Viva Villa" Beery led a band of these
81. Propellor
82. The *Thirty-Day Princess*
84. *Dolly* in "Sadie McKee"
86. A combining form; hard or firm
88. Worship
89. What puts the bubbles in beer

VERTICAL

1. Karloff doesn't have to say this to scare the children
2. The first Greek letter
3. Character actor who recently died
4. W. C. Fields and——oy are "enemies"
5. Mrs. Harry Joe Brown (init.)
6. A stuttering comedian (init.)
7. "The ——Dark House"
8. "Charlie ——'s Courage"
9. His last name is O'Neil
10. Add one letter and you have Linden's name
11. Recently divorced from Walter Morosco
12. Norma Shearer's rôle in "Strange Interlude"
13. Carole Lombard's health is deli——
14. Plural of nebula
15. What Carole's name used to be
17. Manners' nickname
19. A famous movie baby
22. *Johnny* in "Viva Villa"
23. The rubber-legged comedian
27. Initials of a juvenile actor
28. *Dr. Hitchcock* in "Operator 13"
29. Guy Standing's title
31. Claire D——d is always "the other woman"
33. Grace Menken is ——— wife
35. His first name is Arthur
38. A cotton fabric that sounds like a star's first name
40. What even stars need
43. Dorothy Dell had a premonition she would ———
45. Kathryn ——gava looks like Garbo
48. The star of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"
49. Most of us would like to pay Hollywood a —
50. *Hale* in "The Lost Patrol"
52. *Dr. Monica*
53. *Briggs* in "I'll Tell the World"
55. A shortening of Roth's first name
57. "The ——— of Nora Moran"
59. The nurse in "Little Man, What Now?"
61. Raul's initials
63. Her last name is Chase
65. Jack Oakie was born in this state (abbr.)
67. Surrender
69. Jimmy Durante acts as crazy as a ———
70. Remember the late Walter H———?
71. *John Shadwell* in "The Life of Vergie Winters"
74. Too
76. A species of wildcat
79. Cry of a sheep
80. Steamer (abbr.)
82. "—— America Thirst"
83. How the *Baron* would say what
85. Old English (abbr.)
87. Young's initials

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle



from **160 pounds to 132 in just 8 weeks! . . .**

Just think of losing almost 30 pounds in twice that many days. That's just what Miss Hartford did through an easy method you can use.

● "The day my weight reached 160 pounds I made up my mind that I must do something. The scales had been pointing higher each week until I despaired of ever looking my old self again. But that's all changed now—I weigh just 132 lbs. —exactly what I should for my height and age and, am I happy? Ask my family and friends.

"I used a simple method—one that is so easy I never *dreamed* it could accomplish such an amazing transformation. And, with this harmless, drugless method I *ate a full dinner* every day."

Anybody Can Reduce by This Method

Thousands of women—men too—are getting back to normal weight. With the loss of superfluous flesh comes increased vigor and vitality.

Wate-Off is a HARMLESS food compound (no salts, no drugs of any kind) which, however, becomes a substitute for certain fat-forming foods and supplies the body with the necessary minerals and vitamins so essential to health. The directions say use it for breakfast and for lunch. Then eat *your regular dinner.* "Results," users say, "are simply amazing."

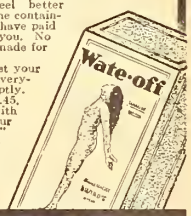
No Starving . . No Punishment

No need to punish one's self by excessive and back-breaking exercise. No need to fast and deny yourself anything you need for health. A trial under our no risk offer will convince you.

FREE Proof
to Anyone

We want every woman in America, every man, too, for that matter, to know that it is possible to lose unwanted pounds. Therefore we say: Try Wate-Off for 10 full days—we furnish complete but simple directions —and then if you haven't lost weight as fast as you would like to or as is good for you, if you don't feel better in every way, send back the container and every penny you have paid us will be returned to you. No charge whatever will be made for what you have used.

Send no money now, just your name and address and everything will be mailed promptly. Deposit the cost, only $2.45, plus a few cents postage, with the postman under our "money back guarantee" then let actual results decide whether or not you want to continue. Start that reduction now.



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Vitalin Products, Dept. 265
510 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

You may send me a full 30-day treatment of Wate-Off for trial. I will deposit only $2.45, plus a few cents postage, with the postman upon delivery, but this is to be returned to me without question or argument if I return the package in 10 days. No charge is to be made for what I have used.

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City .....

NOTE: Of course, if you prefer, you may enclose $2.45 (check or money order) with the coupon and everything will be sent postpaid with the same "money back" guarantee.

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Playground of the HOLLYWOOD STARS

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By special edict of the Mexican government, Agua Caliente is located in a Duty Free Zone!

Vacation in a foreign land

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INCLUDES: ROOM WITH BATH
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Let your vacation hours be gay! Agua Caliente, Mexico, is just a few minutes from San Diego, easily accessible to all Southern California visitors. Taste the delights of a foreign cuisine amid the sports and games of Continental Europe. The low, Free-Zone prices are a sensation to vacationists!

Send for "Bottoms Up" Booklet
Forward 10c for Mexican booklet containing foreign mixed drink recipes. Address Agua Caliente Co., Suite 338 Bank of America Bldg.
SAN DIEGO, CALIFORNIA

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 79*)

Bette Takes Fan for a Ride

IT was this car which an ardent Bette Davis fan saw standing in front of the star's home when she came to call on her one day. Bette did not disabuse her of the idea that that was the only car of the household, but cheerily offered to drive her over to the studio for a visit. "Do you know," murmured the fan as they jounced and rattled breathlessly over Cahuenga Pass, "I don't think I'll ever believe what I read about movie stars again. . . ."

On Speaking English

CECIL B. DE MILLE, picture pioneer, producer and director, confides one of Hollywood's big troubles to sixteen prominent college presidents. He writes them: "As a producer and director of motion pictures, I have found great difficulty in procuring actors and actresses in Hollywood who can speak the American language correctly. Those who do speak correctly are at a premium, while the bulk of the available players are found to speak in one long string of vowels, letting consonants fall where they may. These latter actors represent the results of the general American system of education, and my problem with them is also the problem of every other director in the motion picture industry. Is there not some way in which our language can be made and kept pure at its source—where the actor and the man in the street first learn it—in the public schools?"

Genevieve Tobin Is No Vamp

RETURNING from a vacation in England, Genevieve Tobin—Irene Castle McLaughlin's candidate for the title of "Hollywood's best-dressed woman"—talks about another big Hollywood problem. She says: "I went to England because I'm sick of playing a vamp. I'm not a vamp off the screen, so I managed to have a good rest. If the churches can reform the movies, they're doing something that actors and actresses have been trying to do. No actress wants to play in an indecent picture. You may be able to hold out twice against such a picture, but usually, owing to contracts, you find you're in a picture you don't want to play."

Unworried Until November

RUDY VALLEE, king of the crooners, signs a truce in his legal warfare with his estranged wife, Fay Webb Vallee, which means that until November 19 he will be free to enter California, accept a movie offer, and depart without having to dodge process servers. The last time he was on the Camera Coast, he proved himself as elusive as Garbo, but when his picture was finally completed, he was reported to have had to resort to false whiskers and a dark night to make his getaway to the East. Fay is trying to set aside a separation agreement by which she receives $100 a week, and has brought action for divorce in California, asking $7,500 a month alimony. Justice Cotillo, in New York, commenting on the temporary cessation of hostilities, remarks: "It sounds like the signing of the Treaty of Versailles."

Patricia Ziegfeld's Ambition

PATRICIA ZIEGFELD, eighteen-year-old daughter of the late Florenz Ziegfeld and Billie Burke, enters motion pictures. She has become associated with William Anthony McGuire, who, with her mother, is producing "The Great Ziegfeld," based on the life of the famous glorifier of the American girl.

ALLURING CURVES

"—what Beautipon Cream has done in my case. I think the result is remarkable as I have actually developed my bust 4½ inches."—G.A.

If your form is flat, undersized, sagging, you can add 3 to 6 inches with **Beautipon** Cream treatment, which has given thousands a beautiful womanly form. YOUR MONEY BACK if your form is not increased after applying **Beautipon** Cream treatment for **14 days!** Full 30 days' Treatment, **$1.00**, sent in plain wrapper. The easy, **certain** way to have the bewitching, magnetic, feminine charm you've always longed for.

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The world-famous Beauty Expert's Course "Fascinating Loveliness," for which thousands have paid $1.00, will be sent FREE if you send $1.00 for **BEAUTIPON** Cream treatment NOW. OFFER LIMITED. SEND $1.00 TODAY.

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INSTANT, SAFE, SURE RELIEF!
Use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads for instant relief from corns, bunions, callouses and tender toes. These thin, soothing, healing pads stop the cause—shoe friction and pressure; prevent blisters and sore toes and quickly loosen and remove corns and callouses. Sold everywhere.

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

DAINTY LEGS
NO RE-GROWTHS

Make
ARM and LEG HAIR INVISIBLE

MAKE excess hair INVISIBLE with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash—that's the way to make limbs attractive and avoid troubles.

"Dark hair on arms and legs used to drive me to tears" writes a woman. "I shaved it off. I tried rubbing it off with a sandpaper gadget. But back it grew every time, coarser and blacker than ever. On a friend's advice I used Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. *It actually made the hair invisible.* Everything you say about it is true. I have no more worries about re-growths or skin irritations. I'm not afraid to show off my arms and legs now!"

Just another case of a girl who tried to stop natural hair growth but only stimulated it instead. Nature won't let you destroy hair growth. But nature will let you take the blackness, the real ugliness out of excess hair. Marchand's Golden Hair Wash makes it like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde.

Easy, safe to do at home. Excess Hair stays invisible indefinitely. Takes only 20–30 minutes. Inexpensive. Refuse substitutes if you want the results. Get genuine Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Ask Your Druggist or Get By Mail

C. MARCHAND CO., MP-934
251 W. 19th Street, N. Y. C.
45c enclosed (send coin or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.
Your Name .....
Address .....

Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢

the FORMER 25¢ CAKE

THIS LOVELY SOAP .. SO FRAGRANT .. SO FINE ..

This is the most important announcement that the House of Colgate has made in 127 years!

When you reflect that women, for generations, have gladly paid 25 cents a cake for this exquisite soap . . .

When you recall that Cashmere Bouquet has always stood for the finest and loveliest of all fine soaps . . . Then you will realize how important this announcement really is.

Imagine! Now you can enjoy, as lavishly as you wish, the enchanting fragrance of this Aristocrat of Soaps . . . the flower-like perfume that women have adored for generations.

And you can give your complexion the matchless beauty care of a soap so marvelously pure that experts know it as the finest soap that *can* be made. You can use it daily for your bath. For today, at 10 cents a cake, Cashmere Bouquet actually costs you no more than many soaps of ordinary quality.

And it is *exactly* the same superb soap your grandmother knew years ago. The same size cake. The same fragrance and creamy purity. The same hard-milled, long-lasting quality that only the costliest of soaps possess.

Truly, you will agree, fragrant Cashmere Bouquet is the Aristocrat of Fine Soaps.

Surely you will want to buy at least three cakes, now that three cost only slightly more than the former price of one. Why not get them — today?

THE GARDEN PARTY BEER

When the party is young and smart, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. When hearts are gay and laughter fills the air, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. When good taste and good fellowship are in order, serve Pabst Blue Ribbon. It's the vital and vivacious beer, the sturdy and stimulating beer — the beer of truly superlative quality.

Hear Ben Bernie on the Pabst Blue Ribbon Program every Tuesday Night. N B C Red Network

NRA

PABST BLUE RIBBON BEER

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MOVIE CLASSIC

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SEP 19 1934
PERIODICAL DIVISION

OCTOBER

NRA

JANET GAYNOR
by
MARLAND STONE

CENSORSHIP MEANS GOODBYE TO GARBO

DIETRICH AND ME"... ANNA STEN

Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢

the FORMER 25¢ CAKE

THIS LOVELY SOAP .. SO FRAGRANT .. SO FINE ..

This is the most important announcement that the House of Colgate has made in 127 years!

When you reflect that women, for generations, have gladly paid 25 cents a cake for this exquisite soap . . .

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Truly, you will agree, fragrant Cashmere Bouquet is the Aristocrat of Fine Soaps.

Surely you will want to buy at least three cakes, now that three cost only slightly more than the former price of one. Why not get them — today?

Isn't It A Shame!

SHE'S TERRIBLY IMPORTANT AT THE BANK!—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

Helen's eyes are brilliant—and her hair lies in soft, natural waves. She's charming to look at, and invaluable at the bank. But—there's a "but" about Helen.

And Helen's contract is so marvelous that she could go into tournaments if she didn't work in a bank! But—the "but" about Helen gives her many a bad moment.

Men like Helen—they like to play bridge with her. But they don't like to dance with her—and they never propose. For the "but" about Helen is her teeth!

When Helen touches up her pretty lips with lipstick—can't she see that her teeth look dreadful? They're dingy. "Pink tooth brush" could easily be the cause of that!

Helen's dentist would soon explain that tender, bleeding gums need massage with Ipana. With Ipana and daily massage—her gums would soon improve.

Once Helen's teeth were bright and attractive again—there'd be plenty of young men asking her out to dinner and to dance! Romance would come running her way!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IF YOU—like Helen—have allowed your teeth to become dingy and ugly because you have allowed "pink tooth brush" to go on and on—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste.

Clean your teeth twice a day with Ipana. It is a splendid modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth—but deep into every tiny crevice. It really *cleans* your teeth. Then—because Ipana contains *ziratol*, which aids in stimulating and toning tender gums—massage a *little extra Ipana directly into your gums.*

Today's foods are neither crunchy nor coarse enough to exercise your gums properly. That is why gums today tend to become flabby and tender—and to leave a trace of "pink" upon your tooth brush. "Pink tooth brush" may be the first step toward gum troubles as serious as gingivitis and Vincent's disease. It not only may *dull* your teeth—but may *endanger* your teeth.

But with Ipana and massage, the dangers from "pink tooth brush" are minimized—and your teeth shine out when you talk and smile!

TUNE IN THE "HOUR OF SMILES" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVENINGS — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

NRA CODE

VISIT
"A CENTURY OF PROGRESS"

SEE IPANA MADE FROM START TO FINISH
See the Ipana Electrical Man. General Exhibits Group Building No. 4—Chicago, June—October, 1934.

Norma Shearer won this award for "Smilin' Through", Fredric March for "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" . . . Chas. Laughton for "Henry the Eighth".

THREE "BEST" STARS IN A STAR PICTURE

Romance . . . tuned to the beat of your heart . . . as three winners of Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences "Best Performance" awards . . . are teamed in a romance greater than "Smilin' Through." As a stage play, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" scored a three year triumph. As a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presentation it brilliantly dominates the 1934 cinema scene!

NORMA SHEARER

FREDRIC MARCH

CHARLES LAUGHTON

in *The* BARRETTS *of* WIMPOLE STREET

with

MAUREEN O'SULLIVAN
KATHARINE ALEXANDER

From the play by . . . . Rudolph Besier
Directed by . . . . . Sidney Franklin

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

SEP -7 1934

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MOVIE CLASSIC

EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

VOL. 7, No. 2 OCTOBER, 1934

ANNA STEN Speaks Out about Censorship!

Anna Sten is the first star courageous enough to tell what she thinks of the present agitation against films. She is the first star courageous enough to admit that she may have to say goodbye to films if censorship comes.

She has no sympathy with indecent pictures. But she does want to make pictures in which she can mirror life, can be a woman of many emotions, can give a many-sided art to the screen. And censorship, she says, would kill both art and reality in films.

She is intensely sincere. She rates a hearing, whether you agree with her or not. Don't miss what she says, a few pages further on—in *her first full-length interview in America!*

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COVER DRAWING OF JANET GAYNOR BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Hollywood Editor

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

LAURENCE REID, Editor

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THE TRUTH ABOUT FRANCIS LEDERER'S "ROMANCES"

AND OTHER INTIMATE HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

By JACK GRANT

Bachrach

Says Francis Lederer of himself: "It is absurd—this talk of romance. I have no time for romantic thoughts now"

Bachrach

Says Lederer of his protégée, Steffi Duna (above): "If she had not been talented, I should never have recommended her"

ACTING so much love for the screen, Hollywood frequently confuses what has been written and rehearsed and played before the cameras with what is actually felt and lived. That is the reason why the movie town is so insistent that Francis Lederer and Steffi Duna are in love. They would be in a motion picture, so they *must* be in private life. But the real circumstances of the Lederer-Duna alliance make a much more unusual story than most romantic tales.

Francis first saw Steffi dancing in a Berlin cabaret. He was with a party of friends, but he returned alone to watch her dance a second time. They did not meet. . . . More than a year later, Lederer was cast to play the rôle in "Wunder Bar" that won him international acclaim abroad. A dancer was needed to fill another part. He went to the producers and said, "I know of an extraordinarily fine dancer. She is a Hungarian girl named Steffi Duna. If she can be located, she would be a sensation."

She was located and she proved to be all that Francis claimed her to be. After playing "Wunder Bar" for many months, Lederer went to London for the English production; Steffi remained in Germany. In the British capital, he met Noel Coward, the playwright, and they became fast friends. One day Coward spoke of the trouble he was having in finding a girl with beautiful hands for the lead in one of his new shows.

"I know of just the girl," said Francis. "Her hands are exquisite. Let me tell you about her."

When he had finished, Coward said, "If this Steffi Duna is only half as good as you say she is, I'll send for her."

She was sent for and again she justified her sponsor. Her work in the Coward show made her the toast of London. Then Lederer crossed the Atlantic to become Broadway's greatest matinée idol since John Barrymore. Steffi Duna remained in London. But not for long. Francis had another opportunity to recommend her. As a result of his recommendation, a partner of an American producer went to London to see her and signed her to come to New York.

The next step was Hollywood. Lederer, with an RKO-Radio contract in his pocket, and Steffi Duna, with tests that Fox studios had made of her, arrived within the same week. The deal with Fox did not go through, so when Francis began his first picture with RKO, he suggested that Steffi be tested for the part of his Eskimo wife in "Man of Two Worlds." Steffi was tested and, as had happened in each instance previously, won the rôle.

About this time, Frederick Hollander, noted German impresario, made his way to Hollywood. Hollander had long been identified with intimate musical revues, known in Germany as the Tingel-Tangel Theatres, and planned to open a Tingel-Tangel here. He went to see his old friend, Lederer, for recommendations in casting the revue. And whom did Francis recommend? You're right the first time.

After Hollander's show opened, everyone went around asking, "Have

(*Continued on page 8*)

Glenda Farrell is back at work after convalescing in the East. While in New York her appendix acted up and the surgeon rushed to the rescue

• Coming events cast their shadows before

You will soon be seeing MAE WEST in her new picture, "BELLE OF THE NINETIES," with ROGER PRYOR, John Mack Brown, John Miljon, Katherine DeMille and Duke Ellington's Orchestra. Directed by Leo McCarey. A Paramount Picture

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 6*)
you seen Steffi Duna in the Tingel-Tangel? She is sensational." Again, Steffi had made good. The motion picture studios were not slow in offering contracts. Steffi had the refusal of several before she signed with RKO. It might be noted, however, that Lederer had nothing to do with Steffi Duna's present movie job. She has just made a spectacular appearance in the short, "La Cucaracha."

"If she had not been talented," says Francis, "I should never have recommended her. I would not recommend anyone in whom I did not believe—not even my own brother. It may seem a bit strange to you that I have taken such an interest in Steffi. I assure you it is not at all strange, according to the way things are done on the Continent. Over there we do not have the petty jealousies that concern actors here. We try to help one another. We give praise where praise is due—wholeheartedly. I have been discovered so many times, myself, that I always try to help others as I was helped.

"But it is absurd—this talk of romance. Only people with much leisure have time for thoughts of love. When I was a young boy, I thought about it a good deal. I have no time for romantic thoughts now. There is so much to be accomplished—my movement for world peace, my career in motion pictures and the theatre, the many other things that interest me. There is so much to do and so little time in which to do it. I have no leisure at all for romance.

Tunbridge, London
Maybe the gown bears the label of Lucien Lelong, Parisian designer, and maybe it doesn't. The lady, however, bears his name; she's Mrs. Lucien Lelong. And you'll see her in Douglas Fairbanks' "Private Life of Doan Juan"

Tunbridge, London
Merle Oberon, England's most promising new star, is headed for Hollywood. For one thing, she's about to marry Joseph Schenck, Norma Talmadge's Ex

"Miss Joan Crawford I have seen exactly five times since coming to Hollywood. Really, it has been only five times. Yet romantic people are always linking our names together. Naturally, I am flattered, but I assure you it is not so what they say. Hollywood, I find most confusing."

Hollywood Heat Wave

THAT heat wave that swept the East finally hit California. The local newspapers, of course, refused to admit an excessive hot spell and the worst that was said in weather predictions was the familiar "fair and continued warmer."

Yet at Universal City in the San Fernando valley, the studio thermometers hovered around 120 all day. Add to this the normal heat of the huge artificial arc lights and you have a temperature that would put a roaring furnace to shame.

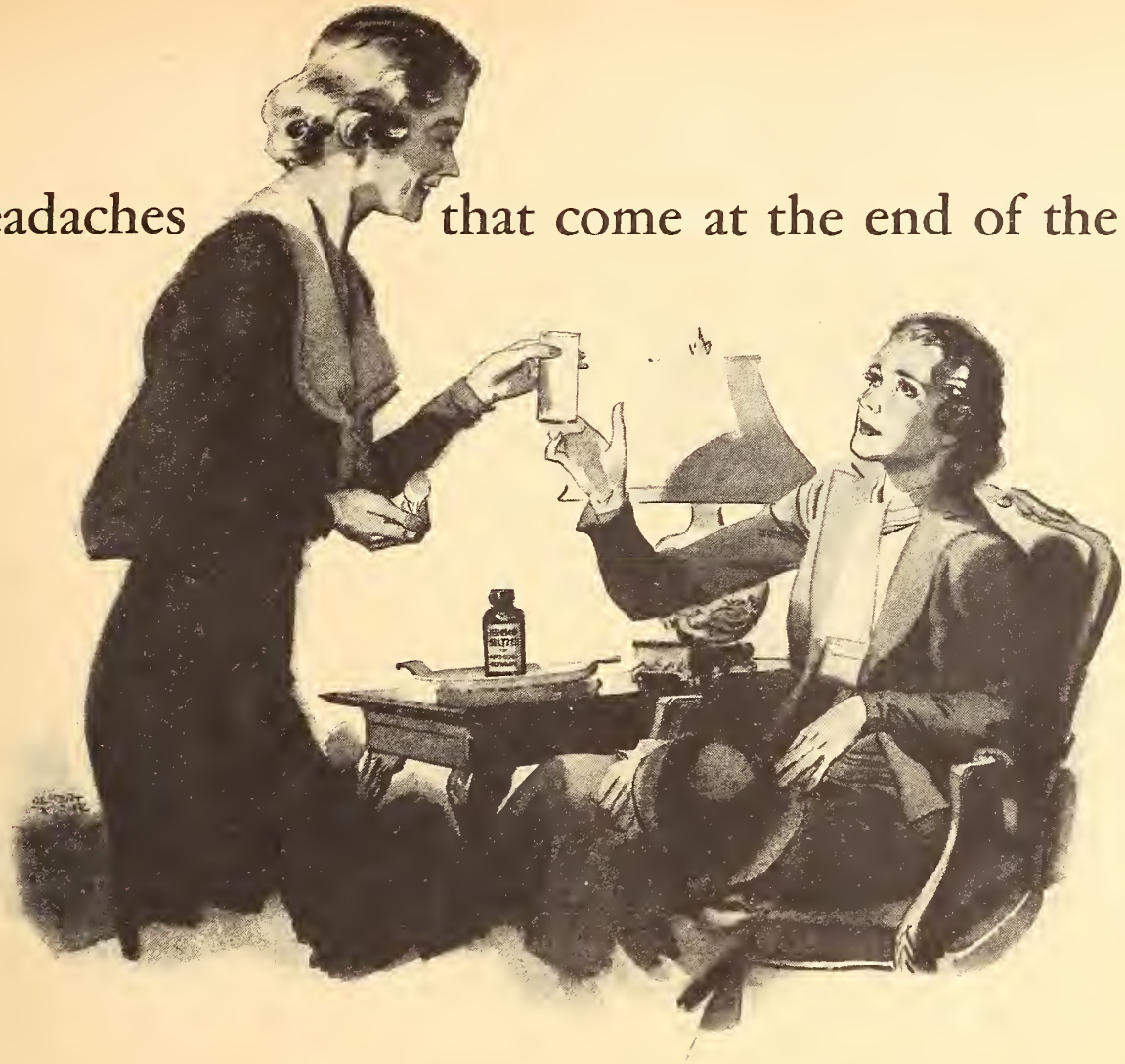
Five companies working at Universal were forced to suspend day schedules and shift to night hours. Claudette Colbert, Edmund Lowe, Gloria Stuart, Alice White, Neil Hamilton, June Knight and Russ Columbo were among the stars affected.

In Memoriam

DID you hear the memorial that Ann Harding read for Marie Dressler a few hours after Marie passed on? It was broadcast nationally over a radio program that originates in the film city. Ann paid Marie a short and dignified tribute and closed with a reading of the Twenty-third Psalm. So beautifully did she deliver it that many in the

(*Continued on page 11*)

Headaches that come at the end of the day



You come home tired and depressed. Your head aches with dull pain. Your alkaline reserve may be low. Then you take a Bromo-Seltzer and before you know it, you feel like a different person. You feel more relaxed and have a better appetite for dinner.

Here's what happens. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. This is one of the reasons why it so promptly relieves gas on the stomach.

Then Bromo-Seltzer attacks the pain. Your headache stops—your head clears. At the same time, you are gently steadied. And all the while the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed as alkali by the blood-stream. Your alkaline reserve is made more normal. In a short time you will experience marked relief.

The balanced relief

Bromo-Seltzer is a *balanced* preparation of 5 medicinal ingredients . . . each of which has a special purpose. No mere pain-killer can equal its effectiveness. And it works faster, too, because you take it as a liquid.

For over 40 years Bromo-Seltzer has been a stand-by to relieve headaches. Prompt and reliable, it contains no narcotics, and doesn't upset the stomach.

You can get Bromo-Seltzer by the dose at any soda-fountain. Or mix one quickly and easily at home. Keep a bottle in your medicine cabinet ready at a moment's notice to relieve headache, neuralgia, "morning-after," and pain of nerve origin. Always look for the *full* name "Bromo-Seltzer." Imitations are *not* the same balanced preparation . . . are *not* made under the same careful system of laboratory control that safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. The Emerson Drug Company, Baltimore, Maryland.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should, of course, consult your physician.

BROMO-SELTZER

Quick Pleasant Reliable

Even a casual visit to the Savoy-Plaza brings you face to face with your ideal of living in New York. Gourmets praise the cuisine . . the service. From its windows a living mural of sheer beauty . . Central Park. A design for living in New York. Suites of various sizes exquisitely conceived as in a private residence. Most reasonable rentals for monthly or longer stays. Single Rooms from $5. Double Rooms from $7. Suites from $10.

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COCKTAIL RECIPES of the Stars!

And now, as our radio announcers so tersely phrase it, for some more favorite cocktail recipes. Grace Moore suggests a Daiquiri (pronounced Dyke-a-ree)

Fill cocktail shaker two-thirds full of ice
Three-fourths London dry gin
One-fourth Daiquiri
Juice of one fresh lime
(or lacking limes, use)
One-half lemon to each drink
Shake until shaker is well frosted and serve

Like many other famous cocktails, the Jack Rose has several different recipes. Try it the Walter Connolly way.

Shaker half-filled with ice
One-sixth lime juice
One-sixth orange juice
One-sixth French vermouth
One-sixth dry gin
One-third applejack
Two or three dashes of Grenadine to color
Shake well and strain

This one is called "Holt Everything" possibly in honor of Jack Holt.

Shaker half-filled with ice
One-quarter rye
One-quarter dry gin
One-quarter lemon juice
One-quarter orange juice
One egg
Two teaspoonfuls apricot brandy
Shake well and serve

Angostura bitters are a principal ingredient of most of the cocktails Ralph Morgan serves. And why not? The Morgans own Angostura. Club Cocktail:

Use a large bar glass well filled with shaved ice
Two dashes of Angostura
Two dashes of Maraschino
One wine glass of brandy. Stir and strain into cocktail glasses (dressed with berries)
Dash with champagne and twist lemon peel over the drink

The Trilby from Ralph Morgan's recipes is equally well known.

Use a large bar glass filled with shaved ice
Two dashes Angostura
Two dashes absinthe
Two dashes Parfait d'Amour
One-half wine glass Scotch whiskey
One-half wine glass Italian vermouth
Stir and strain into cocktail glasses
Squeeze lemon peel on top and serve with cherry in the glass

Mary Boland seated at the bar of her Beverly Hills home. The decorating scheme was carried out in blue and silver

Try the Fou Fou from Muriel Kirkland's bartender's guide.

Use old-fashioned glass
Dissolve a cube of sugar in a dash of soda water
Add two sprigs of fresh mint
Mash mint lightly
One cocktail glass London dry gin
One piece of ice
Fill glass with soda water
Stir well and serve

Ann Sothern is partial to the good old Alexander Cocktail for her parties. It must be well frappéd with the following ingredients:

One-fourth Creme de Cocoa
One-fourth dry gin
One-half sweet cream
Powdered sugar and shaved ice

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 8*)
picture studio were openly crying.

Ann wrote the speech, herself, and the Psalm was read directly from the Bible. Another evidence of the best of taste was that Ann went to the broadcasting room attired in deep black. These are little refinements of which only an Ann Harding would think, for no one except a few radio people saw her. I thought you would like to know about it, however.

Justifying Stars' Salaries

LONG-AWAITED, the report of Sol A. Rosenblatt, NRA Administrator, upon the so-called "excessive star salaries" has at last been made public. And much to everyone's surprise, the Motion Picture NRA Code authority recommended suspension of any provisions giving the government supervision of salaries. Rosenblatt's report ran one hundred and thirty-three pages, a lot of wordage to say what Hollywood has always known—stars are not "excessively overpaid."

Ball

Cecilia Parker grew up with the dream of some day meeting Greta Garbo. Now she is Greta's sister in "The Painted Veil"

The report declared that no salary is too high if the picture meets with unusual favor as a result of unique artistry. The worth of a star should be gaged by what the public is willing to pay to see him. A recommendation of a percentage compensation was made.

Rosenblatt's survey showed that only sixty-two persons in the motion picture industry received compensations in excess of $100,000 during the past year. The highest-paid was a star, unnamed in the report, who

(*Continued on page 14*)

Think of TOMORROW when you take that laxative TODAY!

It's easy enough to take a laxative that "works"! But what of tomorrow? What of the harm that might be done to the intestines? What of the danger of forming a habit?

Violent laxatives are bad for you. They shock your system—you feel weak—your day is marked by embarrassing moments. And worst of all—you may find yourself more constipated than ever. For the frequent use of "purging" cathartics often encourages chronic constipation—they may form a habit.

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There *is* a laxative that avoids these bad features. Ex-Lax, the chocolated laxative, acts so easily and so gently that you scarcely know you have taken anything. You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

Ex-Lax is gentle—yet it is thoroughly effective. It works over-night without over-action.

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At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

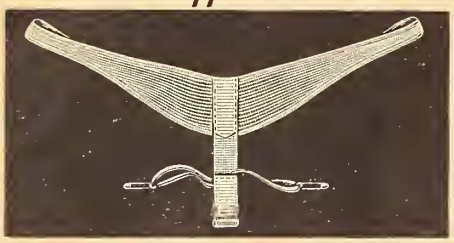
Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

WELCOME AIDS FOR *Difficult* DAYS



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STYLE 1387
(at right)
A popular Hickory Shield Button Style —combination satin and boilproof Lastex. 50c.

STYLE 1318
(at left)
The Hickory Petite—adjustable — narrow boilproof Lastex; Pyralin clasps, no pins —perfectly secure. 35c.

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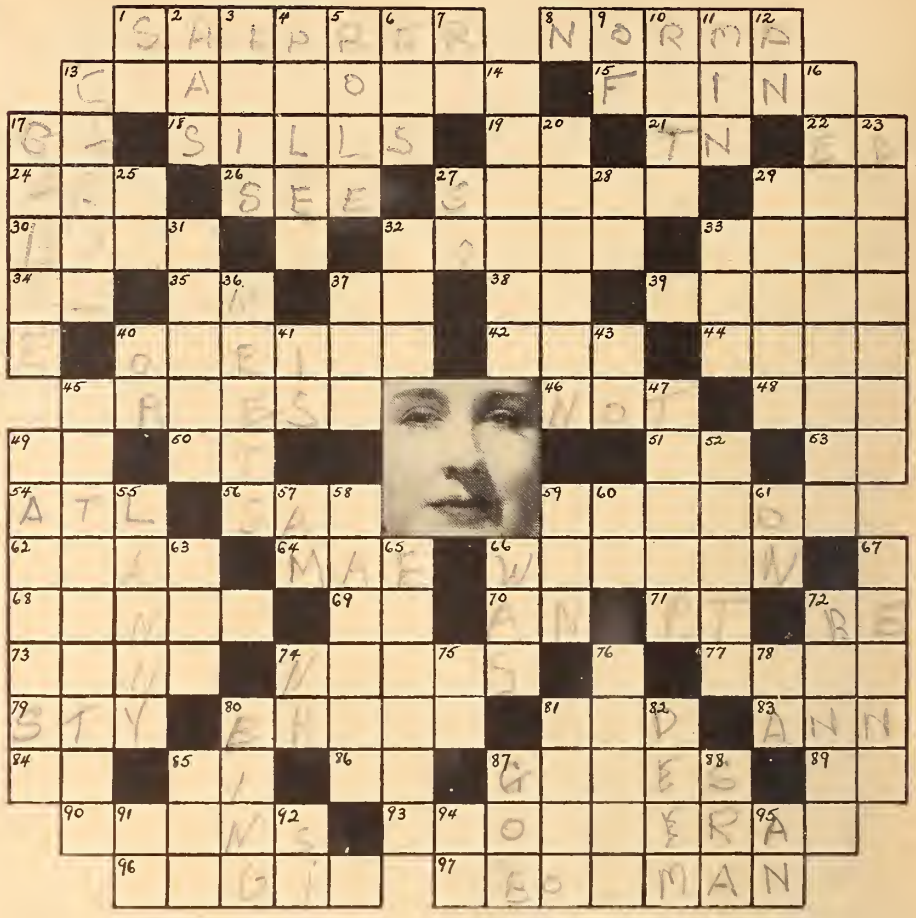
For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



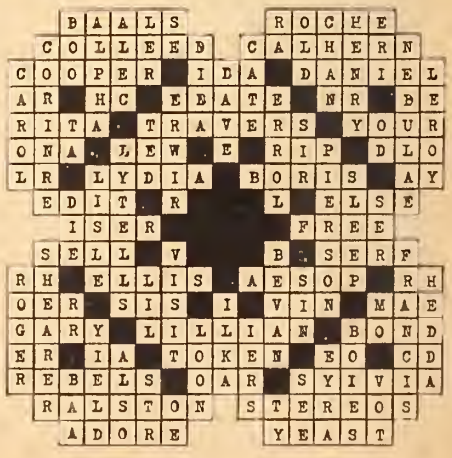
HORIZONTAL

1. Last name of the star in the center
8. First name of the star in the center
13. *Celestine* in "Dancing Man"
15. Demolishes
17. Ben Lyon's home state (abbr.)
18. Late husband of Doris Kenyon
19. *Johnny* in "Viva Villa" (init.)
21. Theodore's initials
22. First name of a popeyed comedian shortened
24. "—— We Civilized?"
26. Third letter of the alphabet
27. The Songbird of the South
29. First name of a band leader
30. *Carlotta* in "Affairs of a Gentleman"
32. The first name is Ezell
33. Author of "Carnival Boat"
34. *Max Pascal* in "Kiss and Make Up" (init.)
35. Esther's initials
37. Mrs. Bruce Cabot's initials
38. Point of the compass
39. His first name is Paul
40. *Stephen* in "Personality Kid"
42. *Sally* in "Of Human Bondage"
44. Greek letter
45. His last name is Wood
46. "We're —— Dressing"
48. Rest
49. *Sylvia* in "Strictly Dynamite" (init.)
50. Symbol for Yttrium
51. Suffix
53. Alan's initials
54. Atlantic (abbr.)
56. Otto Kruger's role in "Paris Interlude"
59. Joe and Buzz have this last name
62. Last name of a director
64. She made *Diamond Lil* famous
66. *Caesar* in "Cleopatra"
68. Author of "Sitting Pretty" (poss.)
69. *Thelma* in "The Whirlpool" (init.)
70. "—— American Tragedy"
71. Period of time (abbr.)
72. "Born to —— Bad"
73. A serf
74. *Jerry Clement* in "Cross Streets"
77. Author of "Design for Living"
79. Pen
80. "The Big ——"
81. Jackie Cooper is a little ——
83. Mrs. Leslie Fenton —— Dvorak
84. Initials of a member of a popular comedy team
85. Some pioneer movies were made on this island (abbr.)
86. "—— More Women"
87. *T. R. Paige, Jr.* in "The Girl from Missouri" (poss.)
89. He played the role of *The Barbarian* in the picture of that name (init.)
90. *Julie* in "Paris Interlude"
93. Author of "Vanity Fair"
96. "—— Appleby, Maker of Men"
97. Her first name is Henrietta

VERTICAL

1. *Bogey* in "I Give My Love" (init.)
2. Clara Bow —— red hair
3. *Paul Jr.* at 21 in "I Give My Love"
4. *Betty McGonigle* in "The Old Fashioned Way"
5. A player's part in a picture
6. Plural suffix
7. *Smiley* in "Murder on the Blackboard" (init.)
9. "For Love —— Money"
10. *Dixie Bell* in "Wild Gold"
11. The late Marie Dressler's most famous character portrayal
12. Article
13. Ex-Mrs. Nick Stuart
14. Mrs. Laurence Olivier
16. She is Mrs. Bill Boyd
17. *Dr. Ferguson* in "Men in White"
20. Her last name is Percy
23. Having teeth
25. He directed "Strictly Dynamite" (init.)
27. "—— This Is Africa"
28. Symbol for Tellurium
29. *Larry Wilson* in "She Learned About Sailors"
31. *Paul Drexel* in "Dancing Man"
32. "My ——, the King"
33. His first name is Christian
36. Encounters
37. Alto (Music)
40. "California —— Bust"
41. "This Man —— Mine"
43. Author of "Strange Interlude" (init.)
45. A movie actress who committed suicide
47. Pat O'Brien's role in "I've Got Your Number"
49. "Manhattan ——"
52. Strict
55. His first movie was "Melody in Spring"
57. "I —— Suzanne"
58. *Elnora Comstock* in "The Girl of the Limberlost"
59. The clean-up crusade will —— all indecent films
60. Roscoe's initials
61. "The World Moves —"
63. No (Scot.)
65. His first name is Robert
66. "I —— A Spy"
67. *Virginia* in "Now I'll Tell"
72. *The Baron* in "Cockeyed Cavaliers"
74. Near (abbr.)
75. Nugent's initials
76. His first name is Leslie
78. "Murder —— the Blackboard"
80. The proud father of twins
81. The way Jimmy Durante acts in pictures (coll.)
82. Consider
85. Loiter
87. Cagney plays a —— in "Here Comes the Navy"
88. Special Revenue Administrator (init.)
91. Home State of Richard Arlen (abbr.)
92. Yes; in Lupe's native tongue
94. *Robert* in "A Lost Lady" (init.)
95. "—— Old Sweetheart of Mine"

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle



Two Great Warner Bros. Stars Bring You the Screen Version of the Best-Seller that Rocked the Chancelleries of Europe

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

Hurrell

Janet Beecher goes Jean Harlow one better; she is a "sapphire blonde." You and George Arliss will both look her over in "The Last Gentleman"

(*Continued from page 11*)
received $315,000. The second highest-paid received $296,250. This latter had a publicized salary of $10,000 a week, which means that he or she was falsely publicized or worked only thirty weeks of the year.

And that brings rise to the real question about this whole salary business. Have stars been overpaid or over-publicized? High salaries do look so well in print.

Lupe and Johnny—Continued

SO Lupe Velez decided to take up Johnny Weissmuller's option before the end of his year. After one of their regular quarrels, Loop rushed to court to file divorce papers. They were through. Finally. Positively. Nothing else but.

The following day, Loop announced that their separation was in the nature of a probation period. If Johnny was a good boy, she would take him back by Christmas or New Year's. But when the divorce case came to trial, Lupe was not there to testify. She had apparently decided to take up his option immediately. (See detailed story on page 37.—Editor.)

(To Be Continued Next Month)

Movie Christenings

DID you know that Greta Garbo (*née* Gustafsson) nearly had her name changed again when she first came to Hollywood? Producers feared the onslaughts of wisecrackers. There was a prize contest at the studio for a new name, but as no really fitting one was suggested, it was decided to take a chance with "Garbo."

Joan Crawford was a name that did come from a contest, the prize being awarded to a Mrs. Louise M. Antisdale of Albany, N. Y. But Lucille Le Sueur was Joan Arden before she became Joan Crawford. Arden was selected and Joan wore it for a few days until it was discovered that several people had submitted Arden. So Mrs. Antisdale's Crawford was substituted.

What brought rise to this bit of reminiscing was the recent change of the name of Dawn O'Day, former child actress, to Anne Shirley, the character she will portray in RKO's "Anne of Green Gables."

Tunbridge, London

This portrait of Douglas Fairbanks arrived in America just before he did. (See story on page 41.) And it proves he hasn't changed much—externally, at least

Ducks and (Frances) Drakes

AMUSING, too, is the story behind Frances Drake's change of name. Her real name is Frances Morgan Dean. When Paramount discovered her in London, it decreed that Frances Dean was too apt to be confused with Frances Dee. She was asked to change it, please. But she couldn't think of any other name she liked.

All the way across the Atlantic, Frances was bombarded with wireless messages filled with suggestions. The long series of names led the wireless operator to suspect a code. So Frances had to explain. Whereupon the whole ship, passengers and crew, joined in the christening game. But nothing came of it until Frances reached New York.

"Why are you playing ducks and drakes with my name?" she asked Paramount officials.

"Drake. Why that is just right. Frances Drake," cried one of the group. And Frances Drake she then became.

Garbo Went Home

GRETA GARBO was taken ill while in production of "The Painted Veil." She just didn't turn up for work one morning and it wasn't until the following day that anyone knew why. She remained at home for four days and then returned to work as calmly as she had departed. (She had one of those hard-to-shake Summer colds. Neither of her two leading men—Herbert Marshall and George Brent—caught it.) Irvin Cobb, the writer, humorist and (now) movie actor, has just bought Greta's former Santa Monica home, complete with furnishings.

Two on a Raft

THE romance between Virginia Pine and George Raft is reported to have encountered difficulties—the difficulties being the settlement that George expected to make with his present wife. At least, it is reported that Mrs. Grayce Mulrooney Raft is asking a lot of money to free George and he doesn't place that high a value on his freedom.

Meanwhile, Virginia Pine has affixed her signature to a new Columbia contract and everybody except George is happy.

(*Continued on page 73*)

When her bosses gave this little "Music in the Air" girl a new contract, they also gave her a new name. It used to be June Vlasek; now it is June Lang

Carl LAEMMLE *presents*

GIFT of GAB

UNIVERSAL'S Entertainment SUPREME!

30 Stars of Screen and Radio

—all in one bunch in this glorious picture!

★ Edmund Lowe
★ GLORIA STUART
★ PHIL BAKER
★ Paul Lukas
★ Ethel Waters
★ Chester Morris
★ Alexander Woollcott
★ Douglass Montgomery
★ Binnie Barnes
★ Roger Pryor
★ Karloff
★ Gene Austin
★ Graham McNamee
★ Bela Lugosi
★ Alice White

★ Ruth Etting
★ June Knight
★ Victor Moore
★ Andy Devine
★ Hugh O'Connell
★ Gus Arnheim's Orchestra
★ Sterling Holloway
★ Henry Armetta
★ Downey Sisters
★ Beal Street Boys
★ Douglas Fowley
★ Wini Shaw
★ Helen Vinson
★ Candy and Coco
★ Surprise Personality

HEAR THESE SONG HITS—

"Talking to Myself."
"Blue Sky Avenue."
"I Ain't Gonna Sin No More."
"Somebody Looks Good To Me."
"Don't Let This Waltz Mean Goodbye."

Directed by KARL FREUND
Screen play by RIAN JAMES
Produced by CARL LAEMMLE, Jr.

A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

The love story of one woman and one man

THE WORLD MOVES ON

"THE LOVE STORY OF A CENTURY"

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FRANCHOT TONE

Produced by Winfield Sheehan • Directed by John Ford • Author: Reginald Berkeley

...that mirrors the emotions of every woman and every man facing the turmoil of the world today

Critics shout their praises

A deeply stirring tale . . An exquisite mingling of humor and heartache . . An important event in motion picture history. —*New York American*

This massive and spectacular film tells a beautiful love story.
—*New York Daily Mirror*

It has plenty to offer as entertainment. Stirring moments . . gay and charming ones as well. —*New York Sun*

A lavish production, made on a grand scale. —*New York Daily News*

It's precious, **KEEP IT!**

What a social asset it is . . . the breath of youth, wholesomely fresh and delicately sweet. Isn't such an advantage worth trying for? Is there any reason why you should tolerate in yourself the faintest trace of halitosis (unpleasant breath), when it is so easy to overcome? Fastidious people realize that, due to modern habits, everybody is likely to have halitosis at some time or other—*without knowing it.* The safe, pleasant way to correct such a condition is to use Listerine, especially before social or business engagements. Its deodorant action is simply amazing, and its stimulating, freshening effect in the mouth will delight you. Why not begin using Listerine every day? It's better to be safe than sorry that you offended.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE CHECKS HALITOSIS . . (*BAD BREATH*)

Do you remember Garbo in "A Woman of Affairs"—the old silent version of "The Green Hat"? Now Connie brings it forth as a talkie under a new title. It was a large order to follow Garbo, but Connie took it in stride without mussing up a single strand of her famous goldilocks. Other good assignments are also on her menu. She has dates to appear soon in "The Red Cat" with Fredric March, and "It Had To Happen" with Clark Gable

FOLLOWS GARBO

COSMOPOLITE

If there's one actor who can properly be called a man of the world, you need to look no farther than Tullio Carminati. He is at home in the world capitals—including New York and Hollywood. And he is always at home on the stage and screen—and at ease, too—as you'll notice in "One Night of Love." It is one of the finest performances of the year

MAN ABOUT TOWN

To be a man about Hollywood, or name your own city, you have to be well-dressed and well-poised. Bruce Cabot is a good dresser, with the necessary poise and bearing, attributes which have guided him in making his way about the boulevards and studio sets. After you see him in "Their Big Moment," you will want to look him up in "The Redhead"

Usually when a girl marries the jokesters at her wedding place "just married" signs on the honeymoon car. But with Gloria Stuart, who recently divorced Gordon Blair Newell, an artist, to wed the scenarist, Arthur Sheekman, the jokesters, the car and the honeymoon were thrust aside in order that "Gift of Gab" might be completed on time. If plans work out all right, the honeymoon and stardom are just around the corner

JUST MARRIED

THE MERRY WIDOW

The Lubitsch touch . . . everywhere noticeable . . . the settings . . . the sophistication . . . the most ornate, if not the most expansive bedstead ever shown on the screen . . . but you know Lubitsch . . .

Chevalier is always happy at Maxim's . . . he admits as much in song and dance . . . when the wine bubbles over, his feet refuse to behave . . . which makes him disconsolate . . . even if the dancing girls do help him into his uniform . . . must be prepared for your superior officer

Jeanette MacDonald . . . Maurice Chevalier . . . one—the vivacious widow, the other—the adventurous prince . . . gay hours in Paree . . . the Merry Widow Waltz . . . "I love you" . . . dancing girls from Maxim's . . . colorful uniforms . . . intrigue . . . caprice . . . laughter . . . music by Franz Lehar . . . Ernst Lubitsch and his sparkling direction . . . all combining to make a memorable evening

Things Are Looking Up

It wasn't so very long ago that things were breaking rather badly for Helen Twelvetrees—and she seemed to be slipping. But now things are looking up for her to such an extent that she raises her eyes to dwell upon her good fortune. She turned in such a good performance in "She Was A Lady," that she sees stellar heights ahead with "Wife for Sale," and "Meal Ticket"—sounds like a depression—but things are not what they seem in the movies

Leslie Howard and Kay Francis have, in "British Agent," a picture calculated to bring forth all of their well-known emotional resources — what with Leslie, a Britisher, on a secret mission to Russia—and Kay, a Russian, who holds high rank in the communist government. After considerable intrigue, romance makes them allies in the end. Leslie is now in England making "The Scarlet Pimpernel"; Kay is taking a rest

ALLIES IN THE END

Even Movie Stars Must Rest

When a star's services are constantly in demand, she has very little time for recreation. Take Carole Lombard, for instance. With one rôle after another being thrust upon her, this actress, whose talent touched the peak of emotion in "20th Century," has had no chance to pause and ask herself—"How am I doing?" If she asks us, we would answer: "Fine!" She no sooner completed "Now and Forever," than she was asked to star in another—"Orchids and Onions"

By MARK DOWLING

JANET GAYNOR Denies Ten Rumors

For a long time Hollywood has spread wild and fantastic rumors about Janet Gaynor—none of which Janet says are true. The rumors and the star's denials are presented in this interview. Don't fail to read it

IT was while leaning slim white arms on a huge prop trunk on the set of her newest picture, "Servants' Entrance," wearing a fancy-dress Swedish costume with low-heeled shoes, a lace Dutch cap, and a kerchief around her neck, that Janet Gaynor denied some rumors about herself, sometimes with merry laughter at their absurdity, sometimes with a flash of fire in her warm, brown eyes. Interviewers have misconstrued the words of this star, misquoted her so often that now she refuses to be interviewed except on rare occasions.

But without any spoken word of Janet's to go by, Hollywood spreads rumors that are wild and fantastic. Here are some samples: she is even more naive than her film rôles; she carouses in secret; she spends every minute adding up stocks and bonds her little-girl style of acting has earned; she is in love with Charles Farrell. Hollywood hears this gossip and sometimes believes it.

The day I saw her, newspapers were headlining the latest of these rumors. Janet Gaynor is supposed to have a three-year-old child by her former husband, Lydell Peck, they announced. (She married Peck in 1929 and obtained her divorce in April, 1933.) Studio officials immediately branded the story as "absurd and untrue," and Janet said to me;

"The rumor that I am a mother is unfortunately not true. I love babies, however, and one of my dearest wishes is to have one of my own some day. I think motherhood is the greatest career any woman can aspire to, and I'm no different from other women in this respect. It

(*Continued on page 60*)

"Censorship Means Goodbye to GARBO, DIETRICH and Me" —ANNA STEN

Anna Sten is all for banning indecent pictures. But if censorship comes, she says, every actress will have to be a Pollyanna. And that will be tragic, she adds—staunchly defending her belief that "movies, to be a great art, must mirror life"

By SONIA LEE

"IF censorship is carried to its ultimate, fantastic limit, Garbo and Dietrich and Crawford—and I, too—will no longer have a place in pictures! For we all portray women of disillusion, women who give dramatic interpretation to the realities of life. Our faces are the faces of women of wide and encompassing experience. In our eyes are the lessons we have learned from life. How, then, can we interpret unsophisticated and naïve Pollyanna heroines?"

It is Anna Sten—the vibrant, the earthy, the glamourous Russian—speaking! Anna Sten, who, magically, distills an overwhelming beauty—who thwarts all those who would find a measuring rod for her artistry and her arrestingly vital quality. Sten's breath-taking interpretation of Zola's imperishable *cocotte*—*Nana*—has made a country sing hosannas to her art. And, as a result, she becomes not so much the champion of Hollywood, as of life and of truth!

In this, her first interview since her arrival in the United States almost two years ago, as the brilliant vision of Sam Goldwyn, she appraises censorship for what it is worth. She indicates its dangers and justifies its basic ideal.

"There are undoubtedly pictures," Anna says, "that should be banned—pictures that should never have been made. Their sole purpose is to appeal to sensuality. Not so long ago I went to a theatre and a 'short' was being shown. The audience snickered and whistled. I was embarrassed and disgusted by its fundamental dishonesty. It made no attempt at frankness, but it did achieve filth. That's the sort of picture that should find no place on the screen—and it should be outlawed by studios and theatres, and the public, alike.

"But motion pictures are definitely an art. By making them so simple that only uninformed children might see

Marlene Dietrich has always portrayed sophisticated women—and Pollyanna rôles don't fit her personality

them, you would degrade the screen and lower its standards. For life isn't all joy. It isn't all laughter. It is tragedy and drama; sordidness and beauty; a mixture of every emotion, whether worthy or unworthy; whether good or bad.

Pictures Must Mirror Life

"WE can learn only by contrast—learn what is good by measuring it against the bad. Movies, to be a great art, must mirror life. We do not ask that everyone around us be beautiful—that everyone have clean and unwrinkled faces—that their eyes show nothing but delight. When we ask for character, we ask for lines—for those etchings around mouth and eyes that indicate experience and a certain degree of suffering and a comprehension of what is worth while in life.

"We cannot emasculate a great art by making Pollyannas of every actress. It is like asking that great books be written in words of two syllables, or great symphonies composed in one octave. An art without highlights—without tempests and storms—is an uninspiring art! It doesn't make for growth! It neither inspires the emotions nor the mind.

"I cannot understand why 'Barbary' Coast — the story of those wretched women of San Francisco—should not be made." (Sam Goldwyn has shelved it—explaining that the present censorship crusade would cost it much of its drama.)

"It is history. It is truth! Out of the Barbary Coast grew something beautiful; out of the sordid spot, a great and amazing city was conceived.

"The Barbary Coast was a Cavalcade of Sorrow. It has its lessons to teach—as the history of any great nation is replete with lessons. We detail defeats and victories. Historians neither minimize nor exclude the mistakes of nations or armies or generals. No one censures historians—or wishes to do so. Yet censors to-day wish to exclude from the screen the defeats of mankind and record only its victories! We cannot live on fairy-tales! That's a diet of mush and milk suitable for infants. We can live and progress only by knowing truth.

"A person whose character isn't a battlefield of every emotion, of every reaction, is a static person—lacking the essential vital quality. I am not so certain that the

(*Continued on page 69*)

"We cannot live on fairy-tales," says Anna Sten. "We can live and progress only by knowing truth and life"

Garbo became a great actress on the screen because her artistry was never stifled

RICHARD DIX—took on a champion boxer

VICTOR McLAGLEN—has an ear for a souvenir

RICARDO CORTEZ—once a "bodyguard"

The 10-Minute

Want to meet some good eggs—plenty hard-boiled? Look over a few of these he-men movie stars. Most of them socked their way to success!

By HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

IN the winter of 1922 a young man crawled out of a snowdrift close to the railroad tracks in the Snake River Valley of Montana, and felt carefully of his bruised body. The freight train from which he had just been booted by an unfriendly brakeman roared out of sight. The young man was tall, thin, unkempt and hungry, and his tattered clothing was far too thin for that near-zero temperature. He blew upon his hands to warm them and for hours counted the ties as he trudged along.

Just before darkness he found a haven in a hobo "jungle" close to the railroad right-of-way. There was a big fire and a stew of sorts was brewing in a battered bucket. The young man sat down.

"What you bin doin', buddy?" the boss tramp inquired.

"Acting," he answered.

"Stage-acting?"

"Sure."

"Oh! A sissy, huh?"

There was a brief struggle and Clark Gable, the young wanderer, knocked out the boss tramp with a right to the chin. "I'm a lousy actor," Gable announced to the tramps, "but I'm a damned swell hobo and I'm the boss of this jungle, see?"

The foregoing dramatic scene from a brief chapter in the colorful private life of The Great Gable is characteristic of some of the real-life scenes played by many of Hollywood's most famous male stars. These hard-boiled gents ought to organize and call their club "The Ten-Minute Eggs." A lot of them were, as the cops say, "plenty tough" in their day.

Brought Up on Bottle Fights

LET'S consider James Cagney, the grapefruit-pusher. His dad ran an old-fashioned saloon at Eighth Street and Avenue D, near the tenement where Jimmy was born, in the very heart of the Lower East Side of New York. His early recollections begin with petty gang wars, kids fighting with rocks. The family moved uptown into "Little Bohemia" and before long Jimmy was a full-fledged member of the notorious old "Seventy-Ninth Street Gang."

"It was a tough outfit," Cagney confided to me. "We fought the Eighty-First Streeters with bricks, bottles, and nails shot from blank cartridge pistols. I was seriously hurt several times, once by a hunk of ice, again by a bottle that ripped my scalp open, and by a brick I caught in the chest; several ribs were fractured.

"I was headed toward being a gunman when Fate took a hand. We moved to Long Island and for the first time I learned about trees, flowers, birds and baseball. But we moved back to the city and I became associated with some hoodlums. I was graduated from high school with a plaster over my right eye. I made up my mind to be a big shot in the underworld, but changed it when a friend of mine walked through the little green door to the death chair at Sing Sing. So I got a job as a bell-hop at the Friars' Club, and then one day I met a guy who told me he could get me a job for twenty-

Egg-Club of Hollywood

five dollars a week if I could dance, and that was the beginning of my career."

"Bad Boy" Barrymore

"WAS I tough?" grinned the candid John Barrymore. "I'll say I was," he continued. "I went in for theft as a kid. I used to steal money from the other members of the family in small amounts, and once I hoarded the stolen coins until I had enough to buy a necklace for a symmetrical lady in Philadelphia, many years my senior, with whom I was in love. Another time I appropriated my grandmother's jewels and hid them. While detectives were in the house, asking questions, I looked rather too innocent and my grandmother, who watched my face, drew her own conclusions, got rid of the detectives and used the well-known and well-worn slipper on me.

"I was in trouble constantly and, after being kicked out of one school in Philadelphia, was sent to another in Georgetown. One of the faculty took me through the school buildings and I paused in the gymnasium to swing on the parallel bars. As I turned over, there fell from my pockets, including other things, a risqué novel and a pint of whisky. That mishap gave the school more information about me than I could have supplied after a third degree. They were kind to me at Georgetown, and, although they eventually expelled me, did it in a nice way. I can't tell you why I was expelled.

"As a young man, I borrowed money, ate in saloons and slept where I could; and why the law never quite caught up with me is, to this day, beyond my understanding."

Star with a Cauliflower Ear

VICTOR McLAGLEN ran away from home to become a virile he-man, soldier, farm hand, day laborer, miner, vagabond, boxer, wrestler, strong man in a carnival, rough, tough and ready, a guy who roamed the face of the globe, taking his fun where he found it. That's the background of rich experience that has enabled him to breathe life into his screen characterizations.

He is the only star in pictures with a cauliflower ear (unless you want to count Max Baer) and it doesn't detract from his air or manners. His grammar is good, but his enthusiasm occasionally gets the better of him and then he drops into the vernacular of the old-time mining camp. He will get up on his feet to enact the story he is relating. His eyes flash, his body sways and his arms strike . . .

"He throws a water bottle at me and I ducks, like this, and leaps across the table, like this, and lets him have it plenty."

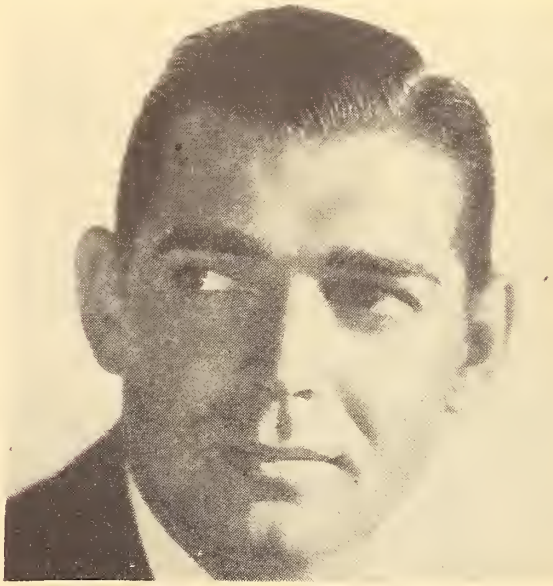
This big buckaroo's favorite story concerns the wild Canadian town of North Bay, Canada, and his pal, Jack Chelsom.

"We were broke, so I made the rounds of the saloons with Jack, who could sing. I'd introduce him as an old sailor who had been tortured by the Chinese during the Boxer War and then, after doing a little dance myself, would pass the hat. If the crowd was generous, we would then sing 'The Song of the

(*Continued on page 70*)

WALLACE BEERY—wrestled with elephants

GEORGE RAFT—still quick with his fists



CLARK GABLE—talked tough to the hoboes

"Shirley's studio work is actually good for her."—Mrs. Temple

Is Hollywood Overworking Shirley Temple?

This is the question which has been buzzing around the studio town, but which is settled once and for all by Shirley's mother who "loves her too much to hurt her"

By Fred Morgan

"I WANTED Shirley too long and I love her too much to do anything to hurt her!"

So Mrs. Temple replies to the spreading rumors that her famous little daughter is delicate and overworked. It has been gossiped that Shirley suffered a collapse on a studio set a year or so ago, and had to be carried home in an ambulance from the lot where she was making one-reel comedies.

Movie parents have been known to sacrifice their children's health to fame in the past, and the fact that Shirley has played, since last December, leading parts in four pictures (as well as "bits" in three others) made Hollywood wonder how much longer this five-year old could go on learning long lines, studying full-length parts, and bearing the tremendous excitement of sudden world fame—a strain under which many a mature star has broken down. *In fact, it was even rumored that the six-weeks' vacation Shirley is now enjoying with her mother was because the child was tired and ill.*

"I honestly believe," Mrs. Temple says, her eyes brightening as they always do when she speaks of her wonder child, "that Shirley receives better care because she acts in pictures than many other children. We have our own doctor look her over once a month, and, in addition, the law requires that she be examined by Board of Health doctors every three months. It might interest people, who think this acting is harmful, to know that, during the three month period when she made "Little Miss Marker," "Baby, Take a Bow," and her new Paramount picture, *she gained three pounds*. Far from being overworked, she thrives on it! Every mother knows this is an exceptional gain for a child of Shirley's age. She's just forty-three inches tall, by the way, and weighs forty-three pounds—exactly the right proportion.

"Anyone can see by looking at her that she's not delicate.

(*Continued on page 66*)

George Brent Is On His Own Now — *And Likes It*

Since George Brent separated from Ruth Chatterton he's going places and shouting the battle-cry of freedom. He has not only supported Garbo recently but Joan Crawford wants him as her next leading man. He doesn't intend to fall in love and marry—but if he does he hopes someone will hit him on the head with a baseball bat

By Franc Dillon

WHEN Garbo asks for a certain actor to make love to her in a picture, it's gossip, but when she *demands* an actor, it's news. Greta chose George Brent to play her lover in "The Painted Veil." That became Hollywood's accolade, its Order of the Greta. Yet George seemed almost indifferent over his honors.

"I'm flattered, of course," he admitted. "But—well, I had hoped to have a good rest before I started another picture. I'm tired and nervous and scared to death. What is there about this woman that terrifies us men?" he asked suddenly. "I've never known an actor who worked with Miss Garbo who wasn't on the verge of fleeing Hollywood, beforehand. Still, my part isn't the leading rôle. Herbert Marshall plays the husband, and I, the lover. I think—" his bold Irish eyes gleamed, "I *expect* that I shall like that a lot."

All of a sudden after a year's total eclipse, Hollywood is George Brent-conscious. He has just finished "hero-ing" three successful pictures and with only one day's rest between, he took on a rôle for which almost every eligible actor in Hollywood was considered. Now Joan Crawford has spoken for him as her next leading man and rumor has it that a fascinating new foreign star is casting romantic glances Brentward. Still, with all this sudden success, George isn't doing any nip-ups. He was practically punch-drunk with weariness when I talked to him. We sat in his cool, Toluca Lake living-room and spoke about traveling—traveling in Hollywood, and whether a wife is excess baggage.

"Three months ago," I ventured, "you told me that 'he travels fastest who travels alone.' Have you found that to be so, George?"

"It's truer than I knew when we talked before," he laughed. "That is, it worked out that way for me." (Is there something especially attractive about an eligible male suddenly released from captivity? Did he have to separate from his wife to get producers to notice that he was alive?)

Has More Glamour Now

"THERE must be something psychological about the whole thing," he admitted. "Studios seem to think there is more glamour about a single man or woman and they, naturally, reflect the opinion of audiences, who resent their romantic idols being married." (And yet there's Clark Gable, Fred March, Gary Cooper, and a dozen other husbands doing fairly well in the movies! The secret, perhaps, is that these men don't *look* married and George did.)

"But I'm on my own now," George added with an air of finality. "I'm not relying on anyone else. I'm standing or falling on my own ability as an actor. So far—I don't want to talk too soon," he interrupted himself to knock on wood, "but I'm doing better than I've ever done before. In fact, for the first time since I came to Hollywood, I feel that I'm going places."

(*Continued on page 67*)

THESE MOVIES

Fredric March and Norma Shearer give inspirational performances in "The Barretts of Wimpole Street"

CLEOPATRA—Paramount

Colorful Spectacle; Colbert, Great

CLEOPATRA was the first of the sirens, and if the present censorship continues, she may be one of the last—on the screen, that is. But there are other reasons for seeing Cecil B. De Mille's latest instalment of History Made Palatable for the Masses. It is as spectacular as anything he has ever produced, even if it has been laundered a bit. And Claudette Colbert, as *Cleopatra*, lives up to all the legends of the lure of Egypt's queen, while Warren William, with a new haircut, also reveals a new personality as *Caesar*, and the English newcomer, Henry Wilcoxon, as *Marc Antony*, looks like a big addition to American films.

You probably remember the story: When *Cleopatra* is a young girl, *Caesar* comes to Egypt, sees her, and is conquered, while teaching her how to be a queen. Later comes *Antony*, and *Cleopatra*, herself, is conquered. The sequel: a triple tragedy.

Because the story is familiar, perhaps, it isn't exciting. And because the spectacle dwarfs the drama, it doesn't do things to your emotions. But while your emotions may complain, your eyes won't. De Mille gives you a sensational eyeful for your money. And you don't often get a chance to see history—or romantic triangles, for that matter—made spectacular.

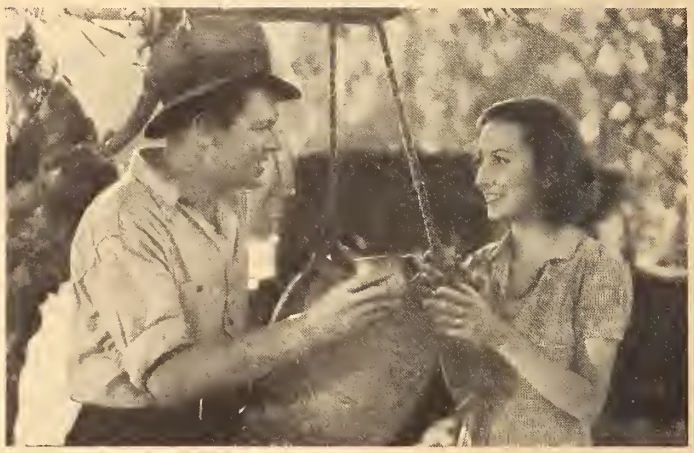
I'd say the highlights are: Claudette Colbert's beauty, and her poise in her undraped rôle. The settings—particularly the one of *Cleopatra's* barge, on which she and *Antony* have their Big Love Scene. The unexpected realism of the broadsword battle scenes. The dialogue, which is clipped and rather modern. The three death scenes.

Janet Gaynor—with Lew Ayres—manages to put humor into a novel twist of the Cinderella theme. It's "Servants' Entrance"

HANDY ANDY—Fox

Rogers Tickles the Ribs Again

IF you like Will Rogers—and if you don't, you are in the minority—you will go for "Handy Andy." It's all Will Rogers. But this time he is taking a vacation from the character-acting he displayed in "State Fair," "David Harum" and "Doctor Bull," and is more the comic that he was in "They Had to See Paris." Indeed, the formulas for the two pictures are much the same. And Rogers is always himself.



A mirror of modern life—with the Forgotten Man fully recognized is "Our Daily Bread," ably acted by Tom Keene and Karen Morley

In the earlier comedy, he was an oil man whose socially ambitious wife persuaded him to take a foreign holiday, on which his ludicrous exploits cured his wife of her high-falutin' ideas. This time, he is a corner druggist, whose socially ambitious wife persuades him to take her to the New Orleans Mardi Gras, where he, by his antics, succeeds in making her ambitions look silly.

As always, Rogers is natural, human and believable—even when his antics are most hilarious. The high point of hilarity is his disguise as *Tarzan* at a costume ball, and his attempt to do an adagio dance with Conchita Montenegro (which develops into an insane burlesque). Peggy Wood, from Broadway, is miscast as his wife, being too youthfully attractive for the rôle; and her singing voice is wasted on some music that doesn't matter. Mary Carlisle, as his sympathetic daughter, handles her small rôle skilfully.

REVIEWS OF THE CURRENT PICTURES

By Larry Reid

De Mille's "Cleopatra" makes a spectacular picture—with Claudette Colbert in the title rôle and Wilcoxon as *Antony*

THE BARRETTS OF WIMPOLE STREET—M-G-M

Triple Triumph for Three Stars

"THE Barretts of Wimpole Street" is a great love story, short on action, long on suspense. It is compelling from beginning to end, and not to be forgotten. The heroine is the invalid poetess, *Elizabeth Barrett;* the hero is the romantic poet, *Robert Browning;* the villain is her tyrannical, jealous, subtly cruel father. And these three rôles are interpreted by Norma Shearer, Fredric March and Charles Laughton, respectively. Moreover, Laughton doesn't steal this picture (though he comes close to it); the honors are divided—with Maureen O'Sullivan as the rebellious sister coming in for a share of them.

The chief setting is the oppressive Victorian home of the *Barretts*, where *Elizabeth* lies ill, afraid of both death and her father, and tries to forget by writing poetry. Her work attracts the attention of *Browning*, whose sympathy for her deepens into love and a determination to marry her. But her father is equally determined that the marriage will never take place and, with typical diabolical cleverness, sets out to thwart the lovers. The under-current of horror in the home, *pianissimo* until now, rises to *crescendo.*

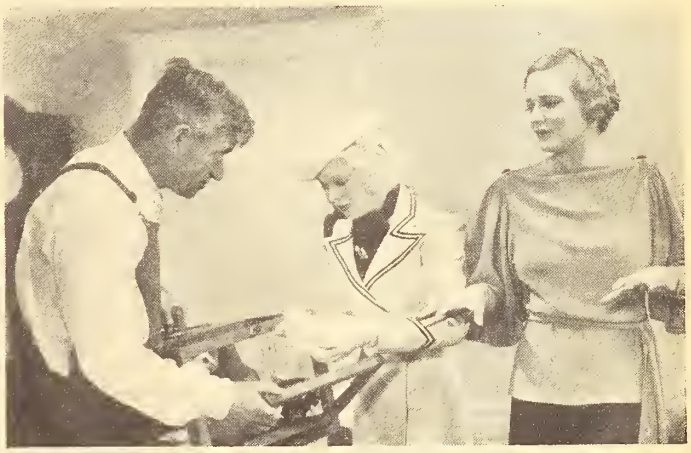
The picture, with two poets for the lovers, may sound highbrow; but its dialogue, as well as its drama, will rivet you to your seat. The picture gives Norma Shearer her chance to be an idealist again—and she takes full advantage of it. She is nothing if not inspirational. The same may be said of Fredric March, as the ardent, impetuous lover. (Their love scenes are lyrical.) And Charles Laughton has never been more convincingly sinister. Don't miss this one.

Harold Lloyd is as funny as ever and much more dramatic in "The Cat's-Paw." It is moving, exciting and clever all the way

THE CAT'S-PAW—Fox

Lloyd Gets Laughs in a New Way

HAROLD LLOYD—one comedian who has never played an off-color scene or spoken an off-color line (and has become a millionaire for his pains)—has one of his funniest comedies in "The Cat's-Paw." Certainly, it is his most novel. He does more acting, has more plot to work with, and depends less upon slapstick for his laughs. In fact, he's indulging in social satire. And there are laughs in it for everybody, from grandma to grandma's boy.



You'll go for "Handy Andy," with Will Rogers having the time of his life cutting up didoes to please a socially ambitious wife

Based on a Clarence Budington Kelland story, it is a comical tale of a young American, brought up in China to be a missionary, who leaves the philosophical Orient for high-pressure America, and suddenly and unwillingly finds himself "on the spot." He is lifted off a curbstone by some crooked politicians, and boomed as "reform mayor"; when he dazedly finds himself elected and tries to live up to his campaign promises, he runs up against gangland; whereupon he uses an old Oriental method to dispose of his enemies.

Lloyd's horn-rimmed specs are the same, but everything else is "different." He is less homespun and bewildered; he is more the eccentric. The situations in which he finds himself, and the gangsters whom he encounters, are all exaggerated to the point of unreality and smart satire. And yet he is so natural and his emotions are seem-

(*Continued on page 72*)

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

Ralph Morgan

Katharine Hepburn is taking to the air now to dodge reporters. But photographers can't (?) be escaped, as she hops West to start work on "The Little Minister"

Acme

The good old days of "Von for all, and all for Von" are back. Marlene Dietrich and director Joseph von Sternberg are speaking again. He is seen with Marlene, her daughter, Maria, and her husband, Rudolph Sieber

Dyar

Six months ago, Hollywood hadn't heard of Ketti Gallian. Now, with her first picture — "Maria Galante" — finished, she looms as a star (the only star with broader shoulders than hips). Her mother is French, her father Italian

TARZAN, MATE BATTLE FOR FUN, NOT DIVORCE

"Hollywood's Fightingest Marriage"—That of Lupe Velez and Johnny Weissmuller—Heads for the Rocks, But Head(line)s Right Away Again

By ANN SLATER

SAID Lupe Velez last November, soon after her marriage to Johnny (*Tarzan*) Weissmuller: "Eet weel be the *fightingest* marriage Hollywood has ever seen. But divorce? Nevair! I weel keel any judge who tries to take my Johnnee away from me." So, perhaps, when a justice recently put on his robes to sit in judgment on the divorce suit of Guadelupe Villalabos Weissmuller against Johnny Weissmuller, it was fortunate that Lupe's attorney rose in court and announced that his client wanted to withdraw her action. "They are apparently very much in love," he explained.

This time, Hollywood felt sure, the parting of the ways had come for the battling lovers, whose domestic differences it had seen staged in public. Now it is inclined to wonder if the suit could have possibly been just a publicity stunt to win the headlines. It is fairly safe to say that the next time Lupe cries, "Wolf! Wolf! Divorce!" newspaper men are going to yawn, "Oh, yeah?"

Clinging Together Yet

The Weissmuller marriage is about to celebrate its first anniversary, with the decisions in the various rounds that Lupe and Johnny have fought fairly evenly divided. The first battle came only a few days after the elopement to Las Vegas. It seemed that Johnny's great beeg horrible dog had bitten Lupe's tiny Mexican flea hound. And Lupe had ordered both the dog and its master out.

The dogs have been a source of many of the Weissmuller battles. But it didn't much matter what they fought about. Almost anything was an excuse for a battle—Johnny's habit of leaving his hat on the piano, Lupe's failure to serve ice cream and soup at every meal, Johnny's seventy-five dollar bicycle, Lupe's bracelet. When intervals of peace threatened to make domestic life dull, Lupe admits, she and Johnny would sit with arms about one another, discussing what they would fight about next. "We *like* to fight," she once said.

After about six months of married life, Lupe told a reporter, with fire in her eyes, "That Johnnee! I am through! I throw heem out!" This round was evidently Lupe's, for when reporters descended on Johnny's new apartment to hear his version of the crack-up, they found him gone—where?—right back to Lupe Velez.

Johnny (*Tarzan*) Weissmuller and his mate, Lupe Velez, have Hollywood guessing. Are they serious about their fighting—or is it a gag?

From then on, however, things waxed hotter. Almost every week the papers carried the report of a new public disagreement of the Weissmullers. When Lupe recently went on a personal appearance tour, and Johnny accompanied her, other portions of the country were let in on their family fights. Developments began to look ominous.

A week after their return, denying any trouble, local papers headlined that Lupe was going to divorce Johnny. "Yes, eet's true," she sobbed. "We still loff each other, but we can't live together."

This time the hostilities lasted almost a week. Then came Lupe's birthday. Johnny gave her a party. "He's so sweet," she beamed, "maybe I take heem back before the divorce is final."

Two days later, her attorney rose in court and withdrew the action. Now, Hollywood is trying to figure it out. Can it be just a publicity stunt—or is it just, as Lupe prophesied, "the fightingest marriage Hollywood has ever seen?"

ANITA PAGE, NEWLY WED, CAN'T LIVE WITH HUBBY

Blonde Actress Marries Nacio Herb Brown, Songwriter, in Mexico, But Their Marriage Won't Be Legal in California Until His Recent Divorce Is Final—Next Year

By MAUDE LATHEM

KEPT PROMISE—Anita Page promised her mother that she would never elope. And she didn't. She took her parents along to the sudden wedding!

WHEN the Justice of the Peace at Tia Juana, Mexico, was called early one recent morning to perform a marriage between Anita Page, blonde screen actress, and Nacio Herb Brown, composer of popular songs, he was not even slightly suspicious that he was officiating at the marriage of a Hollywood celebrity. For one thing, Anita used her real name of Pomares.

Many stars have followed the early example of Corinne Griffith and have gone to Mexico to be married. But, usually, famous movie couples are not accompanied, as in this case, by both parents of the bride and a younger brother. So the Mexican official thought that he was performing the ceremony for some Spanish family. (You see, the Pomares are of Spanish descent.) A long time ago, Anita solemnly promised her mother never to elope. That's why the whole family drove South all night, after Anita telephoned them her good news from the Cocoanut Grove at 2 a.m.!

Herb admits that he has loved Anita for six years; that she has never been out of his mind since he wrote "You Were Meant for Me" for "The Broadway Melody." He dedicated that song to her. When he first met Anita, he was married to his first wife, from whom he was shortly divorced. Later he married Jeanne Borlini, from whom he was granted an interlocutory decree of divorce on last June 5.

Anita had no intimation during those six years that Herb was interested in her. She thought of him only as a friend of the family. Until after his recent divorce, Herb never tried to see Anita. Then he began taking her out occasionally, and in July she made the discovery that he was in love with her, and that she was immensely interested in him. Then, one night at the Grove, where they had been dancing to his latest composition, "The Carlo," she discovered she was in love for the first time in her twenty-four years.

They decided that they must proclaim their love to the world. They couldn't be legally married in California for another ten months, but they could go to Mexico and tell the world that they belonged to each other. That would stop so many men from being interested in the blonde Anita, and it would relieve Herb from the necessity of being nice to so many women. But the marriage is not to be consummated until his divorce decree is final, at which time there will be another wedding in California—a church wedding. These were the only terms on which her father would consent to the marriage. Anita continues to reside with her parents at Manhattan Beach, while Herb has to come calling on her from far-away Malibu Beach.

Unless the offer is too good to refuse, I don't believe she will return to pictures. She has no thought but to do what Herb wishes, and he doesn't wish her to work in pictures.

"It would be all right until she came to the kissing scenes," he says, "but at that point I would insist on a double."

Six years ago, Nacio Herb Brown wrote the song, "You Were Meant for Me," to Anita

STAR WHO COINED "TRIAL SEPARATION" NOW WEDS IN EARNEST

"I'm Going to Be a Wife First, an Actress Second," Says Gloria Stuart, Marrying Writer After Divorcing Artist—Through With "Experiments"

By Eric L. Ergenbright

GLORIA STUART startled blasé Hollywood two years ago with her ultra-modern recipes for living. It was Gloria who invented that catchy term, "trial separation." It was Gloria who, after divorcing her artist-husband, Gordon Blair Newell, only to read of his remarriage the next day, vowed that she would never, NEVER marry again. That was two months ago. She's Mrs. Arthur Sheekman now!

An introduction to the Hollywood scenario writer on the set of "Roman Scandals" was followed by a whirlwind romance, a brief engagement. And a wedding ceremony at Agua Caliente and now, says Gloria, "The one great love of my life has taught me that all my high-flown theories were schoolgirl delusions. I've met a man who is everything I ever wanted, and I'm content to be an *old-fashioned wife!*"

Gloria, how greatly have you changed! Look back two years and listen to her at the time of her Hollywood début. "Marriage? An antiquated, to-be-put-up-with fact, made tolerable only through application of modern thought. Jealousy? Something to be banished relentlessly from every intelligent marriage. Individual freedom? The sacred, inalienable right of every thinking human, to be maintained in the very teeth of marriage."

And Gloria and Gordon Newell put their creed into practice. Surrounded by a clique of individualists, they made their home a Temple to New Thought. Gloria did as she pleased, with no questions asked or explanations given. Gordon did the same. With their friends, they argued the nights away on Communism, psychology, sex, art, literature, nudism—and then dashed away to secluded Laguna Beach for a swim in the half-light of dawn. But their marriage crashed. And now Gloria thinks she knows why.

"The fact that we both mistook a pack of sophomoric half-truths for a workable scheme of marriage is responsible," she says. "I condemned jealousy and preached individual rights, but at heart *I wanted my husband to be jealous of me.* If my work kept me out late at night, I wanted him to be pacing the floor when I came home. I wanted him to demand an accounting and beat into my mind the fact that I belonged to him! I went out with other men—and he said nothing. He went out with other women—and I was furious, but too proud to let him think me old-fashioned.

"Now, I am deeply in love with Arthur Sheekman—and I'm through dabbling with ideas about life. They don't bring happiness. He is jealous of me—and I love it. I want love, not academic art-colony theories.

"After my divorce, I was hurt and bewildered. I was left without a belief in anything. I was in a fit mood to commit any folly. Even when I fell in love with Arthur and knew that this love was the biggest thing that had ever come into my life, I fought against it. 'Don't fall in love with me—I don't deserve you!' I told him. But I wanted his love—desperately.

"I'm happier now than I've ever been in my life. Arthur's whole existence is based on facts that have been tried and proved since the beginning of the world. We can trust our lives to them. My former beliefs were just impractical theories that couldn't stand the test of application. This time we will have only one marriage 'rule'—under no circumstances will we tolerate being separated for more than thirty days. If Arthur is forced to go to Europe, I will drop everything and go with him. I'm going to be a wife first, an actress second, and an 'intellectual modern' last of all."

He Wasn't Jealous

Gordon Newell was too "modern" to be jealous—and Gloria Stuart sought a divorce

Arthur Sheekman IS a jealous husband—and Gloria Stuart hankers to be an old-fashioned wife to him (as above, perhaps)

P. S. Her new husband is a writer; so is Gloria in her spare time. A publisher is bringing out a volume of her poems this Fall—a volume entitled "Worm Behind the Leaf."

Gloria has made no secret of the fact that she has been restless in Hollywood. Artistically ambitious, she has been discontented with her opportunities. Not long ago, she said, "I feel that in two years I've had only two really good rôles—believable rôles. The rest of the time, I've just been there in front of the camera, occupying space, smiling in love pictures, shrieking in mystery stories. It's not more money I'm fighting for. It isn't big rôles I want. Just good ones."

She was on a "one-woman strike" from her studio at the time, to get those rôles; now she is back, a winner, and rôles building to stardom have been promised her. And, tacitly, she is warning Hollywood that it had better keep its promises, or lose her. For one thing, she is an active member of a Little Theatre group, staging modern classics—a warning that she is serious about doing worth-while things. And then, there is her poetry.

At that time, she explained her "trial separation" from Gordon Newell by saying, "We each want to be free to work out our careers." Maybe what she meant was that they wanted to be free from *each other.*

BING CAN'T RETIRE NOW—IT'S TWINS

Bing Crosby Is Now a Much Kidded Man, in Every Sense of the Word—Stork Left Double Bundle on Friday, the 13th

By Joan Standish

THEY are calling him Bing-Bing Crosby these days, and he doesn't like it a whole lot. And the morning after the Crosby family was increased by two, Paramount songwriters took a page in a local trade paper to congratulate him—and showed him holding twin babies and singing "Love in Bloom"; Bing scowled. The scowl deepened when he saw the "felicitations" of other friends—a page showing the stork depositing twins in the crib with Gary Evan Crosby, aged thirteen months, with the caption "Three Rhythm Boys," and a bar from "Love Thy Neighbor."

Bing is proud of the twins, all right, but he does wish people would stop kidding him about them. The kidding began so long ago, too—three months before the twins' arrival, when Dixie Lee Crosby went to the hospital to have an X-ray taken, and the plate showed two tiny spines, instead of one. His friends at the studio started the ribbing then, and kidded him about the picture he was making—"She Loves Him Not."

In every sense of the word, Bing is a much kidded man, indeed, these days. And when he took to his bed with a bad case of influenza the day after the twins were born, it didn't relieve his feelings to have his pals joshing about the "shock" he had had.

"It's a complete golf foursome!" Bing is reported to have shouted gleefully when the nurse put her head out of the door on Friday, the 13th, and announced, "They're boys!" But Dixie was disappointed. She had a boy already. She had hoped they would be twin girls, and had the names picked for them.

As it was, all of a week passed before the squirming mites in their incubator beds received names. They were big, husky names, too, for such small lads—Philip Lang and Dennis Michael. But whether or not it was Philip who weighed a trifle more than four pounds and Dennis who weighed a little less than four pounds, nobody will ever be able to determine. Dixie named Philip Lang—"Philip" always having been a favorite name of hers; the "Lang" is in honor of Eddie Lang, one of Bing's former orchestral buddies. Bing named the other—after his grandfather.

Hollywood has taken a personal interest in the twins ever since they had their X-ray picture taken. They are the first twins ever born to an active star in the movie colony (although Lawrence Tibbett and Edna Best each had twins before they ever started their film careers). The interest became painful when it seemed for a time that there was little hope of their safe arrival in the world. Dixie Lee Crosby was very ill for three months, part of the time in a hospital bed, and the rest of the time a prisoner in her own room, shut away from the gaieties that she and Bing both love. Bing remained home with her when his work permitted, and the two youthful parents had a good chance to realize the serious side of life, about which Bing croons sometimes.

Bing, who admits freely that he is lazy and would like nothing better than to sleep all the time he wasn't playing golf or going fishing, had been toying with the idea of giving up his radio work, or his movie work, or maybe both. "But when the Doc told me there were going to be two more Crosbys, I saw that I had to keep on hustling," Bing drawls. Incidentally, he played a golf game with the obstetrician to see if the doctor's fee should be double or nothing—and lost.

The Crosby twins have spent the first few weeks of their existence in incubators of the type in which Harold Lloyd, Jr., lived for so long. There they will remain until they have attained the sturdy weight of six pounds. Even the parents are able to get only infrequent looks at them as yet. But they are planning a royal welcome when the boys come home to Toluca Lake, to the new cribs that have been added to the nursery suite once occupied in a lordly way by Gary Evan.

Is Friday, the 13th, an unlucky day for the Bing Crosbys? "We couldn't be happier unless they had been triplets!" they chorus.

One question Hollywood is asking about Bing's becoming not only a father for the second time, but the father of twins, is: "What effect will it have on his popularity?" Well, Bing has been deluged with messages of congratulation from admirers far and wide; and an admittedly shrewd advertising department has been advertising "She Loves Me Not" as "Bing's greatest triumph since the twins"—amusingly reminding everybody of the Big Event.

And last June his manager-brother, Everett, told Movie Classic: "We thought at first maybe his marriage would hurt his popularity, but the fans seemed just glad to hear he was happy. Then, when the first baby came along, we thought, 'Maybe, *now*, being a papa and all, he won't seem quite so romantic.' But do you know that sixty letters out of every hundred he gets nowadays ask him how the baby is or sent 'love to Gary and Dixie'? Now that the second baby is coming in September"—he guessed wrong about both the number and the date—"everybody seems interested and pleased. It's because Bing seems like an every-day sort of young man, who would naturally have a wife and family, that people like him, and his songs."

THEY WEREN'T DUMFOUNDED

Bing and Dixie Lee Crosby knew they were going to have twins; a little X-ray told them. But Dixie had planned on girls

ONE FAIRBANKS RETURNS; THE OTHER STAYS ABROAD

Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., Comes Back from England—for a Visit, at Least; But Young Doug Shows Signs of Saying "Goodbye" to Hollywood Forever

BY DOROTHY DONNELL

WHEN Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., returned to Hollywood from England last Spring to make "Success at Any Price," he took occasion to deny vehemently that either he or his father intended to become expatriates. "We simply find England a charming place to live," he said, "but we are Americans and intend to remain Americans." Since then, several things have happened to make Hollywood wonder if he would say the same thing to-day.

When the elder Doug went to England, soon after his parting with Mary Pickford (which the public did not know about for several weeks), and it began to look as if he intended to make a lengthy stay, newspapers rumored that he was planning to become a British citizen. This he denied, and rumors of reconciliation with Mary (and a possible return to Pickfair) followed. These rumors suddenly ended when Mary went ahead with her divorce intentions, and Doug, who had been the frequent escort of Lady Sylvia Ashley, was named co-respondent in the divorce suit of Lord Ashley. (Both Doug and Lady Sylvia entered indignant denials of the allegations.)

Then Hollywood learned that the Fairbanks bungalow on the United Artists lot was being altered and refurnished—and the rumor that Doug was coming home took on a new boom, until it was learned that the bungalow was being rebuilt for another star. In the meantime, the cables reported that Doug had acquired a monocle, with friends explaining that his eyesight had been affected by studio lights during the making of his new picture, "The Private Life of Don Juan." Hollywood wondered: Was just one eye affected, or did he need only one eye to read with? Then came the news that he had rented a castle in Hants, Herts (or maybe it was in Herts, Hants)—an awf'ly British castle, with thirty-four bedrooms and a family ghost, where his friends in the aristocracy would presumably feel at home. And then returning travelers brought word that Doug's English accent was more extreme than that of a third-termer at Magdalen College. It looked as if America had lost Doug for keeps.

But suddenly, with his new picture soon to be released in America, he sailed for the homeland, smiled broadly on arrival, and flew immediately to Denver, his old home-town, to the funeral of the widow of his brother and late business manager, John. Then on to Hollywood for a "business talk" with Mary, before sailing away again—this time to China, to make a picture. Beyond this new picture venture, he is non-committal about his future plans—and home.

However, it isn't likely that America will lose the elder Fairbanks—officially, at any rate. For one thing, he has too many investments on this side of the Atlantic to sacrifice them for a new flag. And the income taxes of a well-to-do English citizen are terrifying. And Lady Ashley? She was an actress before her marriage, and if she finally heeds Doug's reported suggestion that she try a film career, it is conceivable that she might also be persuaded to make Hollywood the scene of her début.

But while it would surprise Hollywood if the father became a British citizen, it would not be surprised if the son took the step. For young Doug apparently has no plans for returning to Hollywood. He has had his business agents sell all his investments except the home that he built for Joan Crawford, whose divorce from him became final in May. And that to-day bears a huge sign, "For Sale."

In the last six months, Doug, Jr., has turned down two hundred thousand dollars' worth of Hollywood offers—and some of the finest rôles that Hollywood had to give. If young Doug gives up a fortune, his Hollywood friends and his country, it will be for love of a charming English comédienne, Gertrude Lawrence, several years his senior. He is planning to appear with her in a London play this Fall, and is also scheduled for an English picture, "The Field of the Cloth of Gold," for which Charles Laughton and Maurice Chevalier are likewise listed. Meanwhile, young Doug—who is tremendously popular in London—has been cruising with Miss Lawrence and a party of English friends on a yacht that he presented to her.

They Like Jolly Ol' Lunnon

Acme

When Douglas Fairbanks went over to England, Doug. Jr., followed—and now he's apparently even more sold on it than his father

THREE MOVIE COUPLES MAKE PACT TO STICK TOGETHER IN TROUBLE

The Fredric Marches, Robert Montgomerys and John Lodges Store Away Food for Strike Emergency, and Agree That It's "All For One, and One For All"

BY SONIA LEE

The Fredric Marches foresaw the need of a cow—for a supply of fresh milk

Apeda

The Robert Montgomerys, who have a farm, were to superintend the gardening

THE general strike in San Francisco, which virtually made it a besieged city, had its repercussions in Hollywood, four hundred miles away. An extraordinary compact was made by Fredric March, John Lodge and Robert Montgomery, when it seemed that Los Angeles, too, might be paralyzed by a general labor walk-out. They were prepared for any emergency.

Troops entered the Northern California city. News stories came over the wires about thousands of people who faced a shortage of food. Graphic photographs showed hundreds of motorists lined up before gasoline stations in desperate efforts to buy small supplies of motor fuel.

It was at a dinner party in the March home that these three stars formulated their plans. No one at the moment could tell how far the strike would spread. The latest rumor was that workers in the Los Angeles area and in other Coast cities were going to walk out in sympathy with the San Francisco strikers. In that event, the problem of food and of transportation would be acute.

The following morning, Mrs. Montgomery, Mrs. March and Mrs. Lodge placed large orders for cases of canned stuffs—vegetables and fruits and tinned meats. In addition, they all ordered a large supply of flour, coffee, sugar, tea and all the other staples that would guard them against hunger. They all bought large quantities of gasoline and stored it in a safe place for emergency.

Not even to themselves would they admit that the tense unrest might have serious—even tragic—consequences, directly affecting themselves. But like thousands of less-well-known couples in California, they intended to make "Preparedness" their motto.

The Lodges, the Marches and the Montgomerys all have small children. And because they would need fresh milk, John Lodge and Fredric March agreed to buy a cow. It could be pastured on the March place and would provide against emergency. The sextette even discussed the advisability of starting vegetable gardens immediately. Bob Montgomery knows something about farming. He has acquired several hundred acres of farmland in New York State, and has made it, by careful planning and by systematic cultivation, self-supporting. He has even stocked the streams with trout. If worse came to worst, all of them could find refuge and subsistence there. So Bob was the authority on farming.

Fortunately, the San Francisco strike was settled. The crisis was passed—and three stars immediately began distributing cases of food to various charities.

"Our pact was to share and share alike whatever we had," explains John Lodge. "Not one of us could go hungry while the others had food. We all felt that the situation was much more serious than was generally recognized, and, for the sake of our families, we considered it imperative to make some small provision against a day that we hoped would never come."

The John Lodges were to be part-owners, with the Marches, of the cow

Nell Gwyn, the gay, irresponsible charmer of London's Drury Lane, who so captivated King Charles II (he looked them over, two hundred and fifty years ago) as an actress, hoyden and wit that he made her his mistress, lives again on the screen. And it's London's Anna Neagle who humanizes *Nell* with all the charm and gaiety that have made her one of the feminine immortals. When you see "Nell Gwyn," with La Neagle in the title rôle, you'll be taking lessons in the pastime known as love

LONDON CHARMER

"MISS MARIE" . . . .

a Story Never Told Till Now

The whole world mourns Marie Dressler—but the one who misses her the most, because she was the closest to her in life, is Mamie Cox, her colored maid. For twenty-two years, until the very end, Mamie was with her—the most faithful friend of all. Now it should be told—the story of the devotion that "Miss Marie" inspired throughout her life and work!

"Perhaps she learned the Truth when Time was young;
And comes again with heaven-songs of mirth;
And leaves her gods and goddesses alone
To live with us a little while on earth."

THUS read the lines of Marie Dressler's favorite poem. Spoken by Reverend Neal Dodd at the funeral service in Hollywood for the world's most beloved woman, the verse was fraught with significance.

The "she" really was Marie Dressler. She has lived with us a little while on earth and, having made it a happier place because of her presence here, she has now gone to rejoin her gods and goddesses.

Old-timers, stretching their memories, can recall Marie Dressler in her hey-day as a fun-maker on the stage—with Joe Weber and Lew Fields in "Higgledy-Piggledy." Mamie Cox's memories go back even farther

Byron, New York

By
JOHN SHERMAN

Marie" won the respect of all Hollywood.

Shared Marie's Secret

WHEN doctors pronounced a death sentence upon Marie Dressler three years ago, Mamie was the only one Marie told. Together, they guarded the secret jealously from the world. Together, they conspired that Marie might carry on.

"The last words Miss Marie spoke were, 'I did put up a good fight, didn't I?'" Mamie told me. "A few moments later, she relapsed into a coma and never awakened from it.

"Miss Marie was not allowed to know how ill she really was, and news of the seriousness of her condition did not reach her through the newspapers. The reporters weren't told until after she had lost consciousness.

Marie Dressler used to delight in telling how Mamie Cox (right) shielded her and "bullied" her—for her own good. For many months, Mamie was the only one to share Marie's secret. And it was to Mamie that Marie spoke her last gallant words before the end: "I did put up a good fight, didn't I?"

But we who are left behind are lonesome. Yet there is not one of us who can mourn Marie more sincerely than Mamie. For not one of us knew Marie as Mamie did or was as close to her as Mamie—Mamie Cox, her maid and companion, faithful and staunch throughout an association that had lasted for nearly a quarter of a century.

Mamie never left Marie's bedside during the last four weeks of the illness that mercifully ended in death. Mamie attended the funeral, sitting in the front row, and as the casket was borne from the chapel, Mamie, arm in arm with May Robson, led the line of mourners slowly walking behind it. And Mamie remained in the mausoleum until everyone else had gone, so that she might be alone in her grief.

Mamie is a colored woman. Her devotion to "Miss

"We went to Santa Barbara last February, upon the advice of Dr. Moffet. For a while we lived at the Biltmore Hotel but Miss Marie tired of a hotel room and decided to accept the kind offer of Mrs. Billings to occupy one of their guest homes on their estate in Montecito. Miss Marie had vacationed there several times and she wanted to be among her friends again. She always loved people around her. One of my duties was to keep them from disturbing her too much. She never told me so, but I didn't have to be told.

(*Continued on page* 74)

Although divorced from John Gilbert, Virginia Bruce is still in love with him—and prefers to be known by her married name. She would go to Jack in a minute if he wanted her, but she agrees that no woman can make him happy permanently

"My Marriage with JOHN GILBERT Was Not a Failure"

—VIRGINIA BRUCE

By Maude Lathem

WOMEN never fall out of love with John Gilbert. Sixteen years ago Olivia Burrell was divorced from him after a few months of marriage. She came quietly to Hollywood, and has lived here a few miles away from the dashing hero of her youthful romance ever since. She still bears his name. There's Leatrice Joy, who, years after she divorced Jack, eagerly asked everyone she met for news of him. She could not talk on any subject for more than a moment without speaking his name. The great Garbo, breaking a three-year silence, demanded her former screen lover as her leading man when she made "Queen Christina."

And now Virginia Bruce sets Hollywood abuzz, and corrects the publicity man of her studio, who introduced her as "Miss Bruce," with the quiet statement: "I prefer to be called by my right name, Mrs. John Gilbert." It is the first time a divorced actress has ever clung to her husband's name. But then, Virginia has always occupied a unique position in the film world. She possessed a beauty so fragile, so evanescent, that photographers despaired of ever being able to reproduce it on the screen. They said she was too beautiful to photograph.

She is the only player on record whose picture contract was suspended when she married. This is what the studio did in her case, judging in advance that chances were ten to one against her finding permanent happiness in a marriage with Jack Gilbert. When she divorced him, she began at the studio where she left off. Now she is in the paradoxical position of having divorced her husband while she is apparently still in love with him.

"It's not true that I am writing him love letters," Virginia says, blushingly. "I only sent him roses when he was ill and wrote a note expressing my earnest hope that he would soon be all right. I can't bear to have him feel alone and neglected while he is sick. As for still being in love, how can you tell just when love dies? You can be hurt, desperately, and yet, after a time, only the pleasant recollections remain."

(*Continued on page* 76)

"I'm Going to Sandpaper Jimmy Cagney's Neck!"

Says Jimmy Cagney

to Katharine Hartley

"JIM Cagney speaking: Listen, folks, here's something few people can realize. I can watch Jimmy Cagney on the screen and look at him as impersonally as I'd look at Garbo . . . well, not quite as impersonally," he interrupted himself with that intriguing half-smile of his. "But what I mean is that the Jimmy Cagney that's me and the Jimmy Cagney that's an actor are two separate people. And, believe it or not, the me is simply fed up with the Cagney on the screen.

"I'm sick of walking, talking, gesticulating like a tough. I'm so tired of taking cracks at women, and brow-beating them, that whenever I'm asked to do that on a screen, I feel like turning to the camera and saying, 'Pardon me, audience, but that's just an act. I'd much rather kiss the girl than sock her! It's more natural.' You see what I mean?

"Now I don't mean that the tough guy hasn't been successful. The public has liked me tough, but I'm looking ahead. The day of the gangster, the mug, the guy who slaps his women down, is through. People won't stand for them in reality, or on the screen any more. I want to take the rough edges off Jim Cagney, sandpaper his neck, get him out of those pinched-in suits, and put him in plus-fours . . . let him use his natural voice and forget the 'dese,' and 'dems' . . . and let him wear kid gloves instead of brass knuckles! But I'm having a devil of a time to get my studio to see it, for audiences don't even realize it, themselves.

"Not long ago the studio announced that they were going to 'clean up Jimmy Cagney's parts' — and what happened? Thousands and thousands of people wrote in and said, 'Don't! We like him as he is. Besides, we doubt if he ever could be a gentleman!' You see what I'm up against? Even if I did do a swell portrayal of a gentleman, they've seen me as a tough for so long that they'd think I was ham-acting! It's a neat problem, isn't it?"

(*Continued on page 79*)

Jimmy Cagney is tired of the Cagney you see on the screen. He's fed up with the tough guy who slaps his woman down. He wants to get out of pinched-in suits and into plus-fours—and to wear kid gloves instead of brass knuckles. In other words, he wants to play the gentleman. It's Cagney talking—and he says a mouthful

Time for Lovetime

If Pat Paterson is a likeness of the favorite lady of the romantic Franz Schubert, then it's no wonder that he wrote those imperishable melodies. It's Pat, no less, who woos sweet music and honeyed words from Nils Asther, portraying the rôle of the great composer. Their Viennese serenade is called "Lovetime"

Meet Us At "The Fountain"

You can look high, low, near and far for an actress capable of playing "The Fountain," but when your searching is done Ann Harding is your choice—as it was Hollywood's. Playing opposite Ann is Brian Aherne, who has just been engaged to appear with Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows"

Here, for the first time, MOVIE CLASSIC presents a new and different chapter in the life of Jean Harlow—one in which she is seen through the eyes of her mother, who has never granted an interview before

"BABY"—The Real JEAN HARLOW of Whom You've Never Heard

By Jack Grant

To you, Jean Harlow may be the screen's foremost exponent of sex appeal, but to her mother, Jean is just "Baby." I mean this literally. Never once in Jean's life has her mother called her by her given name. Even in speaking of her to others, she remains the "Baby". Marino Bello, Jean's stepfather, likewise calls her "Baby." And, of course, the servants and tradespeople have picked it up, too. "Did the Baby like the cut of beef I sent yesterday?" the butcher asks the cook. "How about some nice roses for the Baby to-day?" inquires the florist when the chauffeur calls for fresh cut flowers. "Take this package up to the Baby's room," the butler orders the second maid.

This habit of speech is so commonplace in Jean's household that a servant once addressed her as "Miss Baby" instead of "Miss Jean," the customary form of direct salutation, and no one at the dinner table even noticed the *faux pas*.

However unusual this state of affairs may seem, let me tell you that Jean Harlow, though a seductive vamp in her screen dramas, is but a child in her private life—with a child's simplicity and directness. I hope I am destroying no illusions, but I do want you to know her as she really is.

Jean's bedroom adjoins her

(*Continued on page* 62)

Passes Inspection

"If I don't adjust the strap to the helmet," says Dick Powell to Ruby Keeler, "you won't pass inspection with me or our public." The popular co-stars are together again in "Flirtation Walk," a romance which presents Dick as a West Point cadet—and Ruby as his sweetheart. If the Navy can offer a happier combination, the Army would eat its rarin' mule for breakfast

By
Mark
Dowling

"I've Been So Naughty!" —Jean Parker

America's New Sweetheart says she's naughty, hates to study, loves fairy stories and lives in a little dream world of her own. Which either makes Jean Parker something of a "Little Woman" in real life or an artful actress

We offer this amazing interview as one of the curiosities that occasionally come our way. Possibly, it was the interviewer who brought out the Little Girl in Jean Parker. Possibly, she is still under the Louisa May Alcott influence.—*Editor.*

BEFORE I met Jean Parker, I had been told that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is grooming her to be America's New Sweetheart, to follow in the golden footsteps of Mary Pickford and Janet Gaynor. The process, I had heard, includes a guardian, reminiscent of the good old days of stage mothers, who chaperons Jean every minute, to keep her fresh, youthful bloom untouched. I had read, too, that studio heads had forbidden the publicizing of her romance with young Pancho Lucas (because America's Sweethearts are more successful when unattached); and I knew that all of Hollywood speaks of her protectively and effectively as "Little Jean."

I, myself, had watched the cynical eyes of Ben Piazza, casting director at M-G-M, grow moist as he murmured, "There's nobody like her! She's what you'd want your daughter to be like!" Yet I was still totally unprepared for the overwhelming naïveté of Jean Parker in person.

She might have stepped from the pages of Laura Jean Libbey, curls and clasped hands and all. She might, on the other hand, have been a clever little actress, playing the rôle of America's New Sweetheart. She has a gift for making artless remarks, which are so amazingly artless that conversation becomes difficult, if not actually impossible, unless you've just read "Pollyanna" and know the answers. For example:

"*I've been so naughty to-day!*" she said, one minute after we met.

Coming from a mature-looking young woman who has

(*Continued on page 56*)

"There's No Romance Between Garbo and Me"

—Carl Brisson

Hollywood and the public are all wrong if they believe Carl Brisson and Garbo are *that way* about each other. The Danish actor only "knew her when"—many years ago in Stockholm. In this interview he silences the rumors and declares it'll be the last time he will talk about the Swedish Sphinx

By Grant Jackson

YOU either like Carl Brisson enormously or you do not like him at all. His is that kind of personality—extremely positive, seeking no middle ground. Now that I have met him and we have talked at length, I unreservedly cast my vote with the great majority who like him enormously.

More than just a figure of speech, this. Brisson is enormous, a regular mountain of a man. His features and physique are large—that wide, personable grin, periodically lighting up his face, that heavily muscled body, developed in his early days as a professional boxer. When he stopped fighting at twenty-four to turn actor, he was middle-weight champion of Europe.

I had heard a number of things about Brisson previous to meeting him. One thing in particular I heard and did not like—the charge that he was capitalizing upon his former friendship with Greta Garbo for personal publicity purposes. So many men have used Garbo to gain publicity for themselves. It is an old and not a very praiseworthy Hollywood custom.

Our interview had run its usual course for several minutes—"How do you like America?" "I think it charming."—"And American women?" "Even more charming."—when Brisson suddenly asked, "Are you by any chance leading up to the inevitable questions concerning Greta Garbo and me? If so, I fear this interview must end."

"Do you mean to say that you are averse to discussing Garbo?"

No More Garbo Talk From Brisson

"I MEAN to say that I shall never again speak of her for publication. I have been frequently embarrassed by being called upon to answer questions about Miss Garbo. Because I did not wish to seem rude, I have been

(*Continued on page 58*)

Illustrations and text copr. 1934, Kotex Co.

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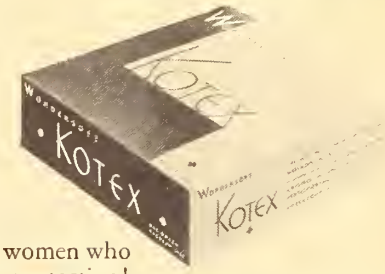

MOST women think chafing is inescapable. But with this new Wondersoft Kotex you forget about chafing entirely! Now sides are cushioned with fluffy cotton to keep them so gentle, so downy-soft, that even young girls, vigorous of motion and tender of skin, can find no fault. Sides remain dry and soft, yet top and bottom are free to absorb.

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She uses cosmetics as she always has but removes them thoroughly the Hollywood way . . . guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin!

SCREEN STARS are wise in the ways of loveliness! And thousands of clever girls all over the country are adopting Hollywood's beauty care to guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin—keep their complexions exquisite.

Have *you* seen warning signals of this distressing modern complexion trouble—enlarged pores, tiny blemishes, dullness — blackheads, perhaps? No need to worry! Hollywood's beauty care—Lux Toilet Soap—will help you!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly actually leaves bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. When this happens, the pores gradually become clogged, distended—unable to function normally. Cosmetic Skin develops.

You needn't run this risk. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, carries swiftly away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

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Yes, indeed I use cosmetics! But by removing them regularly with **Lux Toilet Soap** I guard against Cosmetic Skin

MIRIAM HOPKINS

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "SHE LOVES ME NOT"

NRA CODE

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Colorful, yet never coated with paint

THESE are the lips that men long to kiss. *Soft, natural lips.* Never coated with red paint. Simply alluring with natural-looking color . . . color that you, too, can have by using the lipstick which isn't paint.

Tangee contains a color-change principle which makes it intensify the natural coloring in your lips . . . so much so, that men think Tangee color is your own!

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In the stick, Tangee looks orange. But on your lips, it changes to rose—the one shade of blush-rose most natural for your type!

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TANGEE — Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

Cheeks mustn't look painted, either. So use Tangee Rouge. Gives same natural color as the lipstick. Now in refillable gun-metal case. Tangee Refills save money.

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TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

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THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MP104
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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder.** I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ Flesh ☐ Rachel ☐ Light Rachel

Name _____ Please Print

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

"I've Been So Naughty!"

(*Continued from page 51*)

—Jean Parker

worked in Hollywood studios for nearly two years, this confession had all the effect of a knock-out. Mrs. Wright, Jean's guardian, filled the silence.

"Not *really* naughty," said Mrs. Wright, reproachfully. "You're never really naughty, Jean."

"*Oh, I was so naughty!*" the star insisted, with a lovely laugh.

Mrs. Wright admitted, "Perhaps we should have studied the lines longer last night." (The "naughtiness" apparently had something to do with Jean's slipping up on her day's lines.)

Jean pouted, "*Oh, dear, I hate to study!*"

Again Mrs. Wright was ahead of me with the answer. (Mrs. Wright, we'll bet, had recently brushed up on "Little Women" or "Elsie Dinsmore.")

"You don't *really* hate to study," said Mrs. Wright. "You're really a good girl."

Compliments fly constantly between these two. They first met, we learned, at the home of Mrs. Koverman, Jean's discoverer and sponsor. Their liking was mutual and instantaneous. Mrs. Wright had just lost her husband; Jean was new and strange in the studio.

"I expected an awful old dragon when they told me about a guardian," Jean giggled. "But when I saw who my guardian was, I couldn't help rushing and hugging her. I never dreamed I would find a person I could love so much."

Mrs. Wright added, "Once we were separated for four whole days, and I could hardly wait to get back to my Jean. She is the most wonderful little girl in the world."

Mrs. Wright lives with the star, comes to the studio with her, sits opposite her during interviews, and spends almost every waking moment in her company. "She is, in a way, my mother," Jean says. (She is also the mother of two sons, one of whom works in the M-G-M publicity department.)

Her Favorite Occupation

I WONDERED, next, how the star occupies her time when not being naughty at the studio.

"*I love reading fairy stories,*" she told me in a fresh, clear voice.

By now, my silence had been more or less accepted, and Jean continued, "'Green Mansions' is one of my favorite books—I especially love the part where the mother turns into a white flower."

"Green Mansions," by W. H. Hudson, is not strictly a fairy story, but a fantasy that is one of the gems of modern literature. Dolores Del Rio has been mentioned for the screen version.

"I love the real fairy stories for children, too," Jean admitted, and named one or two. She is, you see, a lonely person. She lives a great deal, she admitted (with a pretty blush), "*in a little dream world of my own.*

"I don't like the modern world very much," she confided. "Boys and girls of my own age seem unstable and too highly sophisticated. I don't like to see girls smoke. I don't like to see them lead boys on, just to have beaux. I adore the sort of stories Mary Pickford used to make for the screen. I want to play parts like that, myself. I feel at home in them. I love old-fashioned things. *I'm really just an old-fashioned girl.*"

I wondered, out loud, if the star's home is decorated to match the personality.

"I think everyone appreciates the modern conveniences," Mrs. Wright reproved me, "but Jean's own room is a quaint little place with a canopy over her bed, and dotted Swiss all around."

Although publicity men give the impression that the star is very young, indeed (her actual age is not disclosed), she is in appearance a beautiful and mature young woman. She was discovered when she posed in a bathing suit for a poster. In her early life, she knew trouble and hardships. She worked for her education by being a mother's helper after school hours. She knows the embarrassment and pain of family strife. To such, knowledge usually comes quickly. It is almost unbelievable that Jean seems as if she'd just stepped out of a nursery—and a very sheltered, Victorian nursery at that. She seems the quaint, old-fashioned child, with sadness in her laughing eyes.

Her rôle of the little crippled girl in "Have a Heart," who looks on wistfully while others dance, is reflected in her own life, as she described it to me. She hasn't much chance for fun. Not that Mrs. Wright is a strict chaperon. ("There's no need to be strict with an angel like Jean!" that lady assured me.)

"I'm almost always at the studio," the little star explained. "I get up at six-thirty and I often work until nine o'clock at night. Then I go home and have supper and go right to bed." She hasn't been to a dance in four months. She rarely sees a movie.

She seems, perhaps designedly, a pathetic, lonely figure in the intense sociability of studio life. She is said to have an agreement with Pancho Lucas not to go out with others for five years, at the end of which time, if they still share love's young dream, they will marry. The romantic story is that this boy was a rich man's son in Pasadena when Jean was working as a mother's helper. Now she's at the top, and his family has suffered financial losses.

"I do love dancing with *him!*" she told me when we were discussing her dislike of young people in general. But when asked about Mr. Lucas in particular, she was like a child reciting a well-learned lesson as she said, primly, "I-feel-that-he-hasn't-seen-enough-of-the-world, or—met-enough-other-girls, to-know-what-he-really-wants."

In Mary's and Janet's Class

JEAN has other claims to the position of America's New Sweetheart beside her remarkable naïveté. Ben Piazza, the aforementioned chief casting director at M-G-M, told me, "There are more calls from other studios wanting to borrow Jean Parker than there are for any actress on this lot. Every producer in Hollywood seems to have two or three rôles that only Jean can play. Her wholesome characterizations are what Hollywood needs right now, but how often do you find a girl who combines such emotional appeal with real acting ability? *I can name only Mary Pickford, Janet Gaynor, and now Jean Parker.*"

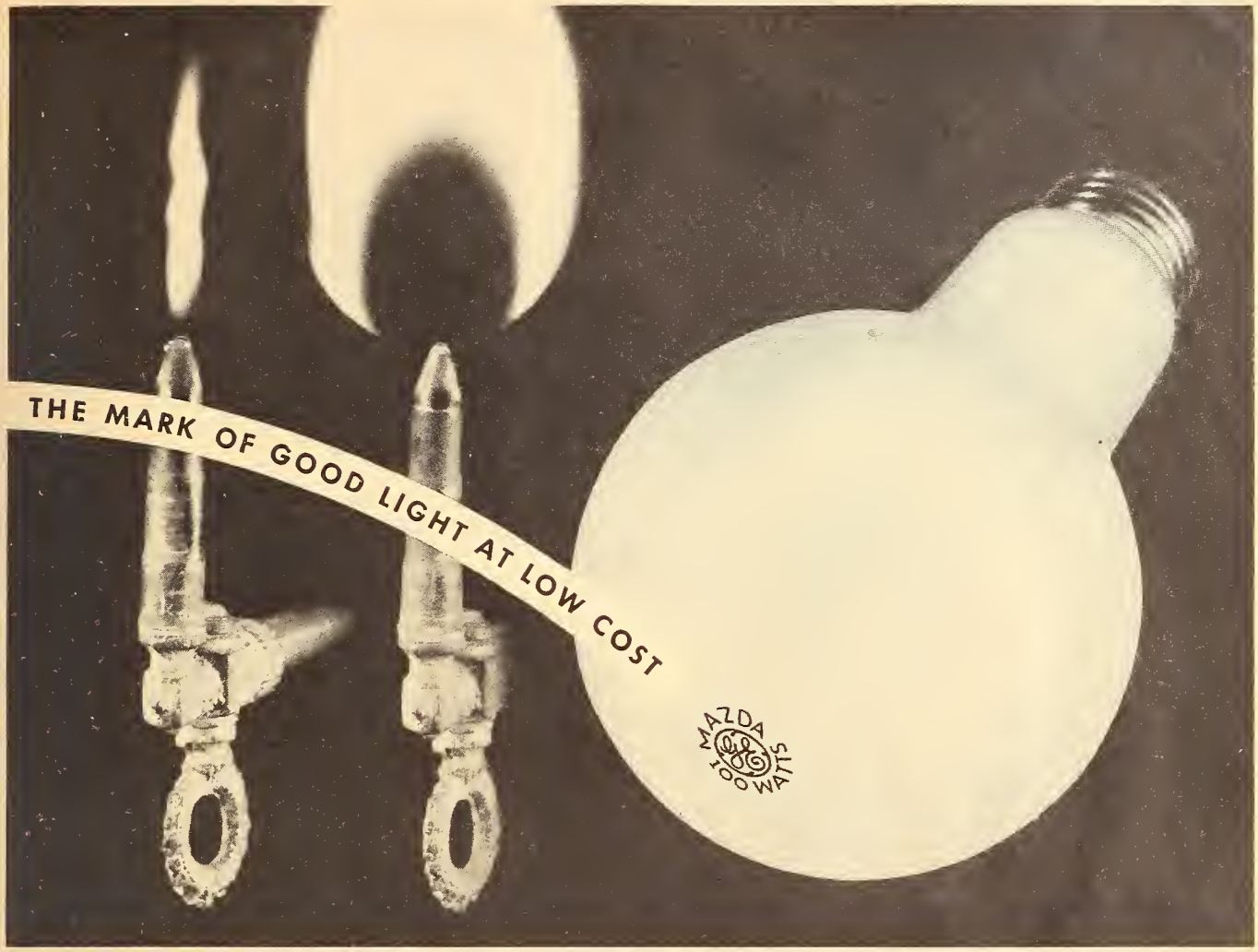
Her friends are worrying about how her shoulders will bear the burdens of stardom. They might remember that beneath all their sweetness these homespun girls seem to have sharp little minds and to know what it's all about. Mary Pickford's business sense enabled her to sign the first million-dollar contract in the movies. Year after year, Janet Gaynor remains the most popular star in pictures. As for Jean—

We were discussing the recent attacks on movies, as everyone in Hollywood is these days, and the demand of the public for clean pictures suitable for children.

"Oh, I want to please children," Jean said. "I love children. I know they like me. If you're kind and good, I think they have to like you."

Then she added with quiet confidence, "This is the psychological moment for *me* to come along, all right!" And there was a beam (of light) on her shoulder. . . .

Not all gas jets were alike either



There were gas jets and gas jets back in the days when father went about the house at dusk with a wax taper on a cherry wood handle. And poor jets wasted gas forty years ago just as inefficient lamps waste electricity today—by being spendthrifts at the meter and misers at the point of illumination.

The user of electricity, unlike the user of inefficient gas jets, cannot see how wastefully his lighting dollar is being spent. He must rely upon the integrity and reliability of the manufacturer whose lamp he buys. As a guide to those who want good light at low cost, the General Electric Company points to its monogram as a sure way to avoid the uncertainties, both in light output and length of life, of inferior lamps.

Lamps that bear this mark do not waste current, blacken quickly or burn out prematurely . . . Because their uniform high quality is rigidly guarded by 480 different inspections, tests and processes. *Buy a carton of six* NOW. *Fill your empty sockets for the long winter evenings ahead. Remember, lamps are most often needed when stores are closed.* General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

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To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

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If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

There's No Romance Between Garbo and Me

—Carl Brisson

(*Continued from page 52*)

led into statements that have been wildly distorted by interviewers. When you know that I was hardly more than a bridegroom when I knew Greta, you will realize that we enjoyed no *affaire du coeur*, despite the suppositions to the contrary.

"I do not even know where Greta resides in Hollywood. Yet a local columnist recently published a story about a man who had been arrested upon her complaint that he was trying to break into her home. At the studio, I was told that he meant me. This columnist printed a retraction after learning that neither Garbo nor myself had figured in the affair. But, meanwhile, I had reached the decision never again to talk of the Greta I once knew. Imagine the embarrassment to my wife if this sort of thing is to continue!"

Later, the writer discovered that the story of attempted housebreaking, incidently, actually concerned Marlene Dietrich and a Danish admirer. Because the man was a Dane, he was confused with Brisson, a fellow-countryman. Because of the publicized romance between Garbo and Brisson, the yarn was twisted to fit them.

I pointed out to Carl Brisson that his only hope of avoiding re-occurrences of similar gossip was to authorize one final and complete story that would reveal the truth of the situation. Hollywood people learned long ago that it takes fire to fight fire successfully. Silence is construed as an admission of guilt, and, out here, everyone is held guilty unless proven innocent.

"Perhaps you are right," he replied. "I will tell you the true story and you will write *finis* to the whole episode. I will then say to anyone else who asks me—'it has been printed before. It is no longer—how do you call it?—a scoop. It is old stuff.'

"Allow me to tell in beginning," he volunteered, "that my association with Greta Garbo would never have been known in this country had not Greta's uncle in Sweden spoken of it to a journalist, now in Hollywood. After his story appeared, dozens of other writers came to ask accusingly, 'What do you know of Garbo?' Much to my consternation I found myself being called The Man in Garbo's Past.

"This is a bit absurd. Greta Gustafson was merely a child when I first met her. Within her burned the fire of great ambition. She wanted to go upon the stage. She became Mauritz Stiller's pupil in the school he established in connection with the Royal Theatre in Stockholm.

"Stiller had encouraged me to leave the boxing ring and seek a career on the stage. I had won the middle-weight championship of Europe and a certain popularity. Having a love of singing and dancing, I opened a cabaret in Stockholm, meanwhile studying with Stiller. He urged me on to more ambitious achievements and changed my name from Carl Peterson to Carl Brisson, just as I suppose he changed Greta Gustafson to Greta Garbo.

"It is with the greatest difficulty that I reconcile the Greta I knew with the Garbo of today," he explained. "I cannot believe she is the same person. She used to be so fun-loving. She would laugh for the pure joy of laughing.

"Part of her exclusiveness from Hollywood I can understand. This was the training Stiller gave us all. 'Do not let your public see too much of you,' he would say, 'lest people grow tired of seeing you.'"

There have been countless arguments as to who has been Garbo's adviser and creator of her Swedish Sphinx act. It is generally conceded that Harry Edington, her manager for many years, was the man behind the throne. Now it appears that she has been carrying on the creed of her discoverer, Mauritz Stiller.

"That famous expression of Garbo's, 'I tank I go home now,'" Brisson continued, "might possibly have come from Stiller. It was his stock phrase of disapproval. Often I have heard him say, 'This is so very bad, I think I will go now.'

"The Greta I knew is a quite remote, although charming memory. I cannot contrast her with the Garbo she has become for the simple reason I do not know the present Garbo. As your Will Rogers says, all I know is what I read in the papers. If I may be permitted a general conclusion, however, I will say that everything I read is in direct contrast with what I remember. And no one could have changed so completely.

"Oddly enough," he added, "I did not know that Greta Gustafson was the world-famous Greta Garbo until a few years ago. I had seen two Garbo pictures, but she had grown so much thinner since coming to America so that I did not recognize her.

"I nearly made a picture with her once, you know. When Stiller was planning 'Gosta Berling,' he wanted me for the leading rôle. I was unable to get out of another previous contract and was forced to refuse the part. It was 'Gosta Berling' that brought both Stiller and Garbo to the attention of American producers and eventually to Hollywood. Lars Hansen played the male lead.

"When I had to go to London to fulfil my engagement, I said farewell to my friend and teacher, Mauritz, and I did not see him again until a fortnight before he died.

"Greta did me the honor of calling upon me backstage some three or four years ago when I had to make a personal appearance in Stockholm. But she had to say, 'Don't you know me, Carl?' before I knew that Greta Gustafson had become Greta Garbo. I have not seen her since."

"Hasn't she called you up since you have been in Hollywood?"

"No," Brisson replied. "I was telephoned one day by someone who said she was Garbo and wished to welcome me to California. Our conversation was quite short and it was probably a practical joker trying to make fun with me.

"I do not make advances upon former acquaintanceships. My friends are aware that I am here. If they want to see me, they look me up. If they do not want to see me, why should I look them up?

"I am not much of a social light. Since I have been here I have gone four times to public cafes, nowhere else. I entertain in my own home and have my own group of friends, mostly new friends. Perhaps this, again, is the Stiller training.

"It is with the greatest reluctance that I have told you what I have regarding Miss Garbo. I assure you that if I did not believe that by telling the whole truth I would end the silly reports currently circulating, I would not speak of it at all. I guarantee it is the very last time I shall mention her name in an interview."

Carl Brisson has had only one Hollywood-made picture released, "Murder at the Vanities." He will soon start a second, "All the King's Horses."

I did Brisson injustice in believing that he was capitalizing upon Garbo to gain publicity. What he has told us in this story should leave no room for further doubt.

3 Discerning Women

have found the way to whiter teeth

Listerine Tooth Paste has won popularity in every walk of life by doing a superlatively efficient job of cleansing the teeth —at the same time imparting high polish to the enamel. Teeth fairly gleam!

These vital qualities, together with its cool, refreshing taste and the pleasing assurance it leaves of a purer, sweeter breath, have made Listerine Tooth Paste the choice of thousands who never stop to think of price when they buy a dentifrice.

Try it—and if you don't agree that it is better, speak your mind by going back to the costlier brand you're using now.

But remember, Listerine Tooth Paste is only 25¢ (Double Size 40¢); so if you do like it, you'll save money by continuing to use it. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

Left—"I wanted the best toath paste at any price—and I found it far 25¢"

Miss Elizabeth Brown is stylist and designer of decorative pottery for one of the world's largest potteries. She is a graduate of West Virginia University and of New York School of Fine and Applied Arts. She also studied in London, Paris, and Italy.

"My pottery won't sell unless it is good looking and smart. If you want to 'sell yourself' in this world today, you want to be as good looking as possible. Nothing helps quite so much as nice white teeth."

Right—"I like the idea of a tooth paste by the makers of Listerine and tried it. I'm very well pleased."

Miss Marjorie Bushman is assistant in a doctor's office, a kind of work which requires intelligence, energy and plenty of tact. She likes her occupation because, as she says, "you're always learning something new."

Lower Right—"Listerine Tooth Paste gets my teeth beautifully clean. Also, your advertising never insults my intelligence."

Catherine McHenry was vice-president of the senior class at University of Michigan. "This dentifrice is very popular among students at the University," Miss McHenry says. "Others like myself prefer it to costlier brands."

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Steer your course for true throat comfort. Light a KOOL! Refreshing as the forward deck in a spanking breeze!

The mild menthol cools the smoke, eases your throat—and yet brings out the flavor of the fine tobaccos to the fullest. KOOLS are cork-tipped—they don't stick to the lips.

Each pack carries a valuable B & W coupon good for desirable nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good only in U. S. A.) Write for illustrated premium list.

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Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky

Janet Gaynor Denies Ten Rumors

(*Continued from page 27*)

would be the most marvelous thing in the world if I were a mother—but I'm not. I adore children. I still have all my own baby dolls. I'm going to have a baby if I ever marry again." Later she added, "Wouldn't it be marvelous if I *did* have a little three-year-old running around?" And if you could have seen her eyes, you'd know she would never hide her baby in secret, if she had one.

Those Romance Rumors

THE second rumor: Janet has been having a romance with almost every eligible young man in town, and one who is not eligible. These are the romance rumors accorded every attractive actress in Hollywood, and Janet gives a blanket denial of them.

"I'm not in love and I'm not planning to be married for a long time," she says, and the fact that she is planning a three months' tour of Europe with her mother very soon is further evidence, friends point out, that she is now heart-free.

The third rumor: Janet is desperately unhappy about her film rôles, and longs to play sophisticated parts such as are given Joan Crawford, Garbo, and Marlene Dietrich. This is one of the most widespread of the rumors, and hundreds of stories have been printed on the subject.

"I realize I am the only star playing this type of characterization," Janet explains in her denial, "and since the public likes it, it would be foolish for me to change. Most of the 'Gaynor Revolt' stories started when I objected to 'Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.' I don't mind playing naive girls, but I will not play *dumb* ones! Naturally, I'm not so naive myself as when I first began making pictures in Hollywood. I would feel hypocritical and absurd playing the 'Oh—Ah!' type of innocence I used to portray. I have grown up gradually in my screen characterizations, though Hollywood will never realize it because this town cannot see any subtler distinction than the one between a fresh-from-the-country farm girl and a big-city sophisticate."

The fourth rumor: She is a keen business woman who manages her own business affairs and tends to her investments, etc. This rumor may have started because writers could not resist the delightful contrast between Janet of the screen and Janet as a shrewd Hetty Green in private life.

She's Not a Hetty Green

"MY business affairs are managed for me by my mother and my lawyer," Janet scotches this rumor once and for all. "I know absolutely nothing about stocks and bonds, and I probably wouldn't be able to tell a good investment from a bad one."

The fifth rumor: Janet is keenly unhappy because Hollywood is more interested in Garbo (to name just one) than in herself. Janet's pictures break box-office records in every country in the world, but in the vicinity of Hollywood, which fancies itself highly sophisticated, they are not so popular.

"I don't blame Hollywood for not being terribly interested in me," she admits as matter-of-factly as if she were speaking of a stranger. "I know I'd be more interested in Garbo myself. *It makes me furious, though, when people expect me to act like a dumbbell simply because I specialize in naive parts on the screen.*"

The sixth rumor: Janet lives in solitary hermit fashion avoiding picture people as sedulously as Garbo.

"I don't dislike picture people and I don't try to play the hermit," is Janet's frank reply to this rumor. "I think nothing is more absurd than making your living out of a place and then high-hatting it. I have many friends, but it just happens that most of them are not connected with movies. I do avoid reporters because my words have so often been twisted to mean something I did not mean when I said them. That's how so many of these notions about me started."

The seventh rumor: She is a czar on her home lot, dictating her stories and directors with a power unequalled in Hollywood.

"If I tried to choose my own stories I'd have time for nothing else," Janet laughs. (If the gossips could appreciate Janet's keen sense of humor, which gives her a delightfully common-sense basis in discussing herself, half the rumors would never have started.) "I don't believe stars who dictate their stories and direction are ever very successful. I find it's a full-time job being an actress. My stories are chosen for me, though naturally the studio would not force me to play any rôle I could not believe in. Just when I'm supposed to find time for these many activities is a mystery. I reach the studio at eight in the morning and work until five. My hours used to be even longer, but I found myself so tired at the end of the day that I often went right to bed after a rub-down and supper. Now I have dinner with my mother or two or three friends, and usually am in bed by ten. Saturday nights I go to parties. I have been working hard the past year to improve my voice, reading aloud by the hour and studying diction."

The eighth rumor: Off the screen Gaynor is a drab little thing with no attraction for men. This is one of the most absurd of the rumors and can only be believed by those who haven't met her. There is an added attraction in her personal appearance which the camera fails to catch. Her eyes look bigger, darker, and her smile flashes more brilliantly. There is a devilish gleam in her eyes and an allure in her lips and small, cleft chin which bowl the boys right over.

The ninth rumor: She is painfully unsophisticated—a prim little person who refuses to smoke or drink.

Lives a Normal Life

JANET has never smoked on the screen because it didn't fit her rôles—there has been no set plan on the part of the studio to forbid it. Privately she lives the life of a highly successful and intelligent young business woman, with a well-paid chauffeur, a personal maid, a cook, and a private hairdresser who travels with her wherever she goes. Her escort is often Gene Raymond or one or two young men not connected with pictures. Just as often she goes to parties with her mother, or by herself.

Her personality is a strange blend of artless unsophistication and of mature understanding. She said to me, "I'm too normal to be much fun writing about—like the saying that it's not news if a dog bites a man, but if a man bites a dog, it *is* news," and from her tone she might have just discovered this moth-eaten proverb.

She has a lively sense of humor and rarely speaks without smiling. Before the camera she can call up the most infectious high spirits with seeming effortlessness.

The tenth rumor: She is in love with Charles Farrell. This match was decreed by the public after "Seventh Heaven," and even though both Janet and Charlie married, even though Charlie is still happily married, the fans still refuse to believe that the "affair" will not reach a conclusion before a minister. Janet has denied this story again and again. Now she says with a humorous shrug, "This rumor might be called the Great American Myth!"—which is a good enough denial for anybody.

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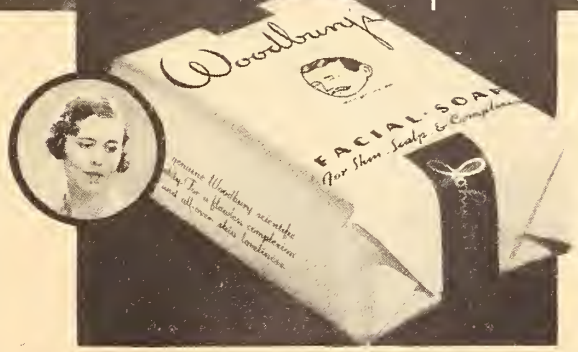

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"I have always ridden horseback, rain or shine, except for certain days that demanded quiet. Now, I ride without regard for those difficult days because there is no longer any difficulty or discomfort connected with them. My only regret is the time I lost in getting acquainted with Midol."

Do you ride—or do equally strenuous things—or wish you *could* at times when even being on your feet means pain or discomfort? Midol might end this handicap for you—might lead you to give it every bit as strong an endorsement as above. Why not *try* it? Midol acts immediately, and is effective several hours.

Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. It is just as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache.

If you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine—and remember that Midol *is* a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for *Midol.*

"Baby"—The Real Jean Harlow of Whom You've Never Heard

(*Continued from page 49*)

mother's in the home they have built in Bel Air. She uses her own bedroom only to dress, but sleeps in an extra bed in her mother's quarters. Frequently in the early morning hours she leaves her bed to crawl in with mother. Jean has never conquered her childish aversion to the dark. She isn't afraid. She just doesn't like being alone at night. But, for that matter, she doesn't care much about being alone at any time. Her mother is her constant companion. And if you should see them together, you would take them more as chums than as mother and daughter.

Jean's mother married at eighteen. She was twenty when Baby was born, twenty-three years ago. The child was christened Harlean, a euphonious combination of the mother's maiden name, Jean Harlow. But she was never called anything other than Baby and until the last five years, her mother was Mama Jean. Mrs. Bello wanted her Baby. A daughter of wealth, a girl whose every wish and whim had been immediately gratified by indulgent parents, she became an astonishingly splendid mother. Casting aside all social contacts that threatened to interfere, she dedicated her whole existence to this tow-headed infant that was put in her arms.

"As a little tot she was never punished," Mrs. Bello told me. "I never corrected her. I found it sufficient simply to say, 'Mother would rather you didn't do that.'" And by this method Mama Jean won the confidence and respect of her Baby. Under this guidance Jean Harlow developed her outstanding characteristics—complete honesty and fairness.

I once heard a chap attempt to pay Jean a compliment. It was an exceedingly clumsy tribute. "Since I have known you," this fellow remarked, "I have grown to dislike ———" And he named a girl who has been bitterly unkind to Jean.

"I'm sorry you said that," she replied. "You were once a good friend of hers. She needs her friends, for she is a very lonely, very unhappy person. Be nice to her always, please."

Fair Play From Jean

GRACIOUS fairness is reflected in an attitude such as this. Jean was not talking for publication. She will probably be sorry I have mentioned the incident here. Other women have long attacked Jean Harlow because she is the type of girl of whom all women are secretly jealous. Yet she continues, serenely, to ignore the attacks by minding her own business and refusing to stoop to petty bickering.

"As a little girl," her mother said, "Baby was taught what was right and what was wrong by my telling her stories that appealed to her intelligence. I would relate stories containing problems similar to her own and ask her what she would do in these circumstances. By solving the problems of others, she found solutions for her own. And her judgment, however immature, was seldom incorrect. My father has always adored Baby, but he never spoiled her. In many ways, he was closer to her than her own daddy. Much of the philosophical attitude she holds toward life to-day is a result of his teaching. He once told her that life was like a big department store with a price tag on everything. She could buy whatever she wanted, he said, providing she had the price to pay for it. But she must remember that nothing was free. The bill would someday be presented and it would do no good to protest the necessity for payment. I know Baby has never forgotten. I have heard her say many times, 'Well, I bought it.'

"I am very proud and equally grateful for the good health Baby enjoys. It is a mental as well as a bodily good health. The world may believe what it pleases about the Baby, but I know her for what she is—and I am completely satisfied. No mother could say more."

Not Exploited By Mother

KNOWING of the devotion that binds them together, critics have jumped to ill-drawn conclusions based, probably, upon the popular conception of movie mamas. I have heard it said that Jean's mother was exploiting her daughter for monetary gain, that her interference prohibited Jean from indulging in normal social life, that she was the direct cause of Jean's two divorces. There have been other unpleasant statements, all of which have undoubtedly reached Mrs. Bello's ears as well as mine. I know that she needs no defense. Jean Harlow is a screen actress because she wanted to be, not because of any urging from her mother. As a matter of fact, her mother once fled Hollywood to escape a persistent movie scout. Jean was fifteen at the time and in high school.

"I have always looked older than my years," Jean says. "In school I appeared quite matured. Just before graduation, I noticed a man hanging around outside the building every day as classes ended. One day he followed me home. He asked to see mother and presented credentials that identified him as a talent scout for one of the larger studios. Mama Jean, satisfied that he presented good credentials listened to the proposal that I come to his studio for a test. He was sure that a fine contract would be arranged.

"But how do you know she can act?' Mama Jean protested. 'She can be taught to act,' the man replied. 'We can get all the actresses we want. What we need are personalities.' Many mothers would have welcomed such a chance to put their daughters in pictures. But not mine. She was of the opinion that I was too young to work. She would not stand in my way if I wanted a career later—when I was old enough to know my mind. Consequently I never even took the test. We left Hollywood immediately for St. Louis and did not return until after I had married."

This episode in Jean Harlow's life has never been told before. I offer it in refutation of the charge that Jean's mother has exploited her daughter for personal gain. As to the other accusations of interference in Jean's social and married life, I have heard Jean say many times, "I would rather be with my mother than any other living being I know. She offers me the only true understanding and companionship I have ever known. I have experienced a great deal of unhappiness, even bitter tragedy, all of which my mother has shared because she is my mother. Merely the knowledge that she stood beside me has been a solace when I have needed solace. I will never be able to pay what I owe her even in the tribute due her."

The Price of Stardom

FORTUNATELY, both Jean and her mother have become accustomed to idle rumors and gossip. They accept what may be said about Jean as a part of the price of

Dorothy Jordan knows a secret You should, too

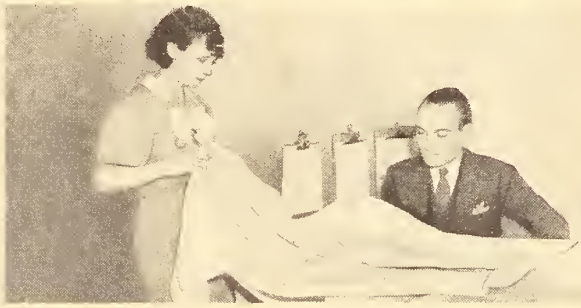
"With LUX there's no trick at all in keeping dainty sweaters and frocks looking new"

DOROTHY JORDAN, *petite young RKO-Radio star, has a big future ahead of her. Between pictures she loves to relax at her beautiful home in Palos Verdes.*

• "In Hollywood we wear washable things all the year round," says Dorothy Jordan, "and our one simple care for them is lukewarm water and Lux.

"Lux is marvelous for flannels, sweaters, dresses, blouses—lingerie and stockings, too. It is especially grand for knitted things because it never shrinks them. They come out wonderfully soft, and the colors stay lovely as new."

• YOU, TOO, can keep your things like new the way Dorothy Jordan does. It's an economy because they'll stay smart looking twice as long. Avoid ordinary soaps . . . they often contain harmful alkali. Rubbing with cake soap mats fibres, makes woolens harsh and stiff. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.



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"Lux saves us thousands of dollars," says Walter Plunkett, wardrobe director of RKO-Radio Studios. "We save on cleaning bills and replacement costs, for stockings and fabrics stay new twice as long. We find that anything safe in water washes perfectly in Lux. Not only costumes, but curtains, draperies, and even rugs are washed with Lux here. Lux keeps colors fresh, fabrics like new."

Hollywood says — Don't trust to luck — TRUST TO LUX

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You don't need to change your brand. Follow every cigarette with a minty mouth-cooling Life Saver . . . . . and you'll fall in love with the old brand all over again.

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A Happier You

WHEN you read fiction, some one else is the chief figure in the story. You see her; know what she looks like, how she thinks—but she is not you. But, when you read advertisements—then you are the chief figure in the drama. You are the one smoothing this fluff of powder on your cheek, wearing these bright pajamas, serving these peppery white sandwiches, traveling in this luxurious car.

You may not be able, at once, to act out all the little dramas that advertisements suggest; but because of them you know these desirable things exist, and that some time they can be yours.

Advertisements introduce you to a happier You. Your supple mind applies what you read to your own needs. You spend wisely—with self-assurance, getting your money's full worth.

Suppose you have in mind a new facial cream. An advertisement steers you away from the unsponsored one you thought you might buy, to another, more fragrant kind, finer for your skin, supported by the name of its maker. Suppose you have never even thought of a new easeful shoe. An advertisement tells you of an unlined kind that is like velvet on your feet.

With advertisements, you never need buy a product first to know it. They intimately describe its unseen merits. You know what it will do for you; you see its Future as well as its Now. What is not advertised may be worth buying. What is, must be!

Advertisements give you glowing truthful pictures of products that please

"Baby"—The Real Jean Harlow of Whom You've Never Heard

(*Continued from page 62*)

her stardom. They conduct their lives according to their own standards, which is as much as anyone can do. Yet it must have been a shock for a sensitive and cultured woman to have awakened one morning to find that, overnight, her daughter had become the "wickedest girl in the world." A rôle in a single movie changed everything. And Jean was only seventeen when she played "Hell's Angels."

"Immediately, Baby's screen reputation threatened to affect her private life," Mrs. Bello told me. "Her marriage had been kept secret upon the advice of her studio, so even the protection of a married name was denied her.

"I will never forget the morning I received a telephone call at seven o'clock from a well-meaning acquaintance. This gentleman informed me that the Baby had spent the night at a Hollywood carousal. He asked my permission to bring her home. Now it so happened that I had sat up most of the night with Baby. She had tonsilitis and had been running a high fever. I told my caller of his mistake and thanked him for his interest.

"'There is no use trying to deceive me,' he replied. 'I know how you must feel. But I saw her enter the apartment across the hall with my own eyes and I can hear her voice now as I talk to you. The party is still going on. I'll bring her home if you say so and you can trust my discretion not to speak of it to anyone else.'

"That angered me slightly. My word was being questioned. I asked the gentleman to listen carefully for the voice he thought was Baby's and then drive over to our house. When he arrived, I took him up to the room where Baby lay asleep. It is a wonder that his gasp of astonishment did not awaken her! That was my first experience with unfounded gossip. Since then I have become quite inured to it. Do you know that twice I have been confronted with 'proof' of the Baby's death and, once, in New York, I was summoned by the police to get a Jean Harlow out of jail? You have to learn to laugh such things off or life isn't worth living.

Hair Not Dyed

"STRANGELY enough the report that Baby's hair is dyed is the one that never fails to annoy me. It is such a little thing compared to the graver charges that are hurled against her character. Yet it is, as they say, my pet peeve. Silly, isn't it?

"This is the first interview I have ever given about the Baby," Mrs. Bello concluded. "I want to repeat my most vehement denial that she was ever a brunette. I have seen printed statements attributed to her former schoolmates that say her hair, when in school, was raven black. These statements are absolutely untrue. Her father's hair is nearly as light as her own and I am a blonde, too. All during her school days, she was teased about her hair. You have only to see her hair to know that it has not been coarsened by dye. It is so fine in texture—almost as fine as her character. I am completely satisfied with her as she is!" So here you have a Jean Harlow you've never known before—a Jean Harlow seen through the eyes of her mother, who stanchly defends her daughter's character and silences the gossips who viciously or carelessly malign her.

AWAKEN *Romance* IN YOUR LIFE *with the* *Charm of Beauty*

✶ *Like Hollywood's Screen Stars, Discover How Color Harmony Make-Up Gives Beauty Romantic Appeal*

BEAUTY'S secret of attraction is color . . . for it is color that has an exciting emotional appeal.

This appeal of color has been captured in a new kind of make-up . . . Color Harmony Make-Up . . . created by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Face powder, rouge and lipstick are harmonized in color to emphasize the alluring color attraction of each type of blonde, brunette, brownette and redhead.

You, too, can enhance the attraction of your beauty with color harmony make-up . . . for now you may share the luxury of the personal make-up for Carole Lombard and the host of other Hollywood's stars. Max Factor's Face Powder, one dollar; Max Factor's Rouge, fifty cents; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, one dollar. Featured by all the leading stores.

POWDER . . . *To create a satin-smooth make-up that harmonizes with Carole Lombard's blonde colorings, Max Factor's Rachelle Face Powder is the color harmony shade. Soft in texture, even in color, and clinging . . . it imparts to the skin a radiant beauty.*

ROUGE . . . *Now a touch of Max Factor's Blondeen Rouge to give the attraction of delicate color to the cheeks. Harmonizing in color, and creamy-smooth in texture, it blends perfectly . . . and actually looks like a glow of natural color.*

LIPSTICK . . . *To give emphasis to the natural color appeal of the lips, Max Factor's Super-Indelible Vermilion Lipstick completes the color harmony ensemble. And it's moisture-proof lip make-up . . . the color remains permanent and uniform for hours.*

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Face Powder, Rouge, Lipstick . . . IN COLOR HARMONY

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR . . . HOLLYWOOD

JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-pg. illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up" . . . Free. 3-10-77

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COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
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Irene Ware, now appearing in the 20th Century picture, "The Firebrand"

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It's your eyes that a man looks at first . . . and last . . . and pretty nearly always. And no eyes are really beautiful unless the lashes are lovely too. Kurlash gives your lashes that upward sweep that seems the most enchanting thing in the world. The new, improved Kurlash does it with greater ease than ever. Kurlash costs $1, and if your own drug or department store doesn't have it, we'll send it direct.

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On your Spanish Guitar, Uke, Tenor Banjo, Mandolin or Banjo Mandolin. No knowledge of music necessary. No practice. Play first by number, then by note. Simply attach E-Z Player to your favorite instrument—press numbered keys and play.

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Is Hollywood Overworking Shirley Temple?

(*Continued from page 32*)

Mr. Temple and I have had her under the care of a child specialist since she was an infant because we wanted her to have the proper diets and all the advantages of new discoveries in child health. Before we considered letting Shirley work in pictures, we consulted this doctor and another famous specialist. Both agreed that a little girl as robust and sturdy as Shirley could suffer no possible harm.

"There is no truth in the ambulance rumors, although when she was making comedies she worked under conditions of which I did not thoroughly approve. They made the children rehearse three or four hours and they did not allow the mothers on the set—when it came time for the "takes," the children were tired and nervous. At this time Shirley had a cold which settled in her ear, and this may have been aggravated by the work. But even here she was the leading lady and received special concessions, otherwise I should not have allowed her to continue. *Outside of this cold and an attack of measles, she has never had a sick day in her life.*

Lives and Works Under Ideal Conditions

"THESE comedies lasted only a short time," Mrs. Temple adds, "and I determined that Shirley would not make any more pictures. Then she was given her Fox contract and she works now under ideal conditions. I will say quite frankly that if her talents had not been immediately recognized, I would have taken her out of pictures rather than subject her to long hours waiting in casting offices, and interviewing directors. Fortunately, Shirley never had to go through what the average movie child must suffer.

"The law requires a teacher from the welfare bureau constantly with her on the set, and of course I'm there, too. She is allowed to work only six hours a day, and while this only includes time actually before the cameras or in rehearsal, she has her special dressing-room, with her dolls and toys, for rest periods. She is not an excitable or a nervous child, and her studio activities take no more out of her than the ordinary children's play.

"I adhere to a rigid diet—cereal and a glass of milk for breakfast, vegetable soup, meat, vegetables and, so forth, for lunch—the usual well-balanced diet prescribed for children. She takes a teaspoonful of Cod Liver Oil twice a day, and in addition to an hour's nap after lunch, she sleeps twelve hours every night. *They say she's going on this vacation because she's tired and ill. What do you think? Just look at her!"*

And she did look full of amazing vitality, with her very pink cheeks, sparkling eyes, and chubby bare legs. She doesn't pose or strike attitudes, as do so many movie children. For once press agents are right in saying she is completely natural. A trifle precocious, perhaps—she went to a nearby office and took up the telephone, and the studio publicity department suffered minor earthquakes wondering who was "the lady from the woman's magazine to interview Shirley Temple." Then someone recognized the assumed voice as Shirley's own, and she returned a moment later looking naughty and innocent at the same time, to ask "Am I going to have another interview?"

She likes nothing better than printing her name on her still pictures and handing them generously to all comers, and she will look around the photograph-covered walls of a publicity office and tell you, proudly, "There are six pictures of me in this room!" But this is not the affected conceit of the usual child-star, it's the healthy natural conceit of the average child who boasts, "I've got six dolls!"

She never looks at herself in the pictures but at the dogs, rabbits, and other animals with which she is often photographed. She never looks in a mirror, never reads her fan mail (or has it read to her), and doesn't know that Hollywood is gasping over her new contract calling for a salary in excess of a thousand dollars a week. She wears the same fifty-cent cotton wash frocks, the same white shoes and socks, the same severely tailored sailor overcoat and beret that she wore before stardom arrived. She's usually too busy about her own affairs to pay much attention while her mother is talking about her, and to avoid any possible self-consciousness, Mrs. Temple lowers her voice or refers to her as "a certain little person" if she happens to be listening.

Determined Not to Spoil Her

"AS well as safeguarding her physical health," Mrs. Temple explains, "I want to keep her from growing affected and unnatural, as are so many movie children. I ask the studio employees to talk to her as an ordinary normal child, and when some woman gushes over Shirley and tells her how adorable she is, I shut her off as quickly as possible. Then I tell Shirley afterward that people praise her merely because they like a child who smiles at them—that she has an ordinary little face—that those who compliment her for her beauty are simply silly. *I will not let them spoil her.*

"This worries me so much that I'm always asking people '*Do you see any change in Shirley?*' And they haven't! I can truthfully say she acts just the same at home as she did before stardom came, and with two brothers, fourteen and eighteen, it would be difficult for her to monopolize the spotlight. Not that she is spotlighted at the studio, either! She will recite the most difficult lines and then retire to her own corner without feeling the least bit overproud.

"Acting really is a game to her; she loves catching the other actors missing their lines. A cross little expression comes over her face and, when he saw it, Gary Cooper, for one, used to cry out, 'What have I done wrong now?' And Shirley, very solemnly, would correct him. She learns her own lines practically letter-perfect at a reading, and usually can recite the other actors' lines as well.

"I do get panicky sometimes at some of the stunts she has to perform for pictures. Her little double refused to do a bit calling for her to be lowered over a pit and have gun-smoke blown at her. Shirley did it herself. My heart was in my mouth, too, when she went out on a lake with Gary Cooper, on location, and transferred from one boat to another. You think I should object? *But I realize the studio is just as interested in her health as I am. She's too valuable for them to risk in any way!* And when I am assured by men I can trust that she's in no danger, I do not protest. Many of her associates, such as Jimmy Dunn, Gary Cooper, and her directors, are almost as devoted to her as I am, and they would not dream of seeing her take risks.

"After our first hesitation at the idea of letting her work, Mr. Temple and I have no feeling against it. We have grown accustomed to it during the year and a half she has been in pictures, and we are not stunned or shocked by her success now. She is accustomed to it too, for she is, naturally, a sociable child with a great deal of poise. And when she is older, it is good to know she will have a trust fund from the salary she is earning now.

"Far from harming her, I believe that her studio work is actually good for her. I believe that she will keep her present common-sense attitude always because of this early chance to be herself with famous people. I believe that she loves it all so much that it would harm her more if she were stopped now."

Mrs. Temple has a wholesome, friendly manner, and radiates vitality. She is fascinated by the glamour of the studios. From a "model housewife," she says, she has become a sort of business woman, whose duty is to watch over Shirley while she works. Fame and stardom may have made no change in Shirley herself, but it will be interesting to see how it will affect this woman, Shirley's father, branch manager of a local bank, and Shirley's two elder brothers. But only time can write the answer. Meanwhile, be assured Shirley is in the best of health and spirits, and that the State, the studio, and the Temple family, not to mention doctors, teachers, and welfare workers, will do their best to keep her so!

George Brent Is On His Own—*And Likes It*

(*Continued from page 33*)

"And do you like traveling alone in your personal life as well as you had expected?" I asked, impertinently, as I looked about at the simple furnishings that weren't too masculine. In fact, you'd never suspect that it was a bachelor's house, for everything is in exquisite taste—with its simplicity, quietness and comfort.

"It's swell!" he exclaimed enthusiastically, giving me no doubt as to his real feelings in the matter. In fact, George has been criticized in print for "kicking up his heels" so gaily since his marital separation. Writers have complained that he looks entirely too happy.

"Isn't it peaceful?" he demanded. He showed me all over the tiny New England house and pointed out that, "it's just for one person. You can see there's not room for two."

"I suppose you'll marry again," I taunted him.

"If I do, I hope someone hits me on the head with a baseball bat," he replied vehemently. "Besides, I'm still married, and that's a very safe way to remain. I can't do anything foolish. But there will probably be a divorce, sometime. I don't know just when."

"But supposing you fall in love," I suggested.

The Battle-Cry of Freedom

"I'M not going to fall in love," he declared firmly. "I'm free, and I'm going to stay free. I think any man likes his freedom once in a while. He can read his newspaper at the table; he doesn't have to dress for dinner; he can have what he wants to eat and have it served where and when he wants it; he can play polo, fly an airplane, go fishing and hunting and moreover he DOESN'T HAVE TO TALK WHEN HE

Is *your hair* TOO DRY *or* TOO OILY *to do these* New Hollywood Curls?

The demurely waved front of this coiffure is offset by giddy curls that riot up the back and peek over the crown like roses on a fence. *Curls*, mind you—*not* frizzes! If your hair is too dry and harsh to look lustrous in this style of a Hollywood star, use Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo treatment below.

This arrangement of back curls in an inverted pyramid with the point below the left ear, looks well with a hat that turns up in the back. It was created for a style leader in Hollywood stardom. If *your* hair is too oily and stringy to stay in curl this way, give it the Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo treatment described below.

Help for DRY *hair:*

Don't put up with harsh, dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap on your hair which contains free alkali . . . Packer's *Olive Oil* Shampoo is *made especially for dry hair.* It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No free alkali . . . no acidity in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

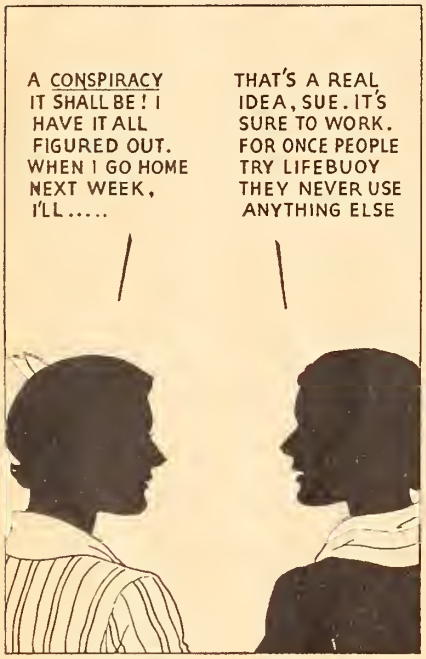
To correct OILY *hair:*

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar* Shampoo—it is *made especially for oily hair.* This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S
OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO
for **DRY** *hair*

PACKER'S
PINE TAR SHAMPOO
for **OILY** *hair*



YOU can tell a Lifebuoy complexion—fresh, glowing, radiant with healthy beauty. Lifebuoy's rich, penetrating lather deep-cleanses pores of clogged impurities—clears and freshens cloudy skin. Purifies body pores of odor-causing waste. Removes all trace of embarrassing "B.O." (*body odor*).

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Why risk this common yet unforgivable fault when Lifebuoy will keep you *safe?* Bathe regularly with this delightful toilet soap. Enjoy the *extra* protection which its clean, refreshing, quickly-vanishing scent tells you Lifebuoy gives. Adopt Lifebuoy today.

NRA CODE

LIFEBUOY HEALTH SOAP

GETS HOME FROM THE STUDIO, DEAD TIRED.

"Most wives don't want their husbands to play polo because of a fear they will get broken necks, and rightfully so, too," he added soberly. "Polo is a very dangerous game. I gave it up for a while but I had to play the game in the Garbo picture. Some wives like to hunt and fish, but usually they don't, and, therefore, they think their husbands shouldn't. And few wives are willing to allow their husbands to fly. I'm in the air every moment I can get away now. I flew down to San Diego the other day, got myself a soda and flew back. It was great! You get up there where the air is clean and pure and you take a deep breath and then forget all about the studios and work!" He spoke with all the pride and enthusiasm of a small boy allowed to go to a picture show alone.

"Another thing about living alone," he said, "is that you don't have to go out all the time. Women like social life. They seem to need a certain amount of it, and married men have to conform to what is sometimes playfully referred to as 'civilized existence' in order to have any peace at home. I don't like to do a lot of entertaining and I don't like to go out much. I enjoy a quiet life. Single men are on occasion in demand, of course. They may be termed as a necessary evil to fill a dinner table or to make a fourth at bridge, but I've been working so steadily the past three months that the social life has been entirely out. Anyway, I believe my house is just as nice as anybody's," he added proudly, "so why should I go out?

Saving Money Now

"FURTHERMORE, I'm saving my money, which I've not been able to do for a long time. I have a business manager who collects my checks, pays my bills and allows me twenty-five dollars a week for pocket money. I have to buy my lunches, cigarettes, haircuts, picture shows, pay tips and other incidentals out of that. When I want extras I have to argue. I'm not going to have a beach place or a mountain cabin. I can't afford it. Of course, I've bought a few things for the house, like lamps, pillows, silver and glassware. And I had this little bar built in the den. You've no idea how much those things cost me in lung power. Take my new car," and he proudly pointed to a shining small coupe of popular make. "I get nearly as much kick out of this bus as I do out of my plane. I put ten gallons of gas in her and it lasts a week. And it's certainly plenty good enough for me."

His one extravagance, his pet and pride and joy, is his airplane, a beautiful open job, painted a deep cream color with bright red leather upholstery, and its name, "Desert Breeze," painted on the nose in red letters.

We walked down the back-yard to the edge of Toluca Lake. The rippling of the water, the sighing of the huge weeping willow tree, the green of the lawn and shrubbery, the flashing coloring of the flowers gave the feeling that you were miles from Hollywood, from work, from the quarrels and bickerings of the movie world. "Isn't this heavenly? Isn't this peaceful?" he asked, in a tone of deep genuine satisfaction. "This is all I want. Just quiet and peace of mind."

But you never can tell what may happen to an unattached male during the filming of a picture. Especially when he is thrown in daily contact with the world's most glamourous actress. Will "The Painted Veil" be the beginning of a new Hollywood romance? Will George Brent be able to pierce the veil of mystery that has always surrounded Garbo? He admits he is willing to try! It looks as though George is going places, but he may not always travel alone.

"Censorship Means Goodbye to Garbo, Dietrich and Me"

—Anna Sten

(*Continued from page 29*)

influence of such a person is not more harmful than that of the screen character whom the censors would expurgate completely from the screen.

"The pendulum of censorship is swinging to the extreme. If we say that a story essentially true—a story that involves life as it is in reality—cannot be portrayed, then we emasculate a great art.

"We cannot censor life!" (Anna paused to note the effect of this truth.) "There is the danger, too, that when the movement is past, we will be deluged with censorable pictures. The intensity of the campaign cannot be maintained indefinitely. So in a few months at best, certain completed pictures that producers are withholding to-day will be released. For, after all, there are financial responsibilities involved. You cannot (it isn't fair) cripple a great industry so summarily, so completely. Studios must redeem the money they have spent and realize a return on their efforts. It is wise to call a halt on the indecent pictures, but it is dangerous to attempt to curb truth!"

Has Always Fought For Her Ideals

ANNA STEN is an ardent protagonist. She knows what it is to fight for truth —to raise her eyes to an ideal! For she is the essence of that Russia that has gone through the travail of re-birth, and through the pangs of regeneration, to achieve what seemed a phantom ideal.

She knows that life cannot be separated from sorrow. She has met it—and conquered it. Indelibly engraved on her mind are the days defined by raw emotions and stark tragedy.

At twelve, on the death of her father, the burdens of her family were on her ill-nourished shoulders. Whatever of value the Stenskis had possessed had long ago been sold. A kopek was realized here, another there. And then began those haunting nightmares of food in sufficient quantities—nightmares from which she would wake desperate with hunger and filled with terror at her helplessness.

At last, bold with hunger, she found work. It paid a few cents a week—this job of cleaning up a newspaper office. But it was enough to keep life in the bodies of her mother and her sister and herself. Later she worked as a waitress in a restaurant. She washed the dishes. She swept the floors. She was paid in the scraps of food left over!

When chaos descended on Russia, she foraged the countryside for food. Bundled in every shawl and petticoat the three of them possessed, she would sally forth with courage, hunting those meagre scraps that would hold off starvation for yet another day.

Those were desperate years. Chaos and hunger held her Russia in their grip. And in those years Anna Sten learned much of life. She learned that life didn't always have a freshly scrubbed face—that happiness wasn't always the order of the day—that joy wasn't the only component of life.

You Cannot Censor Realities

THAT is why to-day Anna Sten says: "You cannot censor life. Terror and hardship and tragedy are life, too. To show only happiness on the screen is to present a lopsided view of unattainable illusions."

And she says: "I am making 'Resurrection' now under the new title of 'We Live Again.' It is the tale, as you know, of a woman who is regenerated through suffer-

(*Continued on page 71*)

Does Your Face Wear "Dirty Underclothes"?

Horrible, but True!

A Blackhead is Dirt that is 3 and 4 Months Old!

By *Lady Esther*

Is your skin guilty of "dirty underclothes"?

In other words, dirty underneath? You may not know it, but Blackheads, Whiteheads, Enlarged Pores and Muddy and Sallow Skin, are signs of concealed dirt.

Yes—shrink as you will—a blackhead is dirt *that is three and four months old!*

You may be the most fastidious woman in the world and still have blackheads. Why? Not through any carelessness on your part, but simply because you're an innocent victim of inadequate cleansing methods. You think you are reaching the dirt in your skin, but you are not. You are only reaching the outer and not the under layer of dirt.

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If you want to see how a real face cream works, make this test.

First, cleanse your skin as you now do it. If you use soap and water, use plenty of it. If you use cream, use three or four applications. Keep cleaning your skin until you think it absolutely immaculate.

Now, take Lady Esther Face Cream and clean it. Just smooth or pat on the cream and leave it there a few minutes. Now take a clean cloth or tissue and wipe off the cream. Look at the cloth! That skin you thought absolutely clean has left it streaked and smudged.

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Ordinary face creams stop at the top layer of dirt. Lady Esther Face Cream penetrates to the bottom of the pores and dissolves the underneath layer of dirt. It gives your skin a complete pore-deep cleansing. Lady Esther Face Cream reaches the bottom of your pores because it is a unique, readily liquefying cream. It melts the instant it touches the skin. Thus, without the necessity of being rubbed in and without stretching the pores, it penetrates the little openings all the way to their depths. There it dissolves the accumulated dirt and grime and floats it to the surface where it is easily wiped off.

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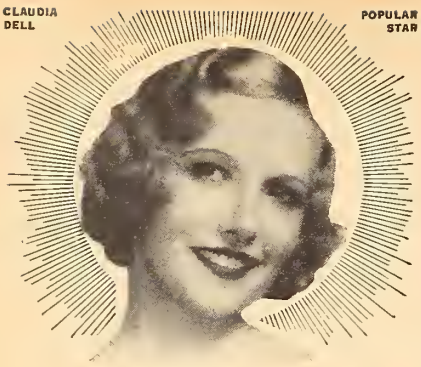

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Magic? Yes, the magic of just *one* Golden Glint Shampoo-and-Rinse. For in addition to cleansing it imparts just the least touch of a tint — ever so little — but how exquisitely it accents the natural beauty of your hair! No other shampoo — anywhere like it! 25c at your dealers'. Try it tonight....you'll be delighted!

-GOLDEN GLINT-

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WILLARD HERRING, Box MP, Franklin Park, Ill.

The Ten-Minute Egg-Club of Hollywood

(*Continued from page 31*)

Thrush' and 'Brave Robert Emmett.' We ate, and had plenty to drink. . . . Broke again, I met Lefebre, a French wrestler, and we hired a pool hall, made a wrestling mat out of my blanket and a stolen bale of hay, sold tickets for two dollars, and faked a swell match, which was good entertainment for the spectators and earned us two hundred and fifty dollars each, the most money I had ever had in my pants at one time. A man who saw the match said I was a good boxing prospect, and so I became a fighter."

Al Jolson, Ex-Bouncer

NOW for another beloved roughneck—Al Jolson. His black eyes were dancing and his tongue was wagging wisecracks. "One of these days I'm going to write the story of my life," he said, slapping me on the knee, "and I'm going to call it 'The Rise of a Hoodlum.' Was I a hoodlum? Was I?

"In the first place, I was born in a fightin' country—Russia. Then Papa Yoelson took me to Washington, D. C. You know Washington. The kids were, and are, plenty tough. Papa was a cantor, the fifth in a line of cantors, and he picked little Al for Number Six. But the kind of songs I learned as a kid aren't sung in church. However, when I sang 'em to the young roughnecks of the Fifteenth Pennsylvania Volunteers, they adopted me right off. I forgot to mention the fact at home. I just went away to the Spanish-American War as the regimental mascot.

"When the war was over and we were mustered out, Papa wore the khaki out of the seat of my pants. I ran away. Papa caught me. I could keep on saying that for five minutes and it would be true. One day Papa told me I was a low-life bummer and took me to the priests of St. Mary's at Baltimore. It was the same 'school' from which Babe Ruth was graduated into baseball. Catholic lickings were no better than Jewish lickings and I graduated (by climbing over the wall) to a job as a circus usher.

"Time passed. I was getting tougher all the time. I drifted into New York and started working in joints on the Bowery, slinging beer and singing songs. I was a swell bouncer, too, and I'm not so bad now. In the years that followed, I battled my way up from joints to burlesque, valeted Joe Palmer, the old vaudevillian, drifted to the Pacific Coast, and returned to my old employment—entertaining in dives. I worked in every joint on the old Barbary Coast in the days when it was plenty tough."

Tough? I've seen Jolson in action twice. Once in the Cocoanut Grove when he "took" a man who outweighed him forty pounds. And again in the Sinton Hotel in Cincinnati when a big guy was chinning with the cashier while Jolson wanted to pay his bill and catch a train.

The big guy looked at Jolson, who had asked him to hurry up, and said, "I don't hurry for kikes." Jolson clouted him. Chalk up another victory for a sometimes oppressed people.

Outweighed, but Never Outfought

RICHARD DIX is another guy who will fight at the drop of a hat.

"All the roughnecks love this pal of mine," Roscoe Karns told me, speaking of Rich, "for he's a real ten-minute egg. Once we were up in Sacramento, making scenes for a picture, and there was a carpenter on the set who didn't like Rich—the only man who ever worked on a set with Rich who didn't. The carpenter was nasty and made a lot of unnecessary remarks about Rich. Jack Holt was on the stage and will verify this: Rich finally popped the carpenter on the jaw.

"The carpenter weighed two hundred and twenty. He charged. This idiot Dix chanced his future to battle that big brute. A circle was formed on the stage and they went to it. In the first exchange of blows, the big guy socked Rich and opened a long gash over his right eye. (The scar is still visible.) They fought ten minutes and Rich gave him a terrific lacing, forced him to say 'uncle,' and then made the boss put him back to work after he was fired. That fight cost the studio thousands, because Rich couldn't work until the eye was healed."

Once, in a picture, Dix actually FOUGHT Jack Renault, the French-Canadian heavyweight champion, eight regulation rounds. After the fight, Dix said to Renault: "Jack, I believe you have injured me."

"No, no," said Renault, "always after a beeg fight, you feel terrible."

Dix collapsed. An examination disclosed two broken ribs, a fractured nose, a broken left thumb and forty odd bruises. Dix weighed one hundred and sixty pounds; Renault, one hundred and ninety-five.

The Elephants Remember Wally

EVERYONE loves that adorable roughneck, Wallace Beery. Happy-go-lucky, homely, careless of his grammar, profane, he is one of the screen's greatest actors. "Maybe I do look like a bum," he will tell you, pulling at a dirty sweat-shirt. "Well, I am.

"One day Pop, who was a cop, took me around on his beat for a couple of days and got me a job as an engine wiper at the Santa Fe roundhouse. When the circus came to town, I played hooky from work and went to the show grounds. The elephants fascinated me and I hung around the herd all day, listening to the talk of the 'bull men,' as the elephant hostlers are called. I watched how they watered, fed and handled the elephants and then, gaining courage, walked up to the boss and asked: 'Do you need a bull man?'

"'Know anything about bulls?' he questioned.

"'Sure,' I lied.

"I was hired, and that night the head bull man gave me four small elephants to take to the train in a terrific downpour of rain. I watched the other men hook a bull by the ear and pull him to his knees, get on his head and ride off with the other elephants following. So I selected the smallest of my four elephants, hooked his ear, and down he came.

"But, say, that little bull knew within a few minutes that he didn't have a genuine 'bull man' sitting on his head. He shook himself, and down I went: there was a splash as I hit the mud. Again I hooked his ear and climbed on. The stubborn brute threw me off once more and this time I got up and beat the stuffing out of that elephant with the bull hook. From then on I was a bull man and at the end of three years I had charge of a herd of twenty-six elephants."

George Still Quick with Fists

GEORGE RAFT got off to a tough start by being born in the Hell's Kitchen of New York. Some of the boys on the block became sharpshooters, but George decided he would rather fight the world with both fists than just one finger. So he became a pug. In one year, he had twenty-two fights (in the ring), was knocked out seven times and was cured of ring ambitions by Frankie Jerome, who broke his nose, split his ear and fractured four ribs. Light on his feet, he took up dancing. How many battles Georgie lost as a dancer is not of record. But we do know that he has autographed portraits of most of the real "hots" from Al Capone on down. It was only recently (if at all) that Raft believed it safe to tell his

bodyguards to "lam." He's still quick with his fists, as a Hollywood news dispatch of recent date avers.

The stork must have grinned and said to himself, "Well, Mrs. Jory, here's a problem for you," when he delivered little Victor. How could a guy born in an Alaskan roadhouse called "60 Below Bonanza" be anything but tough? Vic was and he is. He started egging on the authorities when he led a school strike at Pasadena High. As a wrestler, boxer, soldier, tramp, ham actor—screen star—Vic has had a life that, until recently, has been one swell brawl after another.

Cortez Can Also Sock

I like to refer to the suave and polished Ricardo Cortez as "the bodyguard." Born to the rowdyism of New York's East Side, Ric could battle with the best, with fists, bricks, or whatever was handy. He started to work at twelve, educated himself, resisted strong temptations, and eventually became a respectable citizen. Then came opportunity. A certain noted actor was wanted in Hollywood. Ric got the job of body-guarding that actor to Hollywood—guaranteeing to deliver the actor to a certain studio in a sober condition. It took more than one right to the jaw during that transcontinental journey for Ric to make good. Cortez delivered the actor—sober—to a now-famous producer, who was so thankful that he gave Ric a chance as an actor.

"From the day I could walk," Cortez told me, "it was every guy for himself."

"Censorship Means Goodbye to Garbo, Dietrich and Me"

—Anna Sten

(*Continued from page 69*)

ing. No one can accuse Tolstoy of reaching for the sensational. He did reach for truth. It isn't a pretty tale; neither is it petty. It is a glorious story of a woman's soul, and not a record of the kittenish and flaccid emotions of a Pollyanna. In this story we have the revelation of a soul's progress. 'Resurrection' is a classic. It has lasted because it delves beneath the surface of life—because it is a faithful replica of reality, which was the same yesterday as it is today and will be tomorrow. It will be long remembered because it is thought-provoking.

"Gear pictures to the mentality of children—censor every adult tale of adult emotions and we become imbeciles in embryo."

Anna Sten's eyes are an intense blue, fringed with lashes that shadow her cheekbones. There is the light of a zealot, of a thinker, in them. They mirror the deep passion of a woman who has met life and conquered it. But there is placidity in them as she tells of her happiness in work.

"Do you think work is the most important thing in the world, after all, to a woman?" I ask her.

"I can't speak for other women, but to me it is important. And that is why I haven't entered the Hollywood life, why I haven't made friends. I love it here. I am content as I have never been before, but I came to work—not to meet new people, not to play. Only to work. That is my life."

Undoubtedly, herein lies the reason for her astute analysis of the censorship problem—for her deep interest in what a careless and overrighteous censorship movement might mean to an art that has struggled through dark days towards adulthood.

Censorship of the licentious is needed, she declares.

"But don't censor life," she warns, "else you'll stifle it."

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Try a tube of Colgate's. If, when it's gone, it hasn't made your teeth whiter, your smile brighter than any toothpaste you've ever used . . . send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., . . . and *twice what you paid for the toothpaste,* plus postage, will be mailed you.

***Science classifies the hundreds of tooth stains into these 7 major groups —* 1. Meats and other proteins. 2. Cereals and other starchy foods. 3. Vegetables. 4. Sweets. 5. Fruits. 6. Beverages. 7. Tobacco smoke.**

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These Movies

(*Continued from page 35*)

ingly so spontaneous that everybody not only joins in the fun, but shares his reactions to his predicaments. It's clever.

SERVANTS' ENTRANCE—Fox

Gaynor Plays Cinderella Backwards

MILTON BERLE, the comic, recently wisecracked that Hollywood has taken the "Cin" out of "Cinderella." But Janet Gaynor, Hollywood's own pet rags-to-riches heroine, has added something to the character that the story-books never told about—namely, a sense of humor. That was never proved better than in her newest picture, in which Lew Ayres (also of "State Fair" fame) plays hero.

"Servants' Entrance" tells the Cinderella story in reverse. Janet starts out as a wealthy girl and disguises herself as a servant, in order to learn something about housekeeping. (She's planning to marry a wealthy lad. What does she need to know about housekeeping?) In turn, she becomes a cook, a nursemaid and a seamstress—and, as each, she is a lovable caricature of what she tries to be. Her attempts at cooking are disastrous, and when she is a nursemaid she has two obstreperous young pests to manage. But while she's living and learning, she meets a young mechanic (Ayres)—and he repairs her ego.

Cynics are warned away from it. All others—especially, those who like their whimsy—may anticipate a good time. It has few surprises, but it has a novel background, charm, gaiety, and light-hearted dialogue. And good acting.

OUR DAILY BREAD —United Artists

A Picture That Pioneers

"OUR Daily Bread" is a notable picture —more, perhaps, for what it attempts than for what it attains. It is the movies' first real recognition of the existence of The Forgotten Man; but it goes further than merely dramatizing his problems and suggests a solution. It is a picture for those who believe that movies should be a mirror of modern life, as well as a source of make-believe. King Vidor—who wrote, directed and produced it—deserves a rising vote of thanks for his pioneering. It is a courageous, frank and forceful picture.

A city boy and girl, who can find no work, find hope, at least, on an abandoned farm. They enlist others of the vast army of unemployed in their project. Together, they struggle to wrest from the land the living that the world doesn't feel it owes them. It is an epic struggle, full of heroism and heartache, dreams and drama. The highlights are the scenes of desperate men harnessing themselves to plows, of the thanksgiving service over the rows of new corn, of the frantic efforts to bring water to the parched land.

Tom Keene, who gave up a financially remunerative career as a Western star and left Hollywood for a year to prepare for this dramatic chance, is boyish and intense as the young hero. Karen Morley, as the girl who shares his struggle, matches his sincerity. The "bit" players are convincingly real.

SHE LOVES ME NOT —Paramount

A Comic Collegiate Crooner

ON the stage, this was an uproarious farce, stingingly funny. On the screen, it is a light romantic comedy, which serves as a convenient rack for Bing Crosby's singing. The sting is gone, and so is the spontaneity. It isn't Bing's fault. It's the fault of the adapters and, behind them, Hollywood timidity.

A night-club dancer (Miriam Hopkins), fleeing from the scene of a murder she has witnessed, bursts into the Princeton dormitory room of Bing, a dignified Senior and a campus songwriter. He's in a tight place, but he agrees to help her, and wins the assistance of his pal upstairs. They trim her hair, dress her in boy's clothes, and store her in the pal's room, while the pal goes off to New York to see if his father (a movie magnate) won't give her a job; Bing, meanwhile, wires his righteous uncle and writes his fiancée for their aid. The uncle wires the Dean to investigate; the fiancée, in a huff, decides to investigate in person; a studio publicity man arrives, with a photographer; and a gangster arrives to "erase" the fugitive blonde. In this predicament, Bing's only friend is the Dean's daughter (Kitty Carlisle), to whom he has been singing "Love in Bloom," and even she gets the wrong impression of him. How he escapes from what looks like an unhappy fate is amusing, if not actually hilarious. The suspense isn't what it ought to be. The ending is one of the world's most sophomoric.

Bing does his usual effective job of song-plugging, ably assisted by Kitty Carlisle; but there is too little of Miriam Hopkins. Lynne Overman, as the publicity man, and Warren Hymer, as the gangster, walk off with the comedy honors.

THE GIRL FROM MISSOURI —M-G-M

Jean Harlow Clowns—Harmlessly

JEAN HARLOW'S sails have been trimmed in her new picture, but the result is still amusing, if somewhat frothy entertainment —and bears the purity stamp of the Hays Office. And Jean steps out to show the customers that she doesn't need revealing gowns to hold their attention; all she needs is a chance to do light comedy. And she has it here, with everybody else pulling on the oars with a good will, while she holds the helm.

She is a keen small-town girl who has big-time ideas. Along with Patsy Kelly, who is more cynical, she runs off to Broadway to become a chorus girl and meet wealthy men. Moreover, she insists she is going to keep to the straight-and-narrow and marry one. She selects a patrician millionaire (Lionel Barrymore), who decides she is more the type for his playboy son (Franchot Tone)—never suspecting that the girl intends matrimony and nothing else but. When the suspicion finally dawns upon him, he "frames" her; but she is one too many for him, and "frames" him in return, for an ending that is as improbable as it is amusing. The dialogue has snap, the direction has breeze, and the whole cast has a good time. So should you.

HOUSEWIFE—Warners

The Players Shame the Writers

IF the writers had worked with the imagination that the players do, "Housewife" would have been a thoroughly entertaining little comedy-drama. As it is, it is entertaining chiefly because of the acting; the story follows a familiar groove, with few unexpected deviations.

Ann Dvorak, in the title rôle, has been married to George Brent through five struggling years, when she persuades him to take his courage in hand, quit his job, and strike

out for himself. In no time at all, he is an advertising czar, with several dozen (or so it seems) offices. Bette Davis decides he is worth having, goes after him, and finally makes him crave a divorce. But before the judge can hear the story he intended to tell, his little boy is struck by a truck, and the judge hears a different story. This court scene, and another scene in which the two women compare notes, are the amusing ones. The others you have seen before.

HAT, COAT AND GLOVE —RKO

Courtroom Drama that's Different

THE principal satisfaction in seeing this drama is the sight of Ricardo Cortez as a hero, for a change. He deserved the change. But he tries almost too hard to be convincing, and as a result seems self-conscious—which a suave criminal lawyer wouldn't be.

That's what he is—a smooth lawyer. He's a lawyer whose wife is in love with an artist (John Beal). He drops around to the artist's studio just in time to witness the suicide of a discarded girl-friend of the painter; in his haste to depart from there, he leaves behind a hat, coat and glove. Beal is arrested, accused of murder, and Cortez becomes attorney for the defense. About that time the audience wonders: Will he get his rival out of the way by letting him go to the electric chair? How can he save him, without involving himself? And those questions are answered cleverly, with suspense. Beal is responsible for this in great part. Here is a young Broadway actor of talent whom the movies ought to keep busy.

Hollywood Happenings

(*Continued from page 14*)

Want to Swim a Duck?

JOE PENNER, of radio fame, arrived at Paramount to take up his picture career in "College Rhythm" (with Lanny Ross). And under his arm was his equally famous duck, a real live one.

The studio gang were awaiting the duck. They had rigged up a little fenced-in enclosure, beautifully fitted out with every modern convenience to make a duck happy and contented. The only thing they forgot was water for the duck to swim in.

Wanta buy a duck?

That Cute Katy Hepburn

HAVING tried worn-out overalls with an ermine wrap, opening fan mail while sitting in the middle of a street, telling interviewers that she "couldn't remember" if she had a husband, then refusing to tell them anything at all, Katharine Hepburn has now resorted to driving a station-wagon, instead of a limousine.

Fooled the Whole Town

EVER since she has been in Hollywood, June Knight has worn a blonde wig. Her hair was badly burned by a hairdresser and she had to have her head shaved in order to save her tresses. A wig was the only solution and it was such a good wig that no one suspected. June is wearing her own hair again now, so she enjoys telling the story.

They Say - - -

THAT Sue Carol and Nick Stuart are about to reconcile. They are seen together often.

That when Charles Laughton isn't swimming in the Garden of Allah pool, the place seems so *empty* without him.

That Jean Harlow and William Powell are "that way." You can take it from us that they're not.

(*Continued on page 82*)

LIFE *isn't half as much fun for* FAT PEOPLE!

The PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE *may be worn with or without the new* PERFOLASTIC UPLIFT BRASSIERE

YOU CAN BE YOUR SLIMMER SELF WITHOUT EXERCISE, DIET OR DRUGS

■ "I have reduced my hips nine inches with the Perfolastic Girdle," writes Miss Jean Healy . . . "The fat seems to have melted away," says Mrs. K. McSorley . . . "I reduced my waist from 43½ to 34½ inches," writes Miss Brian . . . "It massages like magic," writes Mrs. K. Carrol.

. . . NOW . . .

We guarantee to reduce your Waist and Hips

3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS

with the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE

or it will cost you nothing!

WE WANT YOU to try the Perfolastic Girdle. Test it for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, it will cost you nothing!

THE MASSAGE-LIKE ACTION REDUCES QUICKLY, EASILY and SAFELY

■ The massage-like action of this famous Perfolastic Reducing Girdle takes the place of months of tiring exercises. It removes surplus fat and stimulates the body once more into energetic health.

KEEPS YOUR BODY COOL AND FRESH

■ The ventilating perforations allow the skin pores to breathe normally. The inner surface of the Perfolastic Girdle is a delightfully soft, satinized fabric, especially designed to wear next to the body. It does away with all irritation, chafing and discomfort, keeping your body cool and fresh at all times. A special adjustable back allows for perfect fit as inches disappear.

SEND FOR 10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

■ You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle will reduce *you*. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try it for 10 days . . . then send it back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

Don't wait any longer . . . act today!

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Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Post Card

You Wonderful Girls of Today!

Dancing . . . tennis . . . beach parties . . . rumble seats in the moonlight . . . glamorous week ends in the country. You're busy. You're happy. You have no time to be "indisposed." You just can't be bothered with cramps and backaches. Periodic illness isn't going to upset your plans if you can help it. AND YOU CAN.

Take Lydia E. Pinkham's Tablets. These little chocolate coated tablets contain no narcotics, no harmful ingredients of any kind. They will not upset your stomach or make you dizzy.

This medicine helps lots of girls. Let it help you too.

All Drug Stores and many department stores sell

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS

"Feel wonderful EVERY day"

"MISS MARIE" —A Story Never Told Till Now

(*Continued from page 45*)

"Even in our Beverly Hills home, she never scolded when I would interrupt her fun. When I would come into the living room to say, 'Madam, it is eleven o'clock,' she would laugh and tell her friends, 'I have to obey Mamie and go to bed. She knows what is best for me.'"

Marie's guests were always sent home at eleven by Mamie. Those who overstayed that time of night she discouraged from coming again—courteously, but firmly.

How She Guarded Marie

MARIE, much amused, once told me about that habit. "Mamie always looks over my guest list. If she sees a name she doesn't approve, she will say, 'We don't want so-and-so, do we? He stays too late.'

"It is Mamie's boast," Marie continued, "that she always knows what's wrong with me. It's really uncanny, for she does. Many's the time she has met me at the door and said, 'You have a bad headache.' It is not a question on her part, but a statement of fact. I have stopped asking how she knows. Her reply never varies—'I have the symptoms.'"

It is small wonder that Mamie was put in complete charge of the corps of nurses during Marie's last illness.

"They were not allowed to wear nursing uniforms," Mamie said. "We didn't want the house to seem like a hospital, so the two nurses on each shift were dressed as they would have been if they had been paying us a social call.

"The same sort of deception was carried on when Miss Frances Marion or Mr. Louis B. Mayer or Mrs. Ida Koverman came to see Miss Marie. Mr. Mayer was forever talking about a new story he had just bought for his 'greatest star.' He would pretend that in a few weeks Miss Marie would be well enough to start production. Probably she wasn't fooled by all of this. But she never let on."

Similarly, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer continued to announce new pictures for Marie Dressler, pictures they knew she would never make. She did want very badly to make one more before she died. This was "Tish," from the Mary Roberts Rinehart stories.

Thirty Thousand Letters Came

"AS long as she was able, Miss Marie always read every letter or telegram she ever received from her admirers," Mamie continued. "And she answered them personally, too. After it was published that she had gone to Santa Barbara for 'a rest,' almost as much mail came to her there as to the studio. They were such beautiful letters, full of encouragement and good cheer. She loved everyone, and everyone seemed to love her.

"We must have received nearly thirty thousand letters altogether at Santa Barbara. After Miss Marie lost consciousness, I continued to put her mail on the table beside her bed—ready for her to read when she awakened. When they overflowed the table, they were stacked upon the floor."

Allow me to repeat Mamie's words—"ready for her to read—when she awakened." Not "if," but "when."

Mamie, I am sure, never once faltered in her belief that Marie would recover. Doubtless, it was beyond her conception that one who loved life so much would be allowed to die. The doctors said that she could not live; but, then, doctors have been known to be wrong. All that Miss Marie needed was the proper care and this was what Mamie—loyal, stout-hearted Mamie—was there to give.

In those final weeks of coma, Mamie refused to leave the bedside. She had to be forced to eat, and the tiny naps that she took, sitting in her chair, were the only intervals when her anxious eyes left the face of her beloved mistress.

Marie Dressler, the world will be glad to know, did not suffer any great pain before the end. She was not despondent. Nor would she allow anyone else to be despondent. She died as she had lived—with a smile and a great courageous spirit that nearly defied death, and certainly postponed it.

Together Twenty-Two Years

IN her entire lifetime, Marie Dressler had only two maids. The first died in service and was given a fine funeral by her mistress. The second was Mamie Cox, who was with Marie for more than twenty-two years.

Marie had advertised for a maid, preferably a colored one. A friend of Mamie's, applying for the position, found it to be part-time work. As she was looking for a full-sized job, she recommended her friend. Part-time work was what Mamie desired. Her baby daughter, then nearing a second birthday, demanded the rest of her attention. That daughter now lives in Savannah, Georgia.

Subsequently, Marie and Mamie trouped together from one end of the country to the other, enduring all of the hardships of what the theatrical profession once called "the road." There were lean years and fat years, but through the entire time, Mamie stayed with Marie. Is it any wonder that Marie called her faithful colored maid her "friend"?

When Marie entered motion pictures and began a new career, her most triumphant of all, Mamie profited, too. They had known adversity together and now they were scaling the heights together. Jerry Cox, Mamie's husband, was added to the household when the prospects grew brighter. He had been working in New York.

There was one story about Mamie that Marie delighted in telling. The incident occurred about two years ago.

"I carry a latch key, but I am never allowed to use it," Marie usually began. "Mamie nearly always waits up to let me in and put me to bed.

Couldn't Play Truant

"WELL, the other night, I came in late and there was no Mamie at the door. I used my key and sneaked quietly up the stairs so as not to awaken her. I was frankly pleased by the prospect of sitting up as late as I liked—when I saw a note pinned to the coverlet of my bed.

"'Madam,' it read, 'go right to bed and get to sleep. Jerry and I will be home early. Put out all the lights except the one in the hall and your night light. I will look in on you when we come home to see if you want anything, though I hope you will be asleep. Anyhow, go right to bed. Mamie.'

"What could I do but obey? Next morning, I found that Mamie had gone out to see the only picture of mine she had ever missed. It was playing in a small theatre 'way on the other side of town."

Some time later, I mentioned this story to Mamie.

"It's true," she said. "Miss Marie still carries my note in her bag and shows it to everyone. She calls it an example of my bullying her. But she went to bed . . . I never go to sleep until she does, and then I

leave my door open. I wake up every time she turns over. As long as she's out, I can't sleep at all, so why go to bed?"

It was the habit of Marie's friends to send presents to Mamie when they wanted to please Marie. She received more pleasure from watching Mamie open a package than she did from opening one, herself. Polly Moran never forgot Mamie at Christmastime. Nor did many others in Marie's circle of intimates.

"Madam and I both think the world of Miss Polly," Mamie once told me proudly while I was waiting to interview her mistress. "Of course, whoever she really likes, I like, too.

Often Guessed Her Wants

"OUR minds, Miss Marie's and mine, work together on a lot of things. Often, when she comes home to dinner, she will say, 'You know, Mamie, I was thinking about such-and-such a thing to eat to-day. I wish we had some for dinner.' And, like as not, that is just what I had prepared.

"I do all of the shopping for the house and Miss Marie's personal shopping—clothes and such. I do her banking, too. I have been with her so long it is hard to think of home as being anywhere but where she is.

"On Thursday nights, she always does the cooking, herself. Won't let me help her. Says it's my day off. As if I ever wanted a day off! Madam often prepares special dishes for her friends, because she honestly likes to cook. No diets for her. She's too fond of good things to eat.

"I sometimes wish she didn't like people so well. She is too generous for her own good. Anyone with a hard-luck story will always find her willing to listen and help.

"People impose upon her and she is not as strong as she thinks she is. That puts it up to me to keep people away—which is pretty hard for me to do, for I like people, too. But I love Miss Marie and it's my job to protect her."

So spoke Mamie Cox of Marie Dressler in life. Can you now understand why Mamie is Marie's sincerest mourner in death? It was one of the most beautiful devotions Hollywood has ever known.

When the Bing Crosbys were presented recently with twins, Bing was kept so busy signing congratulatory telegrams he couldn't find time to croon or play golf. He doesn't want to see another telegraph boy and his bicycle for a year

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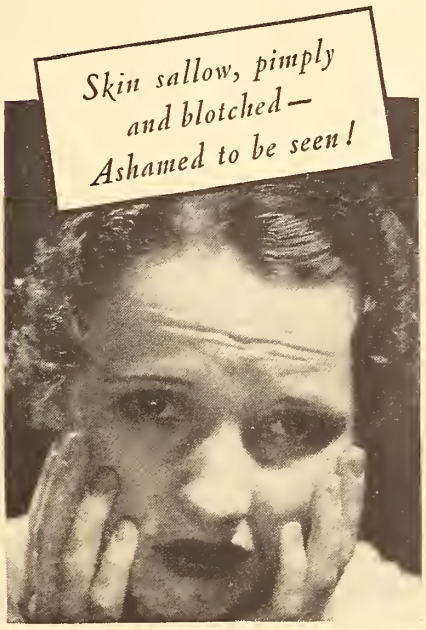

WHY be ashamed of a sallow, blotchy or old looking skin when this simple, easy treatment will do wonders for you? Thousands have found that it brings radiant new beauty—a clear, lovely skin—a fresh, youthful complexion!

"My skin was in very poor condition," writes a lady in South Boston, Mass., "but since taking your pasteurized yeast, the blemishes and pimples have completely disappeared." "Your yeast is certainly marvelous for the complexion," says a user in Tuckerton, N. J., "almost every day someone tells me how much better I look."

As you know, the two most common causes of poor skin and complexion are faulty elimination and a nervous, run-down condition. Your trouble is internal and requires internal treatment. That's just what Yeast Foam Tablets provide.

Watch beauty return

These delicious tablets of scientifically pasteurized yeast contain rich stores of the precious vitamins B and G—the nutritive elements which strengthen your digestive and intestinal organs, which give tone and vigor to your nervous system.

With the true causes of your trouble corrected, eruptions and blemishes disappear. Your skin becomes clear and smooth. Indigestion, constipation, lack of pep and nervousness all go. You enjoy new beauty and new health.

These results you get with a food, not a drug. Yeast Foam Tablets are made of pure yeast. Remember, pure yeast is the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. In the average diet these essential elements are sadly deficient. In some of our most common foods they are entirely lacking! Yeast Foam Tablets are so helpful because they are super-rich in these nutritive factors.

See for yourself

Yeast Foam Tablets are very different from ordinary yeast. They cannot cause gas or discomfort. They keep fresh for months and are always uniform in vitamin content. This yeast is used by various laboratories of the United States government and by many leading American universities in their vitamin research.

Any druggist will supply you with Yeast Foam Tablets. The ten-day bottle costs 50c—only a few cents a day. See what this remarkable corrective food will do for you. Get a bottle today!

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Yes! Now you can fill out those ugly hollows—add firm, rounded flesh just where you need it—develop lovely shapeliness. Let me send you my new easy method to try.

Add Lovely Feminine Curves

No longer need you be embarrassed by a thin, scrawny, unwomanly form! No longer need you be ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit or clinging gown. Here at last is a safe, easy way to develop a stunning figure—to gain those fascinating, swelling curves—to firm and strengthen flabby, sagging tissues.

Just Give Me 10 Days

Let me prove that I can give you the full, womanly development that is so smart and attractive. My wonderful method takes just a few minutes a day in the privacy of your own home. See the marvelous things it does for your figure! Take advantage of my big bargain offer now: Send only $1.00 and I will mail you my delightful home treatment, including Instructions and special massaging Cream. Try it 10 days. Your dollar back if you are not delighted! Write today, enclosing $1.00.

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Now You Can Have A New Skin In 3 Days' Time!

Visible Ugly Blemishes Disappear!

GET THIS FREE—and learn that what was considered impossible before—the removal of pimples, blackheads, freckles, tan, oily skin, large pores, wrinkles and other defects in the outer skin—can now be done harmlessly and economically at home in three days' time in many instances as stated by legions of men and women, young and old.

It is all explained in a new treatise called

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which is being mailed absolutely free to readers of this magazine. So, worry no more over your humiliating skin and complexion or signs of aging if your outer skin looks soiled and worn. Simply send your name and address and name the skin blemishes which trouble you most to MARYO BEAUTY LABORATORIES, Dept. F-32, No. 1700 Broadway, New York, N. Y., and you will receive this amazing new treatise by return mail in plain wrapper, postpaid and absolutely free. If pleased, tell your friends about it.

BLONDES

Wash golden sunshine into your hair!

Blonde hair, like silk chemises, demands special treatment. That's why thousands of blondes shampoo their hair only with Blondex, the shampoo created especially for *them*. They know it not only helps prevent darkening, but also keeps the hair light, sparkling, and golden. Safely brings back the beautiful sheen and lustre that made blonde hair so attractive. It is approved by the Good Housekeeping Institute. Blondex is a powdery shampoo that bubbles instantly into a rich, creamy lather. At all drug and department stores in two sizes—$1.00 and 25¢.

My Marriage With John Gilbert Was Not a Failure

(*Continued from page 46*)

Mutual friends tell me that Jack still loves Virginia and the baby, but doesn't want to see either of them again. "I can't be one of those complacent Hollywood ex-husbands who go to parties with their former wives," they quote Jack as saying, savagely. "I still love her too much to make light of it!"

Virginia wouldn't admit that this was true. "I've only seen him once since our separation," she sighed. "I do know, though, that when Jack has a disagreeable thing to do he never hesitates. A quick amputation is his method. And when he is through, he is through."

As for insisting on being called Mrs. Jack Gilbert, why not, she asks. "If it had been possible I would have had my screen credit in the same manner. After all, legally it's still my name and Gilbert is my baby's name,—nothing can change that. Furthermore, I like the name. You may be surprised when I tell you that it pleases me that my baby looks so much like Jack."

Still In Love With Jack

"YOU will never love anybody as you loved Jack," I remarked. There was a wistful look in her wide blue eyes as she said, hesitantly.

"Does any one ever love as they loved the first time? You see I had never been in love before. I had never even imagined myself deeply in love, so it was a complete surrender in my case. Jack and I met in May and were married in August.

"Besides," she continued, "don't you think it would be difficult to find another man like Jack? Of course, I am a perennial optimist, but you don't often find such a combination of good looks and irresistible charm. Oh, I know what you are going to say. I know some of his friends have called him *mad*, but his absolute irresponsibility, his complete abandon, is the very thing that makes people love him—even people who don't always admire him. They look at him and wish they could do the same things. It's a funny streak in human nature, but we can't help half-way envying the other fellow who has the courage to do just what we want to do."

Virginia is not embittered, she is not cynical. She doesn't even regret marrying Jack. She speaks of it as a glorious experience. Although it sounds like a contradictory statement, she is really happy. She enjoys her freedom, she has her baby, her parents and her beautiful home. And she asserts that she is a finer woman in every way for having had the experience of marriage. She will not concede it was a failure in any way.

"In the first place," she said, "and far more important than anything else, it gave me my baby. If you haven't had a baby, you won't be able to understand what that means. To me it meant suddenly becoming akin to all mankind. It meant understanding my mother, and all mothers, as I never had before. I am sorry Jack has never seen our little girl since we separated. She was such a tiny mite then, and most fathers are not particularly interested in the little red creature until it is a few months old. Now she is so cunning, I am certain he would love her if he saw her.

"In the second place, I was a child when I married Jack and in the time that we were together I became a woman. I hadn't the remotest idea of how to run a house, how to entertain or how to assume any of the duties of a wife. I am not certain that I ever learned a great deal, and, as you know, patience was not one of Jack's cardinal virtues.

"Another thing I shall never cease to be grateful for, as a result of my marriage to Jack, are the many lovely friends to whom he introduced me. They are still my friends and I value them immeasurably. You see I was just getting a foothold in pictures when I met Jack, and my social position was

It had to happen that the covered wagon was bound to be reproduced as something nifty in garden or porch furniture. Betty Furness is glimpsed in this 1934 Barker Brothers model which is equipped with radio, air cushions and a lantern

determined naturally by my professional standing.

"Another splendid thing that marriage did for me was that it developed me emotionally. Prior to my marriage, I occasionally saw a woman on the screen sobbing. It was incomprehensible to me. I didn't see how any woman could feel anything enough to cry over it. I know well enough now. Then, I had never suffered. You see you have to love someone very deeply for him to be able to hurt you much. It's a dear price to pay, but I *should* be a much better actress. Only as we really understand sorrow can we portray it.

"And the next thing I learned from marriage will make you laugh, I know. I believe my father would call it 'spunk.' I was phlegmatic and easy-going and I never really took issue about anything, unless it was terribly important. Now I know that to get anywhere I must stand up for myself. I've learned it's even good to lose my temper occasionally!"

Virginia told me of an aunt of hers who was much opposed to her marrying Jack. When she learned of the engagement, she wrote Virginia, begging her to change her mind, because a marriage with a man who had previously had three wives could never end happily. Virginia was amused and showed the letter to Jack. He rather admired the courage of the lady and in his gallant, impulsive fashion he wired her twenty-five dollars' worth of roses that day. It made a hit with the aunt, and after Virginia and Jack were married she was anxious to visit them and share their happiness. She arrived recently to find their happiness ended. But the aunt still wants to know Jack. She is certain there is something very lovable about him. She will make an effort to see him while she is here, and Virginia will not oppose her.

I find that Virginia's father drives her to her social functions and always calls for her, ever since she left Jack. She leads a busy

Charles Boyer and Pat Paterson were recently married after a whirlwind courtship. Now that hubby has returned to France, Pat will soon follow—to make a foreign film or two before she comes back to Hollywood

TAKE YOUR MIND OFF YOUR NOSE!

Any Face Powder

THAT NEEDS REPLACEMENT IN LESS THAN 4 HOURS ISN'T WORTHY OF THE NAME!

By *Lady Esther*

I get over ten thousand letters a week. Among them are not a few from men. And most of them have the same thing to say—or rather, the same kick to make.

It's this nefarious habit women have of constantly daubing at their noses in public and in private.

In a radio talk a few weeks ago, I said I wondered what young men think when a perfectly lovely girl takes out her powder puff and starts to dab at her face and here is the letter that answers my question from a young man of Detroit, Michigan, who signs himself simply "Dave."

"Dear Lady Esther: Your radio talk last night hit the nail squarely on the head. I know many of us would like to voice our opinion but can't. I hope you will repeat your message to the women of the world so often that not one will miss hearing you. What can be worse than seeing a woman using her make-up box in public, on the street, in the stores, at the table where she dines. Please, Lady Esther, I hope you will be the means of putting a stop to this."

Shiny Nose, No Longer a Bugaboo

There is no question that it is annoying, if not a wee bit disgusting, to see a woman constantly peeking into her mirror or daubing at her nose. It suggests artificiality! But to be perfectly fair to women there *was* a time when they were justified in worrying about their noses. The only face powder they could get did not cling or hold. It was no sooner put on than it was whisked off, leaving the nose to shine before the whole world.

But when I brought out Lady Esther Face Powder, I ended the bugaboo of shiny nose. Lady Esther Face Powder is distinctive for many things, not the least being that it *clings!* By actual timing under all conditions it clings perfectly for at least four hours, not needing replacement once in that time. Yet, as adhering as it is, it does not clog the pores. It goes *onto* the skin, but *not* into it.

In other words, while this face powder forms a veil of delicate beauty over the skin, it lets the skin breathe. This not only permits the skin to function, which is essential to true beauty, but it also helps keep the powder intact. This is one reason why Lady Esther Face Powder does not cake or streak on the face.

All 5 Shades FREE

You may have tried all kinds of face powders, but none like Lady Esther. None so soft and smooth. None so adhering. None so flattering. But I don't expect you to accept my word for this. I expect you to prove it to yourself *at my expense!* So I say: Accept a generous supply of all the five shades in which I make Lady Esther Face Powder. Let your mirror prove which one is the most becoming to you. Let your clock prove to you that this powder stays on for four hours or longer and still looks fresh. Mail coupon today. Lady Esther, Evanston, Ill.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard)
LADY ESTHER
2014 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Ill.

FREE

Please send me by return mail a trial supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. (7)

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Address.....

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Brush Away
GRAY HAIR
and Look 10 Years Younger

Now you can really look years younger and retain your youthful charm and appearance. With a small brush and BROWNATONE, you just tint those streaks or patches of gray or faded hair to lustrous shades of blonde, brown, or black.

Over twenty-two years success. Don't experiment. BROWNATONE is guaranteed harmless for tinting gray hair—active coloring agent is of vegetable origin. Easily and quickly applied—at home. Cannot affect waving of hair. BROWNATONE is economical and lasting—it will not wash out. No waiting. No disappointments. Just brush or comb it in. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of hair. Shades: "Blonde to Medium Brown" and "Dark Brown to Black"—cover every need.

BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

DEVELOP YOUR FORM

by a Safe Simple Method successful more than 30 years. Build up Flat Scrawny Bosom, Neck, Arms, Legs--or ANY part of the Body. Get a Beautiful Symmetrical Figure with no trouble and little cost.

I make no absurd claims but send the PROOF and the Cream FREE. Just enclose a dime, carefully wrapped, to help pay for packing etc., and you will receive a Large Container of my PEERLESS WONDER CREAM

and my Confidential up-to-the minute information "How to Have a Beautiful Symmetrical Form by my Natural Home Method," sealed and prepaid. No C. O. D. MY GUARANTEE: Your dime back if you say so. Can anything be fairer? But—do it NOW. Not a dollar, not even fifty cents—just a dime.

MADAME WILLIAMS, Sten. 61, Buffalo, N. Y.

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social life, for she has many friends. Among her intimates are Dolores Del Rio, Sandra Shaw, Mrs. Donald Ogden Stuart and Countess di Frasso.

We spoke of Jack's contract at Columbia and I remarked on how unfortunate it was that he had been sick so much and held up the picture. She was furious that the papers did not explain fully that Jack had injured his ankle in one of the early scenes and had not been able to walk since. By further questioning, I learned that Virginia had kept in touch with some of his friends, and so knew of Jack's condition. I wondered why she didn't go to see him.

No Woman Can Make Jack Happy

"I WOULD have gone in a minute, if he wanted me," she replied quietly. "I would go any minute if I could make him happy. But I can't. I don't believe any woman can ever really and truly make Jack happy."

I told her the papers had carried the news that Jack was seen with Sally Blane, occasionally. "Is he really going with her?" she asked, interestedly. "She's one of the very finest girls I know." Then it was that I observed a very striking resemblance between the two girls, an odd shape of the bones of the face that makes them quite alike.

As I talked with this self-contained girl, I felt that I was seeing a living tragedy. Hers is a love so deep that she cannot possibly hide it and even admits it to her intimates. And Jack has been known to remark to his friends that he doesn't know what it is all about—that there is no reason on earth why he and Virginia should be separated today. Not a word of censure escapes her lips. The only admission she has ever made to anybody was that Jack's career was more important to him than love.

We don't believe this. We believe that love will always be essential to Jack's career, but we do know he has received many hurts and they have not sweetened his disposition, nor made him believe more in his fellow beings. His is a possessive nature and it may be that he never, completely, trusts any woman. If this is the case he surely forfeits permanent happiness, no matter how much he longs for it. Without knowing any more than outsiders ever know, we are constrained to believe that if Jack really loved Virginia as intensely as she obviously loves him, he would have made any sacrifice to retain that love.

Virginia says: "How can we ever tell when we are right? Don't we have to go through life making decisions and wondering whether or not we made them correctly? There are moments when I think of Jack and his sweetness, the lovely association we had together, and I feel that I should be right back there sharing in everything that touches his life. Then I am brought up with a start and the unpleasant experiences are etched in my memory with such vividness that it all seems like a horrid nightmare. I wish Jack and I might have remained friends, but he would not have it so. Naturally, I could never be indifferent to what touches his life, no matter how widely divergent our lives may become. He is still my baby's father. He is still the man who taught me what love could mean. He is still the man who has been my husband and I refuse ever to think unkindly of him.

"But," she added, "don't go away feeling that I am utterly crushed. My days are filled with joy and usefulness and I expect to find happiness wherever I am. How could I feel my marriage was a failure, when it gave me the greatest joy of my life and stirred my deepest emotions. I would only call it failure if it had embittered my soul."

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"I'm Going to Sandpaper Jimmy Cagney's Neck!"

(*Continued from page 47*)

"Yes, Jimmy, it is!" I replied. "This business of playing one type on the screen year in, year out, has its advantages as long as that type is popular, but when that type goes on the wane, what then? Many a career has been cut off without chance of a comeback, for just this reason. Years ago the public got fed up with languid, voluptuous vamps who did nothing but park on tiger rugs draped in black satin or chiffon, smoking cigarettes in exaggerated holders. The public decided that the new woman-menace was the hot-cha flapper type who could do the charleston, lift her skirts over her knees and lead her man astray with cocktails and boop-a-doop songs. Audiences couldn't imagine Theda Bara or Nita Naldi doing these things, so they went out, along with the Barbara La Marrs and the Aileen Pringles. It was the same with the old idea of villains. The style in villains changed, and so there was a change in the actors who played the part of villains. One crop disappeared and another arrived."

To-day, Jimmy Cagney is anticipating a change in heroes. "It's inevitable," he says. "The history of the stage as well as the movies has always been in cycles. And because of the things this country has been through, the people are going to want their heroes to be constructive, not destructive. The part that Tom Keene played in 'Our Daily Bread' is an example of the new hero. Not that all heroes must face tremendous odds, or that a hero must be so very serious. I will always have comedy in my rôles, but I want Jim Cagney to be clean-cut. Get me?"

We get you, Jimmy, all right . . . but *can* Cagney make the change? Will the public accept him as a gentleman, when for years on the screen he has been such a perfect tough!

"Let's be frank about this, Jimmy . . . what qualifications have you for playing the gentleman? We, who know you, know. But let's tell your fans. They know very little about you personally . . . you seldom get into the headlines in the papers . . . you're

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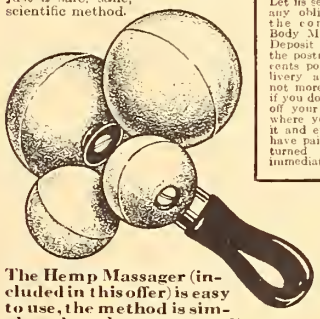

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Refined girls like the skillful NATURAL way that Marchand's restores normal brightness to blonde hair. The blonde who is proud of her hair—the girl who is sensitive about what people think she is doing to her hair—they always prefer Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

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remote from most of the things that go on in Hollywood—"

Jimmy laughed! "I should think, that, in itself, would prove I'm pretty much of a gentleman! I *don't* get into the tabloid headlines! But seriously, I've never been involved in any sort of scandal, for the simple reason that I stay away from the kind of people who are. I don't give big parties, and I don't go to them! I have a few friends, yes . . . and they're all interesting people. But I don't make friends with these people because I think they're the sort of people to be friendly with, either. I *like* them . . . they're interested in the same sort of things I am. We go to auctions together, which, incidently is my favorite sport . . . I like to pick up old things, old china, old bric-a-brac, antique furniture, and I love a bargain! We enjoy music together . . . you can find us, at least one night every week at the Hollywood Bowl concerts. I've been studying piano for several years. I sketch too, and I love fine paintings, although 'Bill,' (that's my wife), thinks I spend entirely too much money on them. She says if I must buy so many paintings, why don't I do the best thing and start an art-gallery"!

Cagney paused for a moment, grinned, and then said in a spurt of honest-to-goodness frankness, "This is embarrassing . . . imagine a person having to *say* that he is a gentleman . . . and as if such a statement proved it"!

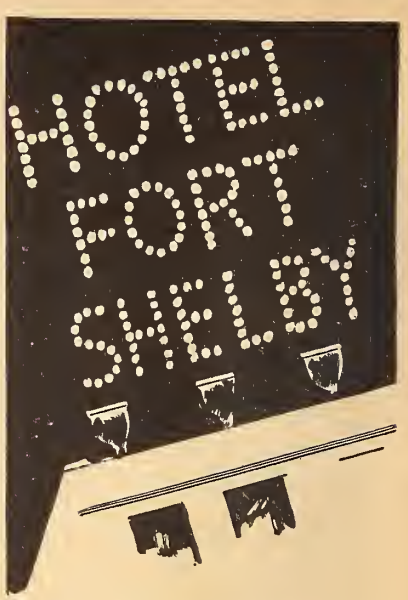
"Okay, Jimmy, let's leave it at that. I can say a few things about you myself, and I will."

Jimmy, the Gentleman

JIMMY is a gentleman, there's no doubt about that . . . you have only to meet him once to be sure. His voice is cultured, his hospitality, gracious. He never pulls scenes. He is kind, considerate, and not in the least high-hat. Jimmy has a good background. He was a college boy before he became a chorus boy! He dresses simply and in the best of taste. He has been happily married for eleven years, and that, in itself, is not only a gentleman's record, but it may be added that it is also nearly a Hollywood record. And so far as we, in Hollywood, are concerned, Jimmy can become a gentleman on the screen any day he likes, and we'll know it's an authentic portrayal.

"But I can't expect the public to be so quick to change their ideas of me," said Jimmy honestly. "I can't make the change overnight . . . why, if I appeared as the perfect gentleman in my next picture, they'd think it was a gag. It'd be just as foolish for Ed Wynn to try to get away with 'Hamlet' on the radio! No sir! I'm smart enough to know that it has to be done gradually. And I'm taking my first step toward respectability in my next picture. It's like this:

"It's a story called 'The Perfect Week-End' . . . and it's about two bums, myself and Allen Jenkins, who go to the country for a change, and run smack into a milkman's riot, and, of course, we get mixed up in it. Well, you can't have a strike or a riot without a few fights, so I can't give up fighting all at once. But I *am* through taking pokes at people on the screen with my fists. So what do I do? I offered this compromise to my producers. I said if Allen Jenkins wants to get into the fight first, and if Jimmy Cagney has to get into it to help his pal out, that's all right. But Jenkins has to start it. Then I said that in the very beginning of the picture I was going to have my hands in splints and say to Jenkins: Listen, you so-and-so, look at these hands of mine. Useless. So keep out of fights, will you, cause I'm not going to be able to help you out of them for a while! There, I have



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"AGLOW WITH FRIENDLINESS"

registered the thought with the audience that I'm not going to slug people as I did. Of course, Jenkins does get into a fight and I have to help him, but not with my fists. With what then? Why, with my head, of course, and I mean that, literally . . . you know, the old butting business which is a good defensive measure, but not an offensive one! I may go through the picture butting my way out of difficulties with my head, but you won't see me lift my hands against anybody even once! Then, in my *next* picture, I may be able to give up fighting altogether and act like a gentleman, a hundred per cent."

"That's using your head, all right," I replied, "and we don't mean to *butt* with, either, Jimmy!"

Jimmy gives this same sort of careful consideration to every part he plays—he is one of the few actors out here who actually enjoy the work of making pictures . . . the challenge that each and every part is to his imagination and ingenuity. Many of the well-known stars will admit quite frankly that acting for the movies is the dullest sort of routine . . . but that's because they just read lines, and don't really give everything they've got to actually live the character they're playing.

Gives a Rôle Everything

JIMMY not only gives everything he's got to a part, but he gives a lot of everybody else to it, too. He never plays a rôle but that he spends days studying the type of person he represents. When he was preparing for "Winner Take All," he spent a week hanging around a training gym where he watched a lot of ham fighters. One man interested him immensely. Everything he said, he said twice, "Have you got a cigarette, buddy, have you got a cigarette, buddy." "Boy, was that a punch, boy, was that a punch!" Jimmy Cagney not only saw that such a mannerism would be unusual for a picture, but that it was true to the type he was to play. In "Winner Take All," practically everything Jimmy said, he said twice, and it wasn't written that way in the script, either!

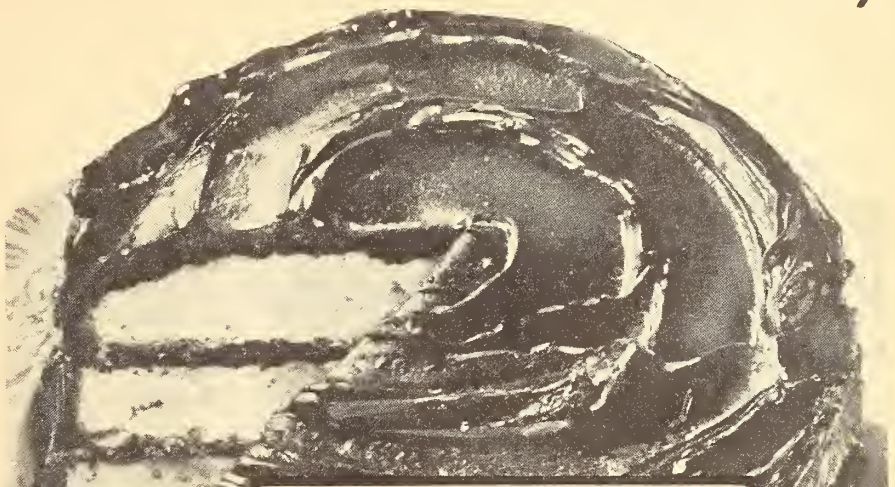
And when Jimmy was making "Jimmy the Gent," nobody suggested that he cut all his hair off and look like an ex-convict. In fact, his producers almost cried when he appeared on the lot, shorn to the gills. "Jimmy, Jimmy, what have you done!" They wailed and moaned. "Oh, Jimmy, you've ruined the picture! We'll have to send you away! What would your fans think! Oh, Jimmy, how could you go to sleep in a barber's chair!"

"But it wasn't the barber's fault," said Jimmy, smiling. "I had to give him two dollars extra to get him to do it, even. It's the part. Don't you know that a man like *Jimmy the Gent* would naturally have his hair cut like this! Come on, let's get started, before even a quarter-inch of that hair grows back!"

And so Jimmy did the first scenes of the picture with his hair shaved off like a convict. Which proves a couple of interesting things. First of all, that Jim Cagney, one of the most popular men in films, is *not* conceited. (Imagine some male stars that you and I are both thinking of right this minute appearing before the public with their hair cropped close in prison style! They'd be seen dead first.) Then, second, it proves that Jimmy is an actor above everything else; he'd sacrifice anything to do a part, realistically. He's an actor, not an exhibitionist on parade.

And for this very reason, we venture to predict that you'll like Jimmy just as much as a gentleman as you have as a tough. For when Jimmy finally gets himself all sandpapered up, with the rough edges taken off, he'll be just as good a gentleman as he has been a mug!

World's Easiest Chocolate Frosting



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2 squares unsweetened chocolate — 1⅓ cups (1 can) Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk — 1 tablespoon water

Melt chocolate in double boiler. Add Eagle Brand Sweetened Condensed Milk. Stir over boiling water 5 minutes until it thickens. (Imagine! Takes only 5 minutes to thicken perfectly!) Add water. Cool cake before spreading frosting.

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What Guests Have Said

Prince and Princess Asaka of Japan: "Enjoyed the city immensely, and believe it was partly due to the elaborate entertainment given them in your hotel."

Mr. Albert D. Lasker: "When the opportunity comes to me of stopping with you, it is a pleasure to which I look forward."

Madame Amelita Galli-Curci: "I am looking forward to another visit to the Ambassador Hotel this Fall. It is one of the most beautiful I know of."

Mr. John Barrymore: "I have always found the Ambassador a delightful place to live and shall be glad to have you say so."

Carl Van Vechten: "The Ambassador is, I should think, one of the very best hotels in the world."

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Hollywood Happenings

(*Continued from page 73*)

That Clark Gable will be Gloria Swanson's leading man in "Riff-Raff," her first picture for M-G-M. Gloria is now on loan to Fox for "Music in the Air," in which John Boles is also featured. It was Gloria who gave Boles his first screen opportunity.

That Johnny Mack Brown's part has been cut to a bit in the remakes of the new Mae West picture, "Belle of the Nineties," *née* "It Ain't No Sin." Johnny was the boy who did most of the love-making, and now the love-making is on the cutting-room floor. Love's labor lost, as it were.

They Knew What They Wanted

VISITING British officers, off their ships for a day in Hollywood, were entertained royally by the studios. The party was split up into small groups and each studio entertained a group.

The naval officers in each case were asked what they wanted to do and what they wanted to see. The party at one studio thought it over for a moment before replying, "If you don't mind, we should like to see the new Mae West picture—that is, the original version."

This request was made at M-G-M. Mae West is a Paramount star.

Ted Healy's Good News

TED HEALY had a lion cub given him some time ago. As time went on, the cub continued to grow until it became a good-sized lion and very playful, too. Everyone except Healy was afraid of it. So he decided to sell it.

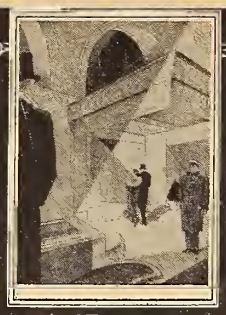
But no one would buy. Then he tried to give it away. No one would accept it, not even Healy's Stooges. Perhaps there *is* a limit to the stooging of a stooge. There was nothing left to do except to send the lion to a farm and pay for its keep. Thus Healy, some months ago, sent it to Gay's Lion Farm while he kept on trying to dispose of the beast.

The other day, he received a call from Gay's. The lion farm had good news for him. Healy's lion had just had a litter of cubs.

They Can't Lose

ANITA LOUISE and Tom Brown have posted a thousand dollars each, to be forfeited if they marry one another before five years. But as each will win the thousand from the other, neither can lose. Yet none of the columnists seem to be hep to the gag.

Steffi Duna, like all good people who come to Hollywood to stay, has taken a home—and there's where you'll find her when the day's chores are over



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Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. **Shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with new French discovery **"SHAMPO-KOLOR,"** takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dep. 21, 254 W. 31 St., New York

Don't miss the November issue of

MOVIE-CLASSIC

on sale at all newsstands on October 5th

Fling a challenge to adventure

TATTOO YOUR LIPS

TATTOO your lips and you'll dare romance! TATTOO . . . that lovely lip color of intense, more meaning brilliance . . . tempting in itself but more tempting on lips. Subtle, exquisite TATTOO! Different from anything else . . . TATTOO is so softening, so tenderly smooth . . . lips seem to grow younger the more it is used. Apply TATTOO . . . let it set . . . wipe it off . . . only the COLOR stays. No pastiness . . . only the color . . . the warm red of challenge to adventure . . . to *fate!*

More than one shade of TATTOO will become you . . . try at least two for differing costume harmonies . . . select them by testing all four at the Tattoo Color Selector displayed at all smart toilet goods counters. TATTOO for lips, $1.

Then . . . TATTOO your cheeks into alluring harmony with your lips by using the exactly matching shade of TATTOO ROUGE. (for cheeks and lips) 75c.

Don't be misled by imitators . . . there is nothing else like TATTOO!

FOUR STARTLING SHADES

CORAL has an exciting orangish pink cast. Rather light. Ravishing on blondes and titian blondes.

EXOTIC is a truly exotic, new shade, brilliant, yet transparent. Somehow we just cannot find the right words to describe it, but you'll find it *very* effective!

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A miniature size of TATTOO (LIPSTICK) contained in a clever black and silver case, will be sent upon receipt of the coupon below together with 10c to cover postage and packing. Tattoo your lips!

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☐ Coral ☐ Exotic ☐ Natural ☐ Pastel

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Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.

Put it on·· let it set ·· rub it off ·· only the COLOR *stays*

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"IT'S TOASTED"
CIGARETTES
LUCKY STRIKE
20
The Cream of the Crop
The clean center leaves are the mildest leaves
They Taste Better!
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MOVIE CLASSIC

COMBINED WITH

SCREEN STAR STORIES

NOVEMBER

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OCT -9 1934
PERIODICAL DIVISION

SYLVIA SIDNEY

THE HEROINE OF A HUNDRED ROMANCES

HE BEST FEATURES of CREEN STAR STORIES (Formerly 25c) NOW INCLUDED In This GREATER MOVIE CLASSIC

"I feel fine, *now* . . .

"Oh, sure, I feel like going now! But that was the worst headache I ever had. I never took Bromo-Seltzer before, I don't know why. But thanks a lot, darling, that was just about the quickest relief I've ever experienced."

"Bromo-Seltzer's never failed me yet! And it tastes so good, doesn't it? Well, powder your nose and let's get going!"

THERE ARE FIVE REASONS WHY

In the past 40 years, many millions of headaches have been relieved by Bromo-Seltzer. There's no particle of doubt about the quick, thorough relief this effervescing and refreshing remedy brings you.

So often, to relieve a headache, a single-action formula that merely kills pain is not enough. At times like this, Bromo-Seltzer *is* dependable. It is not a mere pain-killer but a skillfully balanced preparation containing 5 different medicinal ingredients.

You get many benefits when you take a Bromo-Seltzer. Not only pain, but other discomforts of headaches, are promptly relieved. For example, your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is increased by Bromo-Seltzer's citric salts. Bromo-Seltzer also relieves nausea or gas on the stomach. And all the while, you are gently steadied and relaxed.

Most important of all, Bromo-Seltzer contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. It is made under the strictest laboratory control. Be sure to keep Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet.

Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

Overwork or fatigue headache.

Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.

Headache due to lowered blood alkali.

Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.

Headache of the common cold.

Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.

Headache at trying time of month.

Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.

BROMO-SELTZER

Isn't it a Shame?

Graceful girl . . . lovely manners . . . but her teeth are dingy, her gums tender!

SHE'S as gracious as she is graceful. She is intelligent...friendly. It's just too bad that the shadow of neglected teeth makes most people overlook her natural charm.

Yet sympathy is really misplaced. She ought to know better. The "pink" that appears on her tooth brush and dims the natural lustre of her teeth ought to warn her that *brushing the teeth is not enough.* Those tender gums say that gingivitis, Vincent's disease, even pyorrhea, may be just around the corner.

IPANA is needed

Modern soft foods that give our gums no work or stimulation are often responsible for our gum troubles. But in spite of our daily menus—it is possible to have sparkling teeth and firm, healthy gums.

Ipana and massage is the way. Clean your teeth with Ipana twice a day. And after each brushing, massage a little extra Ipana into your gums with your fingertip or brush. The massage and the ziratol in Ipana help tone and fortify the gum walls. Start with Ipana today and keep "pink tooth brush" out of your life.

DON'T TAKE CHANCES!

A good tooth paste, like a good dentist, is never a luxury

TUNE IN "TOWN HALL TONIGHT" AND HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WEDNESDAY EVES. — WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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Surrender to the happy seduction of Ernst Lubitsch's most glorious picture holiday! When Maurice Chevalier with delicious gaiety flirts, sings, conquers Jeanette MacDonald, the rich and merry widow, it's your big new screen thrill! Because Franz Lehar's romance is the greatest operetta of our time M=G=M has spared no expense to make it memorably magnificent! With the stars and director of "The Love Parade".
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MAURICE
CHEVALIER
JEANETTE
MacDONALD
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THE
Merry Widow
with
EDWARD EVERETT HORTON • UNA MERKEL
GEORGE BARBIER • • • MINNA GOMBELL
Screen Play by Ernest Vajda and Samson Raphaelson
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

OCT -8 1934

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EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

MOVIE CLASSIC

COMBINED WITH

SCREEN STAR STORIES

VOL. 7, No. 3
NOVEMBER, 1934

GRACE MOORE
a Queen of Hearts Even Before Movies Glorified Her

Grace Moore is the woman of the hour. Her name is on every tongue. She is the woman that other women would like to be—the woman that men would like to meet. The reason? She personifies romance—romance that inspires.

And this is no overnight marvel, no feat of movie magic. Long before "One Night of Love" made the whole movie-going world Grace Moore-conscious, she was a romantic idol in the world capitals where she had sung. Men of fame, title and wealth wooed her.

But music always mattered more than marriage until—she saw Valentin Parera. Then, for the first time, she was in love—and in love at first sight. A few pages farther on, you will read the whole glamourous story!

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Bruno

GEORGE RAFT SUFFERS TORTURE IN ORIENTAL MAKE-UP FOR RÔLE

AND OTHER INTIMATE HOLLYWOOD GOSSIP

By JACK GRANT

JUST try it yourself. Put your two index fingers on the outside corners of your eyes and press upwards to slant them as an Oriental's eyes are slanted. Hold the position for a few minutes. You will find that your vision is becoming blurred, your eyes will water and your head will begin aching. Very few people can stand such pressure more than an hour. But George Raft endures it for hours at a time playing a half-caste Chinese in his new picture, "Limehouse Nights."

Every morning, he spends a full hour being made-up by Wally Westmore. The make-up includes two heavy straps of invisible adhesive tape over each temple, attached to a string that runs through his hair and ties in the back of his head to hold the tape in place . . . For the next eight hours, George is in torture. There can be no relief, as the process of having himself made-up is more painful than continuing to endure the eye-strain. He can't read and must study his lines by having someone else read them to him.

"My eyesight has always been excellent," George told me, his head thrown far back as though to relieve some of the pressure. "I pride myself upon being able to read newspaper print at a greater distance than any guy I've ever met. I remember taking a test once when I hadn't had a chance to learn the part. They suggested writing the lines on a big blackboard where I might be able to read them off-screen. I told them that it wasn't necessary. I could read the typewritten pages just as well if the script was held up where I could see it. Nobody believed this possible until I did it. Now I have to be read to.

Four of the girls take one last look at Malibu Beach for *this* year: left to right, Nydia Westman, Florine McKinney, Raquel Torres and Virginia Pine

Joe (Radio Duck-Salesman) Penner gets movie-spotlighted in "College Rhythm"

"Don't tell me that other actors have played Orientals without squawking. I know they have, but I also know that several have had to wear glasses as a result. And not a man who has ever been strapped up as I am has called it a pleasant experience. But perhaps my case is a little different. My right eye was injured when I was a professional fighter. It has never bothered me much, although it doesn't match my left eye, isn't open as far. I have to remember this whenever I have 'still' pictures taken.

"If by taking the make-up off, I could return to normal vision, it wouldn't be so bad. But I can't sleep at night. I'm dizzy and I constantly see double . . . You may take my word for it that this is my first and *last* Oriental rôle."

The studio is exercising every possible precaution to help Raft through his torturous days. A physician is always in attendance on the "Limehouse Nights" set and several eye specialists call at intervals. The

(*Continued on page 8*)

d it feels!

it is clean

GERA l Soapless Shampoo does no soap. ghly cleanse your hair; it suds nor s the hair and the scalp as tants, no h ates the scalp, relieves it of pure, soothi and dandruff. Excessive dry- magic and tha r is remedied and excessive oili- oughly, in warm . Your hair has a softness and a needed when you bring out the lights and color that less Shampoo. n lost and dulled by soaps and harsh, ating shampoos.

Easy to use. The application o Oil Soapless Shampoo is simple and quick. Dampen the hair, apply the shampoo; a short massage, a quick rinse in warm water and it is done. The hair is at once left soft, lustrous and wonderfully clean. The beneficial effect of olive oil on the hair and scalp is well known. Pure olive oil is the main ingredient of this shampoo.

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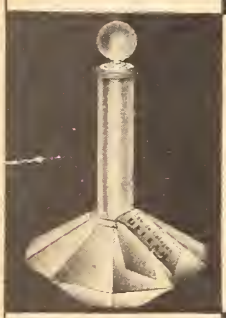

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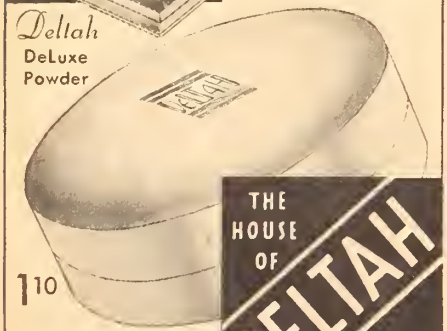

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—the supreme silk sifted face powder that women are talking about—in Golden finish metal box.

THE HOUSE OF DELTAH
NEW YORK
PARIS

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

k of making
Gab"

shooting sc
to give Raft a fu
week as well as on Sun

The Truth About That Fight

WHILE talking to George, I learned his version of the now famous Brown Derby fight. Early scare-head headlines had Raft mauling an unidentified wisecracker for a remark about his operation to remodel a cauliflower ear. Women were supposed to have surrounded the combatants, mopping their blood from the pavement with dainty handkerchiefs as souvenirs—*à la* Dillinger.

Actually, what happened was this: Some chap did make a remark about Raft's companion, Mack Gray, known affectionately to Hollywood as "The Killer," whose nose had been made over by plastic surgery and was then still bandaged. "The Killer" invited the man outside, where George was able to stop the fight before a blow was struck. The only spectators were a couple of newsboys . . . Thus do unimportant incidents become magnified in the relentless glare of the publicity spotlight of Hollywood.

Exchange

BRISSON has the best idea yet for putting to work the fan clubs organized in his honor. Instead of publishing a fan club bulletin, he has the members pay their dues direct

Acme

Marlene Dietrich (left) and Norma Shearer welcome Max Reinhardt, famous German producer of stage spectacles, to Hollywood. He may film "The Miracle"

to a London hospital, where he maintains a cancer ward . . . The fee for membership is a half-crown, which has caused no end of confusion among his hundreds and hundreds of American admirers. Several dozen letters a day are received and must be answered as to exactly how much a half-crown is in United States money.

The only possible answer is to refer the inquirers to the nearest bank for the current rate of exchange.

'Twas the Night Before Option

RICHARD ARLEN has finally "gone and done it." Dick has been with Paramount for eleven years, and for the last seven years has threatened to quit each time an option period came along. In fact, a standing joke on the lot has been, "It must be option time—Dick wants to quit again."

This year, they said just that, smiled and forgot it. Then Dick surprised everyone. He did obtain his release, effective immediately. The reason given was a desire to change the type of rôles with which he has been associated for so many years.

Wide World

Pola Negri, long absent from motion pictures, has come back to make a comeback—still unmarried

Paramount and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer both offered new contracts, but Arlen says he wants to free-lance for a while, at least. But maybe he will change his mind. And Richard certainly deserves a chance to change his mind after holding to one resolve for seven years.

Here are a few DON'TS about laxatives!

Don't take a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens you!

Don't take a laxative that is offered as a cure-all—a treatment for a thousand ills!

Don't take a laxative where you have to keep on increasing the dose to get results!

TAKE EX-LAX—THE LAXATIVE THAT DOES NOT FORM A HABIT

You take Ex-Lax just when you need a laxative—it won't form a habit. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results. Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. Ex-Lax doesn't force—it acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate taste. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it to be thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative should be.

At any drug store—in 10c and 25c boxes.

WATCH OUT FOR IMITATIONS!

Ex-Lax has stood the test of time. It has been America's favorite laxative for 28 years. Insist on genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

fascinating, profitable
PROFESSION

NOW open to MORE men *and* women

If you are looking for a NEW and BETTER way to make a living, take up Swedish Massage, for now you **Can Learn at Home.** This interesting, big pay profession was for years available only to a few. Its secrets were guarded jealously and fabulous prices were paid for instruction. This same instruction is now available to you at a mere fraction of the former price and you need not leave your present work until you have qualified as an expert and can command an expert's pay.

The demand for both men and women has shown a steady increase and few, if any, have ever lacked employment.

You CAN learn at home

Turn spare hours into money. Use spare time at home to master a profession which has made thousands of dollars for ambitious men and women.

Many graduates have completed this training in less **than two months** but you can take your own time, it need not interfere with other work or pleasure. All instruction has been prepared by the teachers in our famous resident school—the same material is used and the same diploma awarded upon graduation.

Swedish Massage Pays Big!

College Building, Chicago, Illinois

A few years ago treatments were given for health only, but NOW seekers of body beauty have learned that here is the best way to secure youthful grace as well as health. Hollywood's stars pay enormous fees to men and women in this profession. Swedish Massage has been credited with almost miraculous results in reducing weight, regaining health and halting the results of passing years. Magazines and newspapers are full of such stories—you can profit by this publicity.

Reducing Course alone of Great Value

Many of our students become **specialists in reducing.** Thousands of men and women pay huge sums to take off fat. Enroll now with the National College—get the benefit of instruction by the teachers in our famous resident school. This course includes lessons in Dietetics, Reducing Diets, Hydro-Therapy, Anatomy, Medical Gymnastics, in fact everything you need to know to qualify for a Diploma (same as given by our Resident School). Everything is written in simple language easy to understand.

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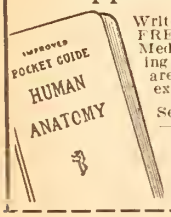

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You may send me Free and Postpaid your illustrated Catalog and complete details of your special offer covering Swedish Massage and Reducing.

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Intimate Hollywood Gossip

Director William Seiter and Marian Nixon hopped a plane for Yuma, where they were married by the town's marrying judge

Lew Obeyed That Impulse

BEING a motion picture star has its advantages sometimes. For example: Lew Ayres laid down his ping-pong mallet and said to Ben Alexander, his buddy, "Let's go to Chicago tonight, Ben."

"What for?" asked the slightly bored Benny.

"Take a ride. See the Fair."

"Can't," said Ben. "Not tonight. Got a date."

So Lew went alone, taking a plane that evening and flying back two nights later . . . How would you like to be able similarly to indulge your impulses? But maybe you don't play ping-pong.

Exposed

W. C. FIELDS' middle name is Claude. We thought you ought to know.

Babes in Hollywood

ONE reason Hollywood is so swell is because it is so consistently unconscious in its humor. Why, it was just the other day that someone gave a cocktail party for the "Babes in Toyland" company.

No Garbo Mystery This Time

LAST year, when Greta Garbo's contract with M-G-M ended, a mystery game was played with the press. Thousands of headlines begged the question: "Will Garbo Return to American Films?" This year, with "The Painted Veil" as her final picture under current contract, it is already widely known that Garbo will come back to Hollywood after a vacation in Sweden. The figure on the contract she has signed for two pictures in 1935 is reported to be $300,000 apiece. Harry Edington is again her manager.

The Movies' Greatest Fan

ANOTHER Famous Last Line: "Do you really enjoy the movies, Mr. Joe Breen?" . . . He has personally viewed more than two hundred pictures to determine whether or not they merit the industry's new purity seal. He's the one-man court that decides.

The Big Parade of Second Dresslers

AND still they come—middle-aged women from all over the world, aspirants to the throne of the late lamented Marie Dressler. From the very day that the announcement of Marie's death plunged three continents into mourning, applications from self-styled second-edition Dresslers began pouring into M-G-M studios. Nor have they abated in the weeks since. Nearly a hundred a day is the average.

All send photos in hope that someone else will note a resemblance. But one woman from the Middle West

(*Continued on page 14*)

This ought to make David Holt jealous—Shirley Temple stepping out with his rival, Baby Le Roy . . .

Barbara STANWYCK
Starring in Warner Bros. production of Willa Cather's novel
"A LOST LADY"
Illustrates a Max Factor Color Harmony Make-Up
For her colorings ... . dark auburn hair, creamy skin and blue eyes . . . the perfect color harmony make-up is Max Factor's Brunette Face Powder, Blondeen Rouge and Vermilion Lipstick.

FACE POWDER
In original color harmony shades that actually enliven the beauty of the skin . . . and there is a shade for your individual colorings. Perfect in texture, Max Factor's Face Powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours and hours. One dollar.

ROUGE
In harmonizing colors to blend with your face powder and your colorings so as to impart a youthful glow to your cheeks. Creamy-smooth in texture, Max Factor's Rouge blends easily and smoothly . . . creating a soft and natural coloring. Fifty cents.

LIPSTICK
Super-Indelible, for in Hollywood lip make-up must withstand every close-up test. So here is the lipstick you can depend upon to create lasting lip make-up, permanent and uniform in color. And only Max Factor's Lipstick will give your lips that alluring beauty of perfect color harmony. One dollar.

Why Any Girl CAN BE MORE ATTRACTIVE

Hollywood's Make-Up Genius, Max Factor, Explains the Secret of LOVELY BEAUTY

"BEAUTY is seldom born . . . it is made. There, in a sentence, is a message which I hope will bring cheer to thousands of hearts.

"For twenty-odd years now, I have created make-up for the motion picture stars and studios of Hollywood. Thousands of times I have actually seen what make-up can do in finding and revealing beauty.

"So I hope to bring to you new courage and a better understanding of what it is about beauty that attracts; and how you yourself may become more attractive.

"If you are naturally beautiful, you may become even more lovely. If you have despaired of your beauty possibilities, you may learn how to achieve an attractive charm which you never dreamed you possessed.

"Here is what to do! Take your mirror and study yourself. Is your face thin or round? Have you high cheekbones? Hollow cheeks? Small eyes? Thin lips? I will tell you how to conceal or improve those features which you think unattractive.

"Now take your mirror again and study your colorings. Are you blonde, brunette, or some other type? What color are your eyes? Is your skin fair, sallow, freckled or olive? Your own analysis will enable me to suggest a perfect color harmony make-up for you, which we have proved, here in Hollywood, will double beauty. Furthermore, I will tell you how to use your rouge, eye make-up and lipstick so as to subdue certain features and emphasize those which are attractive.

"Always remember that color is the secret of beauty that attracts. And to bring out the alluring color attraction of each type, we have proved that face powder, rouge and lipstick must be in correct color harmony.

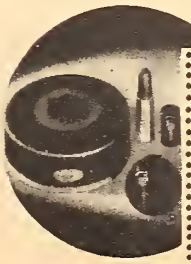
"So for you . . . for every woman . . . I created Color Harmony Make-Up consisting of face powder, rouge and lipstick in harmonizing shades to blend with your individual complexion colorings. The face powder creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings perfectly; the rouge imparts a lifelike glow of color to the cheeks; the lipstick gives the lips a lovely color that remains permanent and uniform for hours and hours."

WILL YOU ACCEPT from Max Factor a priceless beauty gift? Your complexion analysis and color harmony chart together with Max Factor's instruction book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up.*" Just as a make-up test has been an inspiration to many a girl in Hollywood . . . and oftentimes won for her a starring role or a featured role . . . so may this make-up information bring to you a new outlook on life because of a new confidence that you can appear more beautiful and more attractive.

Max Factor • Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP . . . *Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick* in COLOR HARMONY

© 1934. Max Factor



TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR . . . HOLLYWOOD
JUST fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10 cents for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-page illustrated book, "*The New Art of Society Make-Up*" . . . FREE
3-11-85

NAME _____
STREET _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light ☐	Blue ☐	BLONDE
Fair ☐	Gray ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Creamy ☐	Green ☐	BROWNETTE
Medium ☐	Hazel ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Ruddy ☐	Brown ☐	BRUNETTE
Sallow ☐	Black ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
Freckled ☐	LASHES (Color)	REDHEAD
Olive ☐	Light ☐	Light ☐ Dark ☐
SKIN Dry ☐	Dark ☐	If Hair is Gray, check type above and here ☐
Oily ☐ Normal ☐	AGE	

ONE NIGHT STAND

A True Hollywood Short, Short Story

BY JACK GRANT

Illustration by
C. J. MCCARTHY

HE was homesick. No two ways about it. Just plain, old homesick. Yet he didn't want to admit it. He called it "Broadway and 42nd Street trouble."

A vaudevillian, living in trunks, sleeping in second-rate hotels, eating in "greasy-spoon" restaurants, he had got as far as Australia on an around-the-world tour. He would play India next, doing five shows a day, then South Africa and Europe. It would be months, nearly a year, before he could see New York again. He was sure that he knew how it felt to serve a prison term, counting the days until the end of his stretch.

Confound Broadway and 42nd Street! Why should it exert such a spell? Why should he be suffering a horrible nostalgia instead of enjoying his trip? There were plenty of folks who would give a right arm to travel around the world. Well, they could have the whole blooming globe. He would give it to them gladly in exchange for standing room on that crazy, noisy corner of Times Square that marked Broadway and 42nd, New York, N. Y., U. S. A.

On the opening night of the Buffalo try-out performance, his act stopped the show. He gave it everything he had and the house rocked with applause. He had never been more enthusiastically received

He played his last performance in Australia, packed his trunks and boarded the boat for India that sailed with the tide. He hadn't been two hours out when a cable for him was delivered at the theatre. It read: "Would you consider canceling contract to return to New York immediately? Will spot your act in Broadway revue this summer." The cable was undelivered. The ship had sailed, with its next stop, one of the lesser islands in the Malay Archipelago.

It was a slow, but seaworthy little craft. It had to be seaworthy to go poking around in waters where typhoons and hurricanes were so common.

Six days out, it ran into a "blow," one of the worst the captain had ever seen. The wind howled through the rigging and snapped off a mast. Mountains of water crashed and flooded over the decks, washing cargo and food supplies overboard. They fought the storm as long as they could, then turned to flee before the wind. India was out of the question. They had to return to Australia for food, water and repairs.

The vaudevillian visited the theatre, learned about the undelivered cable and actually ran to the telegraph office. The next boat for America couldn't leave too soon for his taste.

"I'm on my way," he cabled and booked passage.

His ship was a leisurely liner. It stopped at Melbourne, at Sydney, at Auckland and other ports in New Zealand. The long jaunt to New York was under way.

Forty-nine days after it left Australia the tiny vessel crept into New York harbor. It didn't sail majestically, mainly because it wasn't that kind of ship.

Yet one of its passengers didn't care. He was home, with 42nd and Broadway just around the corner. Whoever said that New York wasn't a friendly town?

Then, too, there was that swell job, his first chance at crashing the big-time on Broadway. A message awaited him. "Join the show in Buffalo. We open Saturday."

Opening night of the Buffalo try-out performance his act stopped the show. He gave it everything he had and the house rocked with laughter and applause.

The reviews gave high praise to the production in general and to his juggling act in particular. Flushed with elation and hope of playing Broadway, he went to the theatre.

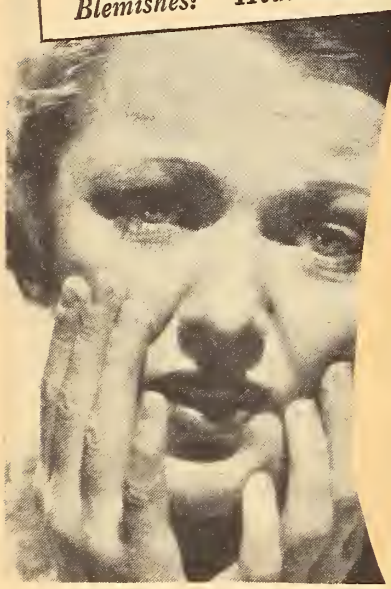
"Morning, Mr. Fields," the doorman greeted him. "You sure knocked 'em cold last night."

"Morning, Bill," said the boss. "Looks like we have a hit. But it's too long, much too long. Ran more than four hours last night. Got to be trimmed, we'll have to cut out some of the acts and yours is one of these to go!"

W. C. Fields had traveled forty-nine days, sailing half around the world, to play a one night stand!

America!..
comes.
N WARNER BROS.'
DEST LAFF RIOT!
a laff as the screen's ace comic
ace!... See him as the Adonis of
—making chumps out of champs
ng cyclone of mirth—head over
in love with every gal in the
and!... It's an hysteric event!
JOE E.
BROWN in
"6-DAY BIKE RIDER"
With Maxine Doyle · Frank McHugh · Gordon Westcott
Directed by Lloyd Bacon · A First National Picture

Ashamed of your looks?
Sallow Skin?
Blemishes? Headaches?



STOP CONSTIPATION

THIS SAFE, SIMPLE, PLEASANT WAY

DULL skin, pimples and blotches, headaches, that "always tired" feeling—how often these are caused by constipation!

Doctors now know that in countless cases the real cause of constipation is insufficient vitamin B. If your constipation has become a habit, and fails to respond to ordinary treatment, a shortage of vitamin B is probably the true cause of your trouble. Supply enough of this factor and elimination becomes easy, regular and complete!

Yeast Foam Tablets furnish vitamin B in great abundance. These tablets are pure, pasteurized yeast—the richest known food source of the vitamins B and G. These elements stimulate the entire digestive system. They give tone to weakened intestinal nerves and muscles. Thus they promote regular elimination naturally, healthfully. Energy revives. Headaches go. The skin clears up. You really live!

All druggists sell Yeast Foam Tablets. The 10-day bottle costs only 50c. Get one today and check your constipation this simple, drugless way!

YEAST FOAM TABLETS

FREE MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY
You may paste this on a penny post card

NORTHWESTERN YEAST CO. MP-11
1750 North Ashland Ave., Chicago, Ill.
Please send free sample and descriptive circular.

Name_____
Address_____
City_____State_____
THIS OFFER NOT GOOD IN CANADA

Welbourn.

Now you ... uby Keeler, who climbs tre... Flirtation Walk"

(*Continued from page 10*)

had the amazing effrontery to enclose a picture of the real Marie, which she claimed was herself. The photograph was in costume for "Min and Bill" and bore the production code number in one corner.

Goin' Home

NOW that the Dressler estate nears settlement, Mamie Cox, Marie's faithful colored retainer for nearly a quarter of a century (you read her story in MOVIE CLASSIC last month) has made her plans. Mamie and her husband, Jerry Cox, were richly rewarded in Marie's will. Although she has had many offers from other film stars, she has decided to return to Alabama and settle down. Her daughter is teaching school in Alabam'. These colored folks, willed $50,000, have more than enough money to keep them in comfort for the rest of their days. Every penny will be invested in government bonds.

Is Sally Popular, Or What?

SALLY BLANE, Loretta Young's sister, is said to be interested in John Gilbert, Hugh Williams, Lyle Talbot, an unidentified English lord, Phillips Holmes, William Bakewell, and three or four other young men whose names escape me at the moment. Why don't these gossip columnists get together?

What Risk Aviation?

WARNER BROTHERS demanded that M-G-M take out insurance on George Brent before it

(*Continued on page 81*)

Evelyn Laye, English beauty, returns to Hollywood to make "Tiptoes" with Ramon Novarro. Note the wedding band. IS she secretly Mrs. Frank Lawton?

ANNOUNCING AMAZING TYPEWRITER BARGAIN

BRAND NEW MODEL No. 5

REMINGTON PORTABLE

10¢ A DAY

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

25% PRICE REDUCTION

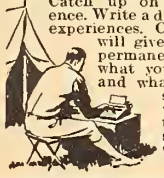
● Positively the greatest portable typewriter bargain ever offered! Now for the first time Remington, world-famous manufacturer, offers a NEW purchase plan... only 10¢ a day buys this latest model machine! Not a used or rebuilt typewriter. Not an incomplete machine. A beautiful brand *new* regulation Remington Portable. Standard 4-row keyboard; standard width carriage; margin release on keyboard; back spacer; automatic ribbon reverse; *every essential feature found in standard typewriters!*

A Gift that Points the Way to Success

For birthday, Christmas, wedding, anniversary or graduation...give a Remington Portable. The one gift every member of the family will welcome. When Dad brings home work from the office, when Brother has reports to get out, when Sister and Mother answer correspondence . . . a typewriter will do every task faster, neater.

Make Leisure Hours More Fun

A Remington Portable can be carried anywhere and used anywhere. Catch up on correspondence. Write a diary of many experiences. Only a diary will give you a good permanent record of what you have done and what you have seen. You will want a typewriter some day. Get it now!



ACT . . . WHILE LOW PRICE HOLDS GOOD!

New wage scales in our own factories, and in the factories of the companies which make our materials, point definitely to higher prices. Stocks of machines on hand make possible the present unbelievably low cash price on this machine. Everything points to higher prices. We don't believe that we can maintain the present 25% price reduction in the face of constantly rising costs in every one of our departments. So we say . . . "Act fast!"

10 DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER

You can try this machine for 10 days without risking one penny of your money. *Not even shipping charges.* Send for complete details on this most liberal offer. Get attractive new catalogue illustrating and describing the many Remington models available on unusually low terms. Clip coupon today!

EVERY ESSENTIAL FEATURE found in Standard Machines

Buying a typewriter isn't like buying a suit of clothes. Many Remington portables, seeing 10 years of hard service are still in active use. When you buy...buy a machine with every *standard* feature. The Remington No. 5 is the most compact and durable portable ever built...includes all essential standard typewriter features. This beautiful machine represents the height of economy . . . unequalled economy in first cost . . . unequalled economy in service.

It is today the best value ever offered in typewriter history... and that statement comes from the company that has constantly *made* typewriter history. Buy now. It is a real bargain offer.

Specifications . . .

The Model 5 includes every essential feature found in standard typewriters. It has standard 4-row keyboard, Complete visibility. Standard width carriage for long envelopes. Carriage return lever of exceptional design for easy and rapid operation. Margin release on the keyboard. Automatic ribbon reverse. Back spacer. Two color ribbon shift. Variable line spacer. Adjustable margin stops. Auto set Paragraph Key (one of the most useful features found on any typewriter). Weight 11 lbs. 13 oz. Furnished with Pica or Elite type.

TYPING COURSE **FREE**

When you get your new Remington No. 5, you will get with it... ABSOLUTELY FREE... a 19-page course in typing. It teaches the Touch System, speeds up work. It is simply written and well illustrated. Instructions are easy as A.B.C. Even a child can understand this method. A little study and the average person, child or grown-up, becomes fascinated. Follow this course during the 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER that we give you on your typewriter. At the end of that time, you should be able to dash off letters faster than with pen and ink.

CARRYING CASE **FREE**

With every Remington No. 5, a FREE carrying case sturdily built of 3-ply wood. Covered with heavy DuPont fabric. Top is removed in one motion, leaving machine firmly attached to base. Can be used anywhere... on knees, in chairs, on trains.

Remington Rand Inc., Dept. 144-11 Buffalo, N. Y.

Please tell me how I can buy a new Remington Portable typewriter for only 10¢ a day. Also enclose your new catalog.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

CLIP COUPON NOW

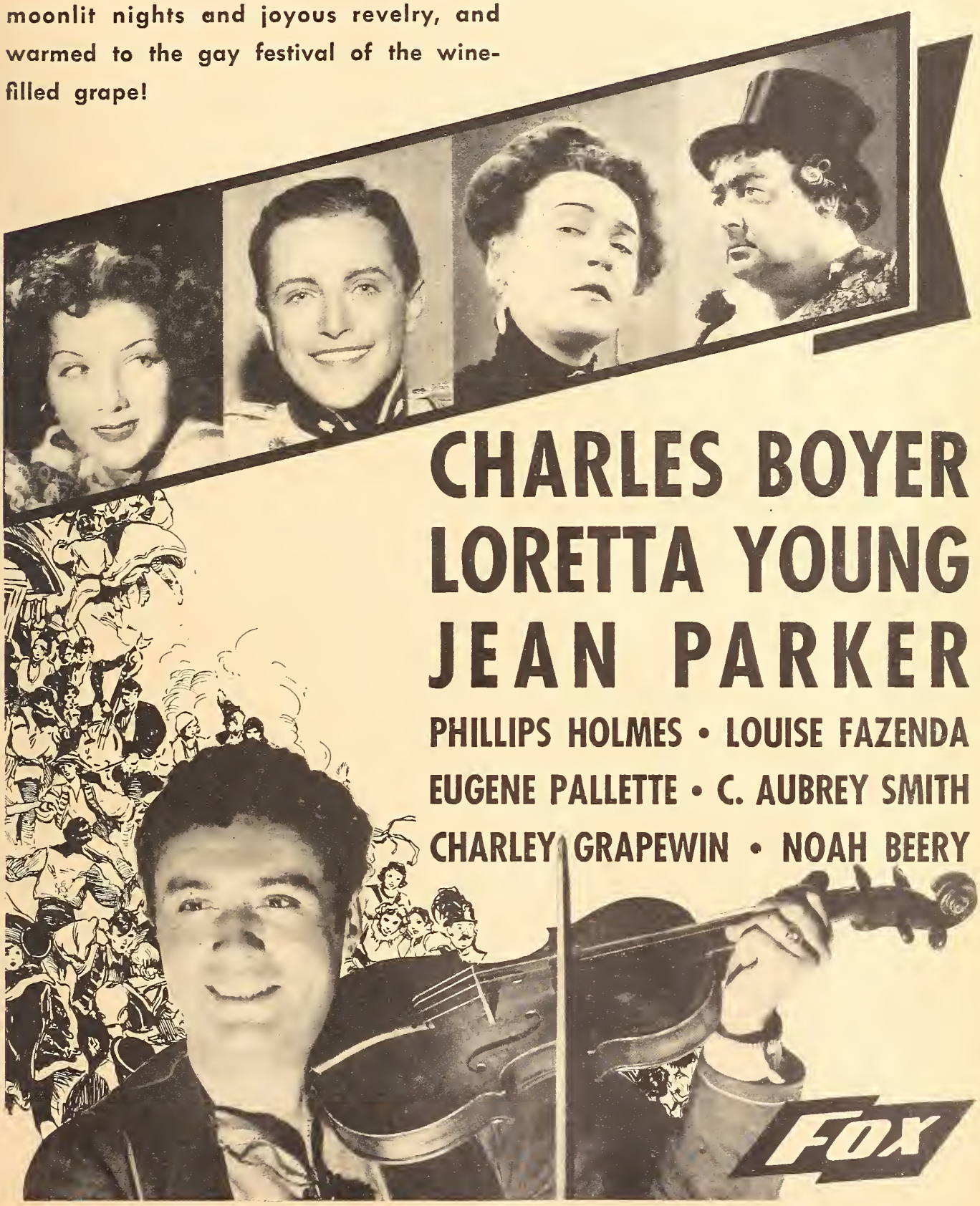
LIVE NOWHERE! ...REVEL

The lilting music of Caravan will sing on in your heart . . . . . haunting you for days to come!

Executive Producer:
Robert T. Kane
Directed by
Erik Charell
From a story by
Melchior Lengyel
Music by
Werner Richard Leymann

ANYWHERE!..LOVE EVERYWHERE!

His caressing melodies sang these tempting words to her . . . whose heart yearned for moonlit nights and joyous revelry, and warmed to the gay festival of the wine-filled grape!



STARVING. . .yet they *Dreaded* the coming of the *FOOD SHIP*

FREQUENTLY emaciated and ravenously hungry, the people of St. Kilda's, the lonely island off the Scottish coast, dreaded the arrival of the supply ship from the mainland. They realized that though it brought food to the wilderness it brought also civilization's curse—the common cold. Illness and death invariably followed the rattle of the anchor chain. In the Arctic, the Eskimos had the same experience.

Reviewing such cold epidemics, scientific men came eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts although these may be contributing causes.

Colds *are* caused by germs, they say—but by germs unlike any others previously known. Germs, if you please, that cannot be seen. Germs so small they cannot be measured except as they exert their evil effect upon the human body. Bacteriologists call them the filtrable virus because they readily pass through the most delicate bacterial filters. Using a liquid containing this mysterious virus, they have been able to produce repeatedly by inoculation, one man's cold in other men.

Under ordinary conditions, this virus enters the mouth, nose, or throat to cause the dangerous infection we call a cold. Accompanying it are certain visible germs familiar to all; the pneumococcus, for example, and the streptococcus—both dangerous. They do not cause a cold—they complicate and aggravate it.

To Fight Colds—Fight Germs

Obviously, the important part of the fight against invisible virus and visible bacteria should take place in the mouth and throat. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep it, the less chance germs have of developing.

"The daily use of a mouthwash," says one eminent authority, "will prevent much of the sickness which is so common in the mouth, nose, and throat. Children should be taught the disinfection of the mouth and nose from their earliest years."

For oral hygiene, Listerine is ideal—so considered for more than fifty years both by the medical profession and the laity. It possesses that rare combination absent in so many mouth washes—adequate germ killing power plus complete safety. And of all mouth washes, it has the pleasantest taste.

Numerous tests under medical supervision have shown that regular twice-a-day users of Listerine caught fewer colds and less severe colds than those who did not use it.

•

We will send free and postpaid a scientific treatise on the germicidal action of Listerine; also, a Booklet on Listerine uses. Write Lambert Pharmacal Company, Dept. MU-11, St. Louis, Missouri.

For Colds *and* Sore Throat . . . LISTERINE . . . *The Safe Antiseptic*

MARLENE DIETRICH

Marlene, the paragon of poise, shows no dismay about her future. Maybe the new film code WILL cramp her style a bit. But why worry? The less you see of her attracting ability, the more you will see of her acting ability. And she welcomes the chance to demonstrate it. In "Caprice Espagnol," you will see a new Dietrich

BARBARA STANWYCK

Barbara is the exception to the Hollywood rule. No one is more dramatic on the screen, less dramatic off it. She refuses to put on an act for the curious; she demands the right, as Mrs. Frank Fay, to have as private a life as Mrs. John Q. Public. Never artificial, she is always real. The latest proof of this: "A Lost Lady"

MADGE EVANS

What does the public want? Fewer sirens, and more heroines it can idealize—like Madge. Other, more sensational stars, who once belittled her "nice girl" appeal, are now wishing they were in her place—in the spotlight, instead of "on the spot." Madge and Helen Hayes join forces in Barrie's comedy, "What Every Woman Knows"

Clever Headwork

And we aren't referring only to the *chapeaux;* these girls have something under their hats. Joan Blondell (left), for example, is smart enough to realize that stardom won't last forever, and wants a family waiting for her when she leaves the screen. So, with "Kansas City Princess" finished, she is vacationing and awaiting the stork. Rochelle Hudson (bottom left) is only seventeen, but she skilfully conceals the fact in "Judge Priest." Mary Astor (below) is going in for mystery. She is the woman in "The Case of the Howling Dog"

Heads That Are Used

The movies put them to good use; so do their owners. Brian Aherne (above) went back to England to make a picture and was re-discovered. Now he's opposite Helen Hayes in "What Every Woman Knows." Lew Ayres (top right) went romantic and won a new public—which will see him next in "Lottery Lover." Gary Cooper (right) took to uniforms. Now he is head man in "Lives of a Bengal Lancer"

JUNE LANG

Is the name new to you? It's new to this startling nineteen-year-old, too. Until recently, she was June Vlasek and her rôles were small. The studio decided to let her go. In going, she thanked executives for what breaks she had had. Surprised, they changed their minds and her name, and are featuring her in "Music in the Air"

JOAN CRAWFORD

A photographer yields to an impulse and puts Joan on a pedestal—for having, in repose, the most dramatic face in Hollywood. And a million girls have put Joan on an invisible pedestal—for personifying the success story they dream about. In "Forsaking All Others," she has a comedy—and a chance to be a new Crawford

Memory is like a photograph album—it's a place for storing pictures. And Warner Baxter and Myrna Loy are due for some mental preservation as the newest love team—in "Broadway Bill"

In "The Captain Hates the Sea," John Gilbert reverses his usual procedure and lets the girl (Tala Birell this time) ask the eternal question. Meanwhile, both make great screen comebacks

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

The GIBSON FAMILY

MARTY, AS CLUB MAID, gives a good performance when she tells Jane to use Ivory Flakes for her stockings just as fine stores advise.

Good stores *do* tell you to use Ivory Flakes for your stockings. And here's why: The sheer silk of stockings is very sensitive. It needs a *pure* soap. Ivory Flakes are so pure that both the makers and sellers of fine stockings recommend them. These people know silk. They like the way Ivory Flakes are shaved up into tiny, curly wisps, too. Ivory Flakes won't flatten down on your stockings to cause soap spots and *runs!*

And here's a thought for you thrifty girls—Ivory Flakes cost less than other "silk stocking" soaps. There are lots more ounces in the box! Just hold on to that thought and the next time you're at your grocer's merely say, "A box of Ivory Flakes, please."

IVORY FLAKES · 99 44/100 % PURE

IN THE DRESSING-ROOM
" 'Scuse me, Miss Jane, but yo' sho' is luxurious on stockings. That soap yo' use must be pow'ful strong. Why doan yo' use nice gentle Ivory Flakes the way stores tell yo' to?"

"LADY, WHY YO' LEAVE dis chile wif me?" gasps Sam. "Yo' train goin' soon."

"Where's the station drug store? Where's my head?" demands Nurse Tippit. "Why did I forget to pack Jerry's cake of Ivory?"

"Lots o' time," says Sam, turning smooth as a chocolate custard, now that he knows the reason. Then he chuckles to Jerry, "So she's goin' to keep yo' 99 44/100% pure."

"PURE IVORY SOAP FOR BABIES" SAY DOCTORS

"REMEMBER THIS HAT, HENRY?" asks Mrs. Gibson softly.

"Sure!" says Mr. Gibson. "It chaperoned us on our honeymoon, Sara. And we knew we were made for each other because we'd both brought Ivory Soap!"

"It's still the finest complexion soap," declares Mrs. Gibson.

"Absolutely!" agrees Mr. Gibson. "Your complexion is as clear and fine as the day I first kissed it, 17 years ago!"

SENSITIVE SKINS ARE SAFE WITH IVORY SOAP

'e Heroine Hundred mances

AUDE LATHEM

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heroine
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received roses and a note begging her to lunch with him. Over the luncheon, this man—whom she had seen only twice before in her life, and then only for a few moments' desultory conversation—confessed the reason for his startled expression the day before.

"I have seen you so often in my thoughts for two years," he told her, "that I couldn't believe you were really there before me. You see, Miss Moore, I am just one of the hundreds of strangers you meet, but—since that evening when I first heard you sing, you have been the only woman in the world for me—though I never hoped to meet you again—"

Loved by Men She Never Met

FOR years Grace Moore has been singing the rôles of the most romantic women that men's imaginations have ever pictured—*Melisande*, *Juliet*, *Louise*, *Marguerite*, tragic women, beloved women, and always, always beautiful women. Grace is lovely, herself—"One of the ten most beautiful women in America," Ziegfeld said of her. Wrapped in clouds of hair (golden, black, auburn), clad in floating robes, hung with jewels, armored in brass, pouring forth the glory of her voice into the gray reality of life, she has been the heroine of countless romances she has never dreamed of. Now and then, as in this case, she has met one of her unknown admirers and—as in this case—has become his friend.

The next year, just before the beginning of the Metropolitan Opera season, she received a cablegram from this man. "I am sailing to-day," it read, "to be in the first audience to hear you sing in grand opera." But he never arrived. Death overtook him on his sentimental pilgrimage. And in his will he had left Grace Moore the gorgeous jewels that he had never dared to offer in life.

Her love for Valentin Parera was what brought Grace Moore back to Hollywood—and fame. She wanted him to have *his* chance in films

The other day, I saw Grace Moore at a Hollywood party. She sat at one end of a drawing room, surrounded by Ruth Chatterton, Kay Francis, Jessica Barthelmess, Aline Rothaker, and Louella Parsons, engaged in conversation, animated, happy. Grace Moore, surrounded by women . . . and liking it!

"It is funny, isn't it, when you have always seen me surrounded by men?" she remarked when I commented on it.

Rejected Wealth and Titles

HERE is a woman who has been the toast of two continents, courted by men of almost every nationality, loved by hundreds of men whom she has never seen; a woman who has had millions temptingly laid at her feet; a woman who could have had her pick of the social Four Hundred

(*Continued on page 76*)

Who is the most irresistible woman on the screen to-day? GRACE MOORE — whom the movies have finally revealed in all her glamour. She was born to inspire romance. Princes, dukes, millionaires have wooed — and lost — her. No man ever meant more to her than her career, until she met Valentin Parera. Then it was love at first sight!

From WEST to Westerns

Out in the Great, Clean Outdoors, where men are men, and women can't pursue them unless they do it on horseback—that's where movie plots are heading. The seat of drama will no longer be the sofa, but the saddle; the only calves you will see will be cows' children; and the sin will be taken out of cinema. Can you picture it?

If all the Great Indoor Lovers have to go Western, what will happen to Leslie Howard? Will they let him be a "dude" rancher, maybe? . . .

Marlene Dietrich leaning against a tree outside a ranch corral . . . it just can't be. It's an optical illusion, a composite photograph

It looks like Constance Bennett, trying to learn Will Rogers' rope stunt. But, really, it's a composite photograph . . .

By WINIFRED AYDELOTTE

"Oh where, oh where, has my little plot gone,
Oh where, oh where, can it be?
With its bedroom scenes and its her-o-ines,
Oh where, oh where, can it be?"

HOLLYWOOD'S new theme song! The eternal triangle—a man, a woman and a—oh well, we might as well call a spade a bedroom—that combination that has formed the basis of the screen's favorite scenario for lo! these many years, is in the discard. A new plot is taking its place. A new type of heroine is rearing her lovely head, and a new hero is squaring his manly shoulders. If, as some people contend, life goes in cycles, Hollywood has just completed a swell cycle. First Hollywood made the Westerns famous. Then Mae West symbolized the change that sent Westerns into limbo. Now we are back to Westerns again.

From West to Westerns! Well, curves one day and calves the next. (The kind that bawl.) From chaps to "chaps." You figure that one out. From bare backs to bareback. According to the censors, there is practically nothing to fear from a horse unless you kick him; then you might stirrup trouble.

Every studio in Hollywood is racking its brain and wrecking the nerves of its scenario department for stories that will pass safely by the suspicious eye of censorship. At the moment, the Eyes have it. But, in the future, with the studios giving

If *Diamond Lil* ever became *Cactus Kate*—this is what Mae West would be like. (A composite photograph gives you an idea.) Picture the stampede if she should ever say to the calves, "Why don't you come up 'n' get branded sometime?" . . .

chitecturally and emotionally dangerous, the film executives are advocating moving from the parlor to the prairie; from the sofa to the saddle; from the boudoir to the barnyard. There is even a rumor that M-G-M may henceforth be Metro-Goldwyn-*Mare* and that the accent in Paramount may henceforth be on the last syllable and that Radio Pictures may have to become Rodeo Pictures.

Of course, one solution is to combine two extremes, and cast Mae West in Westerns. After all, her name is appropriate, at least. Can't you just hear *Diamond Lil* slurring to a dazzled calf, "Why don't you come up and get branded sometime?" Boy, what a stampede!

Imagine Jean Harlow dressed to kill a few cattle rustlers! If a composite photograph is any guide, she wouldn't be the same gal . . .

Every screen cowboy is a detective (he's always detecting the villain's villainy), and now maybe every screen detective will have to be a cowboy—even William (*Philo Vance*) Powell, below. It's a composite portrait

Does Maurice Chevalier have a secret yen to be another William S. Hart? This is how he garbed himself once, on a visit to Two-Gun Bill's ranch . . .

their all to Westerns, the Neighs will have it.

Working on the theory that any interior these days is ar-

Seriously, though, the screen story trend these days is definitely away from the sophisticated triangle and toward the great outdoor pentagon: a man, a girl, a moon and two horses. A boat, a pirate island or an airplane may be substituted for the horse. Anything that takes emotion out of the interior into the open.

Madge Gets Her Big Break

FOR one group of picture players, this change means the glorious dawn of a golden opportunity. Consider the case of Madge Evans. When she first arrived on the Hollywood scene, there was nothing for her to play but secondary parts. She had little opportunity to display her real emotional talents, because she looked so sedate, and a first-string heroine at that moment had to be able to look like the kind of girl who sins and suffers and sins and suffers down to the last reel.

Of course, Miss Evans' career was hobbled by the heaviest handicap that an ingénue ever brought to a town devoted to the glorification of glamour. Hollywood couldn't forget that, as a child, she was the little cherub

(*Continued on page 85*)

Luckhaus

JOAN CRAWFORD— Good Samaritan

"If ever I am a star," Joan once told Dr. William Branch, "I shall share my good fortune with those who need it." This is the story of how she has kept that promise—the story of Rooms 351 and 353 in Hollywood Hospital—a story that she didn't want told. But it should be told!

By ERIC L. ERGENBRIGHT

IN writing this, I am deliberately violating a promise—and I feel justified in so doing. This story should be written. There is, in this mercenary, case-hardened world, so little selfless service, so little true charity, that it would be unfair to leave untold the story about Rooms 351 and 353 in Hollywood Hospital—and the movie star and the doctor who are responsible for them.

I first heard about them from a man whom I had known as an invalid, a man, now hale and hearty, who prefaced his account by crying, in a voice charged with heart-felt emotion: "I'm not ashamed to say that I've gone down on my knees and poured out in prayer my gratitude to Joan Crawford and Dr. William Branch. Between the two of them, they saved my life—and more than my life. God bless them both!"

Carroll Photo Service

Joan Crawford (right) did not approve the plaque (above) placed over the door of Room 351 in Hollywood Hospital (top) by Dr. William Branch, her partner in aiding the sick and unfortunate

Rooms 351 and 353 in Hollywood Hospital are two-bed wards. Over each entrance hangs a simple bronze plaque, which states, tersely: "This room is maintained through a grant made by Miss Joan Crawford."

That plaque was cast and hung there without Joan's knowledge by order of Dr. William Branch, her partner in one of the most beautiful charities Hollywood has ever known. Had she learned of his plan, she would have opposed it—just as she opposed the writing of this story. Characteristically, Dr. Branch neglected to take credit for his share in their great enterprise; characteristically, when I

(*Continued on page 86*)

The "New Deal" for CHARLIE CHAPLIN

Life is beginning all over for Chaplin at forty-five. He is in love for perhaps the first time. He has been watching the modern scene intently, and now is starting a comedy about it that will be his supreme effort—different from anything he has ever done. After that, he wants to show Hollywood a new way of telling a story with spoken words

By EDWIN SCHALLERT

CHARLIE CHAPLIN—still the great Chaplin—is embarking on his new picture, at last. Poet of screen comedy, he is going to defy all the rules and usages of to-day in the movies and continue as a silent actor. This word is definite. Also, this time, he knows in advance every move that he will make. It is the first time in more than a dozen years that he has had a full-fledged scenario. And it is the first time since "The Gold Rush" that he has ordered lavish and spectacular settings—even more lavish and spectacular than that earlier picture—and planned huge crowds as the background to his blending of pathos and mirthmaking as the central figure. Chaplin is "breaking forth," cutting paths in a new way; unofficially at least, it is a "new deal" for him and for his unique type of creativeness.

International

Like the music dramas of Richard Wagner, or the books, say, of a Leo Tolstoy, a Chaplin picture now emerges as an event and a classic, with long intervals between productions. The mood has to be right, and even then the comedian delves long and deep for each inspiration that is to light the way. He has been in the midst of his most fearful of all sessions of warring and battling with the Muses, or whatever it is that furnishes the proper stimulus for his comedies. He has been a virtual hermit, accessible much of the time only to his two boon companions and co-workers, Carter de Haven and Henry Bergman, and the beauteous Paulette (is she Mrs. Chaplin?) Goddard. Also, the one studio attaché faithful through the years — Alfred Reeves, who was with Charlie long ago in Fred Karno's "A Night in an English Music Hall."

Chaplin goes into such seclusion as this only when the drive is searingly on. He comes out of it generally when the job is finished. Meanwhile, except for just a dip into a quiet luncheon place on the Boulevard, a theatre very occasionally on an off-night, or possibly part of an evening spent in dancing at some secluded restaurant, he remains in practical isolation.

But even within the memory of his closest associates there has been nothing like this latest plunge into the fervid seas of activity. Day after day, for weeks, he has gone loyally to the studio, and sequestered himself in an old one-story house on the back of the lot, which is known as "the sweat room." He has arrived promptly at nine in the morning; De Haven and Bergman have been there, but no one else. Paulette has been busy studying

(*Continued on page 78*)

THESE MOVIES

In "The Age of Innocence," Irene Dunne and John Boles give poignancy to a problem that WAS a problem back in the Mid-Victorian era of the colorful '70's

Claude Rains is both visible and chilling as the criminal lawyer whose murder of Margo, Mexican newcomer, is the "Crime Without Passion"

Kay Francis and Leslie Howard, together on the screen for the first time, both go adventurous in the suspenseful spy drama, "British Agent"

THE AGE OF INNOCENCE—RKO-Radio

Dunne and Boles as Lovers Again

IRENE DUNNE and John Boles, together for the first time since "Back Street," dress up again in costumes of the last century and again know an unhappy love. But this time, with Edith Wharton the author of the story and with censorship what it is to-day, the romance doesn't get much beyond the platonic stage, though for a few moments it wavers. The result is a likable, if somewhat slow-moving sermon on thinking of others, not just oneself.

The conflict of the drama is not between any two characters, so much as it is between two ideas: (1) the world is well lost for love, and (2) an ounce of righteousness is worth a pound of impulsiveness. Irene, an American girl who has married a Count, returns to New York of the 1870's to get a divorce. The social Four Hundred look askance at her, particularly when she is seen with Lionel Atwill (the screen's best portrayer of roués), but her grandmother (Helen Westley) makes society take to Irene and like it. She gives her divorce case to the law firm of John Boles, who is engaged to marry her sister (Julie Haydon) and also commissioned to dissuade Irene from her suit. While doing it, he falls in love with her and she with him.

A man of his word, however, he marries her sister; then discovers that he can never love anyone but Irene, and now goes in for persuasion, not dissuasion. That is the cue for the heavy dramatics, leading up to a poignant ending. Considering that the problem they labor with is archaic (what with divorce so commonplace to-day), the cast succeeds notably in winning one's interest and holding it. But I would like to see Irene unleash her poised dignity sometime.

CRIME WITHOUT PASSION—Paramount

At Last—a Movie That's Unusual

"CRIME WITHOUT PASSION" is a picture that should not be missed by anyone seeking something unusual in movie art. Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur, the most vivid, virile writing team of to-day, have taken an old theme, tricked it out with unexpected twists and acid wit, found new ways of telling with a camera what is going on in a man's mind, and, after a rising crescendo of horror, have ended the story on a note of irony. You may like being frozen to your seat and you may not, but I guarantee you will talk about it—and remember the experience.

The principal character is a crafty, cold criminal lawyer. This is a species not unknown to film audiences, but as played by Claude ("The Invisible Man") Rains, now totally visible, *Lee Gentry* has a sinister quality that no savior-of-the-guilty ever had before—on the screen, that is. When he isn't cheating justice, he is cheating women. Tiring of a brunette dancer (played by Margo, a Mexican terpsichorean well-known on Broadway), he turns to a blonde socialite (played by Whitney Bourne of Park Avenue). When the brunette proves troublesome, he kills her. Unnerved at first, he listens to his crafty self, carefully covers his tracks, believes he has committed the perfect (i.e., clueless) crime, and thinks he has solved the problem of how to play savior to his guilty self. But the dénouement, which catches audiences off-guard, is something else again. I warn you—don't miss it, if you want

REVIEWS OF THE CURRENT PICTURES

By Larry Reid

to see some unusual acting (particularly by Rains and Margo), some unusual story-telling, and some unusual camera-maneuvering by Lee Garmes. And if you want to have some new sensations in a movie theatre.

BRITISH AGENT—Warners

A New Howard, a New Francis

"BRITISH AGENT," which marks the début of Leslie Howard and Kay Francis as co-stars, also marks a change in characterization for both of them. Howard, the mental romanticist, goes elemental and adventurous; Kay, who is also pretty good at portraying mental suffering, turns animated adventuress. And the suspense of the story sizzles like a lighted fuse on a bomb, with a terrific surprise due any moment. In fact, there is one breath-stopping scene in the picture in which the two are together, emotion-telling, unconscious of a nearby bomb.

The scene is Russia; the time, during and just after the Soviet Revolution. Howard is a British consul, isolated and unwelcome in a turbulent country, but determined not to run until he learns a few things it might pay his own country to know; Kay is a Russian adventuress who is also risking death, for reasons best known to herself and a certain group of patriots. Their paths cross; each senses the secret purpose of the other; and against all reason, they fall in love. Then comes the age-old conflict between love and duty, which has more suspense than you would expect after all these years and all these movies. Here is a skillful blend of realistic acting, realistic backgrounds, and a realistic spy story. It's a rare combination.

CHAINED—M-G-M

It Glitters, But Isn't Gold

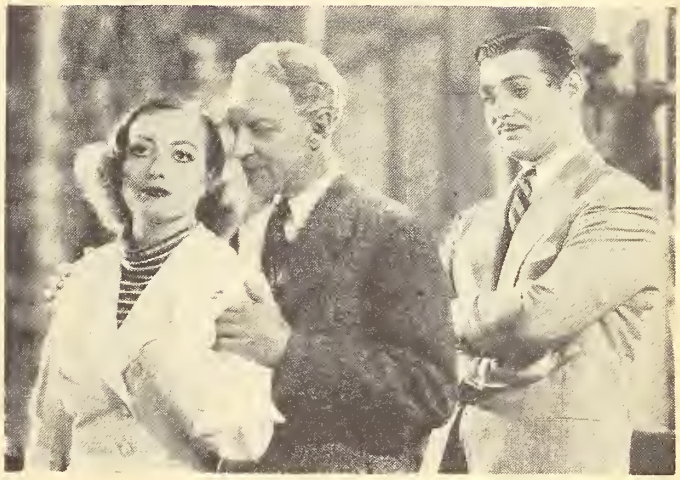
"CHAINED" is a better picture than it deserves to be, considering its well-worn and hokumish theme. Joan Crawford finds herself in another emotional muddle, a bit to the sordid, with Clark Gable on one side of her and Otto Kruger on the other. First, she is secretary to shipping-mate Kruger, who can't persuade his wife to divorce him so that he can marry Joan, but has a substitute proposal. He sends her off on a Southern cruise to think it over. First she meets an amusing Americano (Stuart Erwin), then an Argentine rancher (Gable) and—well, you know the power-over-women these fiery Latins have. But she feels "chained" to her philanthropist, particularly after she discovers he has found a way to get a divorce, and marries him. Then, there being no villain, the hero still pursues her. What should she do? That's apparently what the scenarists wondered. Their solution of her predicament looks decidedly makeshift, solves nothing, proves nothing. If it weren't for the acting, the general liveliness, and the settings, it would be time wasted.

BELLE OF THE NINETIES—Paramount

The Witty West Clicks Again

THE long headache that Mae West is alleged to ha had in making "Belle of the Nineties" is not manife on her countenance. She never looked better, and she ha seldom—if ever—been more amusing. For what the censors left can still be called good—and even clean—fun.

(*Continued on page 90*)



In "Chained," Joan Crawford debates between wealth and love—again. Otto Kruger represents the millions and Clark Gable, the romance

Mae West, in a New Orleans setting, makes "Belle of the Nineties" good, clean fun. Johnny Mack Brown is one of her leading men

Verree, Verree Happy —Now

It wasn't so long ago that VERREE TEASDALE was the unhappiest girl who had ever been dropped by a movie studio—because she "didn't have any glamour." Then Adolphe Menjou discovered that she was "the most stunning woman in Hollywood"—and Hollywood took another look. Now she is Mrs. Menjou, and tomorrow she will be a star!

By JERRY ASHER

EVERYBODY knows that Verree Teasdale and Adolphe Menjou were married on August 25, after being engaged for nearly a year, and that it was her second marriage and his third. Everybody knows, too, that stardom is just ahead for Verree, who once was dropped by a studio. The newspapers have told that much. But there is another story that hasn't ⁻ told—the story of how Verree found her ⁻⁻s. Let me tell it this way:

⁻rled shrilly as it slowly began to ⁻ the Dearborn Street Station ⁻-faced little woman, with ⁻ngside it for a few yards ⁻ses to a younger woman ⁻ain that had begun to ⁻lled away from her. ⁻ away and was lost

⁻ young woman ⁻ly unaware of ⁻oist from ⁻ pane.

season's smartest angle. Slowly, she looked around and began to take note of her surroundings. Her eyes fell on a copy of the morning *Tribune*, lying on the seat across from her. Gingerly, she reached across and spread it full in front of her. Across the top in screaming bannerlines were the words: "Verree Teasdale Divorces Mate In Chicago." Slowly, almost mechanically, she folded the paper, laid it aside, looked out the window.

This was the picture I had of Verree Teasdale, as I left Chicago, on the last lap of a lonely journey back to Hollywood from New York. I could hardly believe my eyes as I realized who the unhappy young woman was. The last time I had seen Verree Teasdale, she was working on a picture in a studio in Hollywood. That had been only a little more than two weeks before.

I don't know which was the happier to see a friend. Verree believed for the moment that she was having hallucina-

(*Continued on page 91*)

n't going through puppy-love. us have been married before. us know what is ahead of us. determined to have happiness"

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

Thelma Todd has opened a café on the ocean front at Santa Monica. Why? "This is going to be my umbrella when that well-known rainy day comes along!"

Wide World

Franchot Tone has told Joan Crawford—and the world—that he loves her. Joan says nothing, unless with flowers. Franchot still wears her gardenias!

In "Wake Up and Dream," singing to June Knight, Russ Columbo won stardom at last. Two days after the preview, he was tragically dead. See story, page 39

MARY AND DOUG SILENT, BUT LOOK "RECONCILED"

When Douglas Fairbanks Returns to Hollywood, After Long Absence Abroad, Mary Pickford Puts Out Welcome Mat at Pickfair for Him—Romantic Rendezvous Follow

J. P. Graham, Del Monte

By Dorothy Calhoun

EVER since August 9, when word came to the movie town that Douglas Fairbanks had abandoned his plan for a trip to China to make a picture, after a long transatlantic telephone talk with Mary Pickford, Hollywood has gone ga-ga with expectation of a reconciliation. Determined to be romantic, newspaper reporters managed to make the brief pre-reunion statements emanating from the couple sound loverish, even though they consisted for the most part in "I won't discuss my private affairs."

"Oh, Doug and I will very likely meet when he gets out here next week," Mary admitted, as she arrived from the East a few days in advance of her estranged husband. "There's no ill feeling at all between us."

Pickfair underwent a hasty housecleaning. Fresh flowers bloomed in all the rooms. In Doug's old quarters Mary has never had anything changed. Friends say that Doug's things are scattered around as though awaiting him, and that his clothes still hang in the wardrobes.

With everyone in Hollywood watching the returned prodigal, and keeping close tab on Mary's whereabouts, it was difficult to stage a private first meeting, although the affair was managed in the best movie style. Mary's limousine idled before the Beverly Hills Hotel. The car bringing Doug from the station passed it, and the athletic star made a quick transfer from the one to the other.

On succeeding days they lunched and dined together frequently. ("We are still pals," they explained.) They went on long, secret automobile rides, and they spent one day wandering over Doug's huge Rancho Zorro near San Diego. The actor started off for his country place alone, then turned around, drove back and induced Mary to accompany him. The breathless public was assured that "Mary Pickford smiled happily" or "blushed demurely," that "Doug was bubbling over with high spirits."

Mary has said, "Reconciliation? . . . I can't deny it . . . I can't say anything now."

"I have no intention of returning to England," Doug has told intimates, as well as reporters. "I shall probably make my next picture right here in Hollywood, with some shots taken in China," he has announced. His plan is to make a "Cavalcade" of China, an idea that he has been mulling over for years.

Mutual friends assert that Mary's long-pending divorce suit will be withdrawn, that Doug realizes that Mary is constitutionally unable to give up work and he is willing to work alongside her for part of each year, and that Mary realizes that Doug's restless spirit cannot be content in one place for long, and she is willing to share his future explorations with him. If, as all the world sincerely hopes, Doug and Mary do take up life together again, the Cupid who will have brought them together will certainly be rotund, sentimental Joseph Schenck, producer and former husband of Norma Talmadge.

He returned from Europe on the same boat with Doug and was the first to reveal the couple's transatlantic telephone talk. Schenck's own thoughts are naturally of a romantic turn these days, because of his coming marriage to Merle Oberon, lovely English actress (you will see her in Doug's picture, "The Private Life of Don Juan"), whom he met and proposed to on the Riviera. "Doug and Mary really love each other," he declared recently. "I'd like nothing better than to be the instrument of their reconciliation." Schenck expects to fly East within the month to meet his fiancee, "if she doesn't change her mind," and has already accepted Mary Pickford's invitation to be married at Pickfair.

Have They Both Played "Cupid"?

Acme

Producer Joseph Schenck (right) is credited with being the chief arranger of the happy reunion of Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks. And Doug is said to have introduced Schenck to Merle Oberon, whom he will marry at Pickfair

Portrait by Lansing Brown

RUSS COLUMBO FATALLY WOUNDED IN ODD ACCIDENT

Radio and Screen Star Shot by Closest Friend, Photographer Lansing Brown, Who Thought Pistol Unloaded

By Muriel Madden

NOT many weeks ago, a writer sat in a barber shop in the next chair to Russ Columbo. George Hill's suicide had just rocked Hollywood and the two discussed it desultorily. "Well," said Russ, "I wouldn't want to kill myself, but at least it's a quick way out. When I get mine, I hope it comes quick and sudden"—he snapped his fingers—"like that, so I don't even know what hit me!" How quick and how sudden it would be, he could not guess then. At twenty-six, death is unreal and impossible. And just at the moment Russ Columbo had more to live for than ever before in his life.

On a Friday evening three weeks later, as he climbed into his car after attending the preview of his first starring picture, "Wake Up and Dream" (whose title now has an ironical tinge), he said, "Well, it looks now as if I were really going places at last."

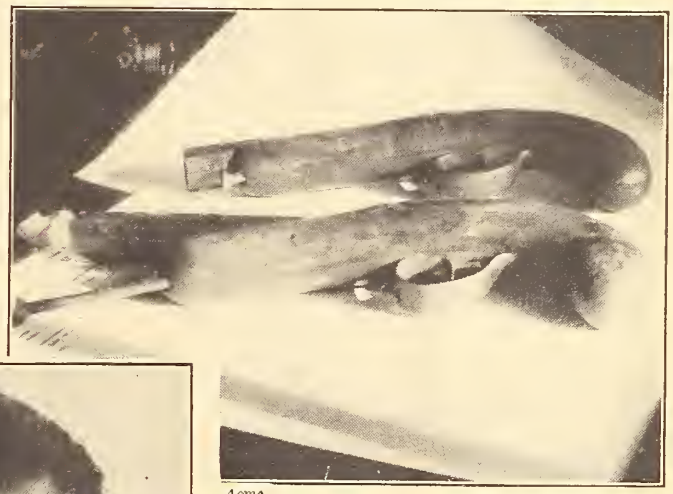
The next Sunday afternoon he lay dead, from a bullet in an antique French dueling pistol, accidentally discharged by the hand of his closest friend, Lansing Brown, the Hollywood photographer. For seventy years the bullet had lain within the old pistol, one of a pair that Brown had acquired seven years ago for his curio collection. The two friends had been sitting in Brown's study facing each other across the table, and had been "talking about the future."

Brown, toying with one of the old pistols on the table in front of him, had idly clicked the trigger time after time; then a match he was holding in his left hand caught between the hammer and the firing pin; there was an explosion as powder was ignited by the flash of the match; and a bullet struck the table, ricocheting to enter Columbo's forehead. If the other pistol had been in his hands, Columbo would be alive to-day; *that* was unloaded as Brown had thought both were.

And so, at twenty-six ended the life of the poor Italian boy born Ruggiero Columbo, who had struggled up through discouragements, sickness and heart-break to the position of radio favorite and screen star.

His last week of life was a fateful one for Russ Columbo. Only a few days before his death, he had signed contracts to make phonograph records, and had received several fantastically generous offers of radio appearances. His movie contract earned him five thousand a week. Since his return to his native city two years ago, penniless and discouraged, this boy had made a fortune, which he invested in life annuities for his parents, his brothers and sisters. The youngest of twelve children, Columbo regarded success as his chance to do something for his family. They were never out of his thoughts or plans.

Above, a portrait of Russ Columbo made by Lansing Brown, below, who thought old pistols at right were unloaded. But one had a bullet



Acme

Although it was Sally Blane who sat outside the hospital door when he died, it is Carole Lombard whom his death leaves inconsolable. For five months they had been That Way about each other. Russ wanted to marry the beautiful blonde star, but Carole hesitated at another marriage after the failure of her union with William Powell. His friendship with Sally Blane dated from childhood; he used to beau her about in high school. It is a curious coincidence that Russ Columbo at one time went with Dorothy Dell, another young and recent victim of swift Fate.

FORBES, ANGEL BECOME HITCH-HIKING ELOPERS

When Car Breaks Down, Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel Thumb Rides to Yuma—English Couple Wed Six Weeks After Meeting, Much to Hollywood's Surprise

By Joan Standish

HOLLYWOOD was surprised and a trifle vexed to read that Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes had departed for Yuma to be married—and had continued on foot, thumbing rides (*á la* "It Happened One Night") when their car broke down. Their respective employers, mothers and friends had no advance hint of the wedding plans. And it is hardly considered palsy-walsy in Hollywood to keep one's romance completely to one's self. People are not supposed to elope until the entire affair has been thoroughly discussed at all the luncheon tables in Hollywood.

One of the most surprised people in town, when the news broke, was Ruth Chatterton, the First Mrs. Forbes, whose famous "civilized divorce" still permitted her to claim him as an escort, confidant and dinner guest. There had even been rumors that Ruth and Ralph might remarry, when she and George Brent decided which would get the divorce. "All of us think it was very inconsiderate of Ralph to get married just when poor Ruth is having so much trouble over her separation from George and all," a close friend of Ruth's confided to me.

Though both are members of the British colony in Hollywood, Heather and Ralph had only known each other a few weeks, six at the longest. One explanation of their sudden discovery that they were made for each other is a common fondness for polo. Ralph Forbes is one of the best players in town, while Heather has spent nearly every Sunday since her arrival in California at the Riviera field watching the games.

The most plausible explanation of why a girl who had managed to remain unmarried for twenty-four years should suddenly succumb to matrimony is Heather's intimacy with Pat Paterson who once lived with the Angels in London and is Heather's best friend. Pat, as the whole world knows, is now Mrs. Charles Boyer, and a radiantly happy bride despite the sadness incident to seeing her bridegroom of three months off to Paris a few weeks ago. Pat's own romance was even swifter than Heather's, being just two weeks from introduction to altar. Friends of both girls say that Pat has been praising the married state to her friend ever since and doubtless sold her on the idea.

At any rate, it was at Pat's home one evening that Heather decided to say "Yes" to Ralph. All in a few minutes, they arranged to start for Yuma. Ralph telephoned his mother, Mary Forbes (who is a considerable actress in her own right), and she hurried over with her blessings and a gorgeous antique family ring of sapphires and diamonds, which she took from her own finger for her son's engagement ring. Next Heather, so the story goes, telephoned *her* mother, but Mrs. Angel's objections to such impulsiveness were so strong that she decided not to go home and get dressed for the trip, but to go as she was (in a green dress, the odd jacket to a suit, and a pair of patent-leather pumps).

The last person to hear the news was Ruth Chatterton, whom Ralph called just as they were starting out for Yuma at 2 a.m. Ruth thought that he was joking, apparently, for she kidded him about his romantic plans at such an hour, while wishing him happiness.

The car that carried the elopers into Arizona suffered engine trouble, and in the chill gray light of early dawn the pair had to abandon their automobile and start trudging along the dusty highway. A ramshackle and aged machine with a kindly citizen of the neighborhood overtook them, noticed their frantic thumbing and took them in, and so Heather Angel and Ralph Forbes became Hollywood's first hitch-hiking elopers!

Ralph is having an addition built on his house. Heather—at the time of the last reports—was still wearing the green dress and patent leathers, much the worse for wear after their hiking.

Heather will continue her career. In fact, because she was scheduled to begin work almost immediately on "The Mystery of Edwin Drood" (Dickens' famous "unfinished" story, for which Universal has found an ending), all of Heather's honeymoon plans had to be delayed.

THEY KEPT IT A SECRET

Wide World

Ralph Forbes and Heather Angel did the impossible—they kept Hollywood from hearing about their romance until the wedding. Ralph's former wife, Ruth Chatterton, was surprised

Took name off his door, himself . . .

"It was because he was alone . . ."

GEORGE HILL TAKES LIFE; DIRECTS END CAREFULLY

Motive for Suicide of Young, Successful Director Remains a Mystery—Wills Bulk of Property to "Beloved Divorced Wife," Frances Marion

By Ann Slater

GEORGE HILL, thirty-nine-year-old director at Metro, never planned the details of a picture he was about to make more carefully than he planned his own death. The news that he had shot himself, alone in his Malibu Beach cottage, was a complete shock to Hollywood—and a complete mystery. In the weeks since then, details have cropped out, bit by bit, revealing as strange a story as this town of strange stories has ever heard.

Most suicides are the result of a moment's despair, a temporary frenzy. In the case of successful, well-liked, always-smiling George Hill, it was evidently the result of many weeks of careful, systematic planning. All the while that he was working daily at his studio, joking with his friends, taking trips, and consulting with his ex-wife, writer Frances Marion, over the script of their next picture, "The Good Earth," he was coolly considering the final scene in his own life-story.

Just how long he had been thinking of an exit from life seems to be shown by his remark to a friend at Marie Dressler's funeral. George had been very fond of Marie, whom he directed in "Min and Bill," and during the simple funeral service the tears poured unabashed down his cheeks. As the company left the cemetery, a studio acquaintance said to him, "It was a beautiful service, wasn't it, George?"

"Beautiful, yes," Hill replied somberly, "but not the kind of funeral I want. I have been getting figures on cremation and I've got one place down as low as twenty-five dollars. I don't want my funeral to cost my friends much."

Several days before his death, observant associates at Metro might have noticed a mute warning that something was amiss with the director, but no one remarked that the door of his office looked unnatural. George Hill, without comment to anyone, had pried from the door the plate bearing his name.

Different explanations are offered for George Hill's act. One is that on his recent trip to China to get scenes and material for "The Good Earth," he had seen so much human misery that he had no heart to go on in a world where such things were possible. He was known to have read and reread the book of Pearl Buck's, which leaves the taste of inescapable sorrow and futility.

His physician, on the other hand, believes that George Hill, who was in an automobile accident several months ago, received injuries that had affected his mind. He had driven his car into a telephone pole to avoid hitting several children playing in the streets.

But most of Hollywood is inclined to agree with columnist Harry Carr, who wrote, "George Hill died because he could not live with Frances Marion and could not live without her." The devotion between the director and his divorced wife—he was her fourth husband—was well-known. They were often seen together, lunching and at previews.

That this was the true explanation seems to be borne out by his will, which left three-sevenths of his fortune to "my beloved divorced wife, Frances Marion, and her two sons." To her, too, he left most of his personal belongings, with the note to relatives and friends that they were not to accept them when "knowing her generosity as I do, she tries to give them away."

Since George Hill's death, Frances Marion has been in a serious automobile accident, herself, sustaining a broken collar-bone and a bad case of shock. She was shaken by the death of her former husband. "It was because he was alone," she told a friend, sadly. "He didn't have anyone dependent on him."

ACTORS NARROWLY MISS DEATH AT HANDS OF FIEND

Douglass Montgomery Lucky When Car, Whose Wheels Have Been Tampered With, Crashes on Straight Road—Jack La Rue Attacked in Sleep—Police Seek Madman

By Hal Hall

TWO ruthless and mysterious attempts upon the lives of prominent male players in Hollywood within the past few weeks have film stars trembling and local police trying to figure out whether or not there is a madman loose in Hollywood who is obsessed with the desire to kill picture stars. The two stars who have had narrow escapes are Douglass Montgomery and Jack La Rue. Both came within inches of death at the hands of unknown assailants, and both declare they do not know of a single enemy in the world who might want to see them dead.

Montgomery's escape was miraculous. He was rehearsing a stage play at the Pasadena Community Theatre. Night after night, he parked his car in a dark and obscure corner of a lot adjoining the theatre. And he drove to his mother's home in Altadena each night after rehearsal. One night, he was leaving the theatre when Universal Studios called him on the 'phone and asked if he could come right over to make a retake. He dashed out, climbed in his car and started for Hollywood, instead of up the hilly and winding mountain road to Altadena, where the slightest mishap would send his car careening over steep embankments to the rocks far below.

And—as he sped along the wide, smooth highway toward Universal City, one of the front wheels of the car came off and the car veered crazily, tilted to one side, crashed to the ground. The wheel rolled swiftly through the darkness and struck a nearby house. People came running to the scene. Then it was discovered that some fiend had *taken off the hub caps of all four wheels*, had removed the nuts that hold on the wheels, and had slipped the caps back on the wheels so that no one would notice what had been done—until too late!

Montgomery shuddered as he made the discovery and realized that, had he gone to Altadena, as was his custom, his car would probably have been a tangled mass of wreckage in a canyon with his crumpled body beneath it. Pure luck saved him, and thwarted the vicious attempt at murder.

A few nights later, Jack La Rue was sleeping peacefully in his bed in a ground-floor bedroom of his home on Holly Drive. Suddenly, there was a crash of glass and a long four-by-four log of wood came smashing through the window and landed on the pillow only inches from the actor's head. The log was snatched back by the mysterious assailant and came crashing through again, but La Rue had rolled excitedly off the bed and was dashing for the bureau where he kept a pistol. As he turned on the light, his assailant slammed the log through the window a third time and fled into the darkness before La Rue could fire a shot.

When the police arrived, they found the bed covered with broken glass, the log lying across the pillow, where it had been hurled, and La Rue, his father, a brother and two sisters almost in hysterics. An examination of the piece of wood revealed that the would-be murderer had worn gloves, thus leaving no tell-tale finger-prints.

The possibility that gangsters might be trying to intimidate stars for extortion purposes has been ruled out; the vicious methods indicate a desire to kill, not just frighten. So the police are seeking for a madman who, they think, is trying to avenge some imaginary wrong; or, perhaps, a man who has failed in pictures and is trying to gain satisfaction by maiming or killing men who have risen to prominence that he never can reach. And stars are doubling their vigilance and are wondering who will be the next man to feel the wrath of this mysterious would-be killer.

The darkest part of the mystery is the fact that neither actor had received any threat, any forewarning of any attempt on his life. Even paranoiac madmen have a liking for frightening their prospective victims before trying to carry out their murderous intentions.

Another baffling angle to the double mystery is the fact that Montgomery and La Rue are direct opposites—one being blond and a specialist in sensitive young-lover rôles, and the other being black-haired and a specialist in character rôles. Montgomery grew up locally; La Rue is from New York. They do not travel in the same circles, have never played in the same picture together. If a man should feel some unknown animosity for one, why should he feel it for the other?

The police are convinced that one man attempted both murderous assaults. They reason thus because the movements of both actors had been so carefully studied in advance, and because gloves were worn in both cases, leaving no fingerprint clues. The cold-bloodedness of the preparations, coupled with the lack of warning, is what chills Hollywood.

Of all the horror stories the screen has produced, none has chilled Hollywood like this true-to-life terror tale.

His Window Crashed

A heavy piece of timber shattered Jack La Rue's bedroom window late at night, and landed only inches from his head

His Car Crashed

A wheel of Douglass Montgomery's car came off; later he discovered that all four were intended to do likewise

The George Arliss IN LAST GENTLEMAN

- *Adapted from the* 20th Century Picture
- *Screen Play by* Leonard Praskins
- *Directed by* Sidney Lanfield
- *Released through* United Artists
- *Fictionized by* Mary Chadbourne-Brown

THE wide white curve of staircase swept up and up, lighted by sunlight from an upper window. Marjorie's hand tightened on her mother's arm and she stood very stiff and straight, in the doorway. This was the Barr house. The house her first forefathers in America had built. The house where generations, all her own Barr features—the delicate aquiline nose, the long upper lip, the wide-set eyes—had been born and lived out their lives and died. . . . The most beautiful house in the world! Her ancestral home . . . she belonged here.

Soon now they all would be here, all the living Barrs. Her uncle Judd Barr. Her great-aunt Augusta Barr Prichard. Aunt Augusta's adopted son, Allan Blaine; but he was negligible because he wasn't really a Barr. And—the head of the house, Cabot Barr, her grandfather! Marjorie shivered a little with excitement, and then stood straighter than ever. For no Barr showed excitement.

"Whether Mr. Barr is expecting me or not,I can't say," her mother was telling the butler, Claude. "He wired me about the memorial services for Lovicy. . . . This is the baby." Her mother's voice had a slightly defiant ring.

Of course. She was the Barr baby, the last of the line. She'd been two years old when Claude had last seen her, sixteen years ago —when Cabot had turned her mother out of the house because she hadn't been born a boy! She ought to hate Cabot for that. But, curiously, she didn't. . . . The last of the line. He had had a right to want her to be a boy. . . . She followed her mother into

PLAYED BY

George Arliss. . . . *Cabot Barr*
Edna May Oliver. . . *Augusta*
Janet Beecher. . . . . *Helen*
Charlotte Henry. . . *Marjorie*
Ralph Morgan. . . . . *Loring*
Edward Ellis. . . . . *Claude*
Frank Albertson. . . . . *Allan*
Rafaela Ottiano. . . . . *Retta*
Donald Meek. . . . . *Judd*

the dim library. Other relatives waited there.

The room buzzed and whispered with the tickings of twenty clocks. There was a little French one on the Adam mantel. The room was wide and the corners deep and cool. The Barrs had builded well. Gentlemen of taste, they had been, even in Puritan Massachusetts; lovers of beauty, even when beauty was forbidden the righteous. Stalwart, God-fearing stock, yet with a taste for wine and lovely women. . . . They married girls as beautiful as her mother had been, and they built houses like this one. . . . She ought to hate her grandfather. He had been stubborn, pig-headed, about her mother. But she didn't hate him. Ever since she could remember, she had wanted to know him . . .

Suddenly, somewhere up above the curving staircase, she heard a voice speaking—an old man's voice, but rich and deeply resonant and full of a twisted kind of laughter. "I'm holding these services for Lovicy because she was a Barr," it said.

Her grandfather! Marjorie leaned forward, listening.

"She felt it her duty to go to China and be a missionary," the deep voice went on, hiding, somewhere in its depths, a sardonic chuckle, "although personally she loathed the Chinese. That's the sort of stuff the old Barrs were composed of."

Another voice answered, indistinguishably.

"These," her mother was saying, "are your Uncle Judd and your Aunt Retta. This is Aunt Augusta Prichard, Marjorie. And this is Allan."

"Augusta, I want to be buried in white satin, please," Cabot Barr said.

"You've grown very pretty, my dear," Aunt Augusta said, kissing her. "You look exactly like your grandfather."

"Is he very pretty, too?" Marjorie asked, demurely.

There had been no footfall on the stairs—no sound at all—but, suddenly, the deep voice made Marjorie jump. She had a feeling it was intended to make her jump. . . .

"So you came, Helen?" Cabot Barr said. "After sixteen years!"

Her mother's arm tightened about her waist. But Marjorie turned, stiffly. Barrs weren't frightened, not even by the head of the house.

"So you sent for me?" she heard her mother say, coolly.

"Let's have a look at you," Cabot Barr said to her mother, looking down his nose and ignoring Marjorie.

She could ignore him, too, then! But out of the tail of her eye she watched him. A grand old man, fit to be the head of the house of Barr. A slight, erect old figure, with the family's aquiline nose made narrow and more pronounced by age, with the delicate Barr fingers, clasped over the slender, beautiful head of an ivory cane. With the shrewd mouth and the kind eyes of a man who has lived life long and fully and with discernment.

"I'm bound to say you've worn well, Helen," he was saying. "Your face is a trifle raddled, but thank Heaven you've kept your stomach flat."

Marjorie giggled. "Mother," she said, "I think grandfather is rather a darling!"

Her grandfather's expression never changed at all, except that his eyebrows lifted and he stared at her. "Oh, do you?" he said. "I'm sorry I can't return the compliment."

But that, of course, meant he did return it, thought Marjorie with satisfaction. All Barrs were always afraid of being sentimental.

"And why in the name of heaven do you think I'm a darling?" he snapped.

Marjorie giggled again. "I think you're funny," she said. "I think of funny things, too, but I haven't the courage to say them!"

"At your age!" Cabot Barr snorted, and turned his back on her. "You're a disgraceful young miss with a perverted mind."

"I suppose it's because I'm like you," Marjorie offered daringly.

The whole family stood silent, staring at her. Aunt Augusta gaped, and Uncle Judd's pouchy eyes were glassy. It was he who broke the silence. "So Lovicy is dead," he said at length.

Aunt Augusta began to sniffle. Uncle Judd turned the corners of his mouth down, and eyed the floor piously.

"And I'll probably be the next," Cabot Barr said. "Augusta, I want to be buried in white satin, please.

"So you sent for me?" Helen faced her father coolly, defiantly.

It makes one look so much deader!"

Beyond the doorway the sunlight lay on the polished dark flooring, on the silky pattern of the rug. A breeze blew warm through the doorway, and all about the shadowy room the clocks whispered:

"Don't talk about such things, Cabot, they're horrible," said Aunt Augusta, shuddering visibly.

Cabot smiled, gently, this time, his eyes on the warm patch of sunlight. "One the contrary, very beautiful," he said. "I've done my living. I haven't been niggardly."

Tears were hot behind Marjorie's lids as she listened, and the room swam in a mist of them.

"Life's been like a bottle of fine wine," her grandfather was saying. "I've drunk slowly, discriminatingly. Now I'm ready for the next bottle. Death's the next bottle . . . I'm getting thirsty for it."

That had been one of the things his shrewd old eyes had been trying to say to her. Don't be afraid of me. . . . Don't be afraid of living. . . . No Barr is afraid of anything. . . .

Marjorie sat at the luncheon table, and something in the neighborhood of her diaphragm contracted uncomfortably. Not because of Aunt Lovicy's services. They had been bad enough, with the minister suffering from laryngitis and the townspeople murmuring vapidly about Aunt Lovicy's virtues. . . . No. Because of the clocks. Because she had started all forty-eight of them so they would strike in the middle of the services! It had been a horrible thing to do!

But it had been Allan's fault. If she hadn't overheard him telling Claude that she was being nice to her grandfather only because she wanted his money. . . . He should have known a Barr never did anything because of anyone's money! Not a proper Barr. Uncle Judd might. . . Anyway, Allan ought to know now. Her grandfather would probably boil her in oil, and that would prove to Allan that she wasn't trying to get around him. She sat, her small fists clenched under the table, watching the old man make his progress to its head. Cabot Barr's face was sober, imperturbable. Marjorie could feel the back of the dining-room chair straight behind her spine; her face was as expressionless, as impassive as his own. She sat very still, and waited. Cabot Barr slipped into his place and laid the ivory-headed cane on the floor beside him.

"At your age, Augusta, I would call that a silly prank," he said suddenly, after he had asked the blessing.

Aunt Augusta turned purple. "Call what a silly prank?" she demanded, hotly.

"Starting those clocks. . . . I gather that you are trying to deny your guilt?"

Aunt Augusta's aquiline Barr nose turned red at its tip, and she began to sniffle. "Judd!" she wailed. "Allan! Lend me a handkerchief!"

Scared as she was, Marjorie chuckled inwardly. Grandfather's gray-haired, kind friend, Henry Loring, silently handed Augusta a handkerchief, across the table. She took it gratefully, then rose to her feet and scurried from the room, mopping her eyes.

"She probably only helped start them," Cabot reflected, aloud. "It was somebody else's idea. . . . Somebody who wanted to bring me to an early grave. . . . Judd!"

Uncle Judd lifted a carefully-aggrieved face. "There are some things which even a devoted son cannot accept from his father," he intoned. "Such an accusation—I'm leaving, sir!" He turned from the table, and Aunt Retta followed. In the depths of her grandfather's eyes Marjorie saw the faintest hint of a twinkle.

It hadn't been her mother, nor Henry Loring, nor Claude. But it was fun to watch her grandfather accuse each of them—fun, if it hadn't so prolonged her own agony. At last, she found her voice and managed to make it heard. "I did it, grandfather," she said.

"And I helped her," said Allan.

Old Cabot smiled. "I've been waiting for you two to confess," he said.

Almost, for a moment, Marjorie thought that he hadn't minded much. That he wasn't angry, really. That he'd thought it funny. Then his deep, accusing voice cut her comforting reflections short.

"A disgraceful thing to do," he said, curtly. "A very disrespectful thing. Hooligans, both of you. Leave me."

Tears welled in Marjorie's eyes, and she could hardly see to find her slow way to the door. She hadn't wanted his money. But she had wanted him to like her—and now she'd disgraced herself past any chance of his liking! Then she heard his deep-throated chuckle.

Far down, below the green slope of hillside, the river flowed, a wide flat ribbon of silver. A humming-bird hovered over Marjorie's head in the fragrant syringa

"Hooligans, both of you! Get out!" Cabot stormed.

But he looked beyond her. He rose to his feet, pointing his cane accusingly first at her and then at Allan. "I forbid this mooning about," he said. "The country hereabouts has, I admit, a romantic atmosphere. But that is no reason for you to regard it as a stimulus. The trees and flowers you are to look upon merely as trees and flowers. Not as a background for puppy love."

But this was awful! What a thing for him to think, about her and Allan. *Allan!* Outraged, she turned and fled from the house.

By the brookside the moss was cool and the shade grateful. Marjorie laid her aching head against the damp earth and bit her lips to keep back the tears. Barrs shouldn't cry. Not even when they were insulted by their darling grandfathers. . . .

"Lying on wet ground is an old Barr custom for curing colds, I suppose," said Allan. "I'm sorry. It's all my fault—those beastly clocks. I got you into this. . . ."

He sat down beside her.

hedge, and the little handkerchief-square of field was pied with daisies. She turned the page of her book, unseeing, and sighed. If only it weren't for the absurd stuffed peacocks, and Allan. . . . The stuffed peacocks made more sense than Allan! Even if you did fall over one under every bush. . . . A long shadow fell across her book, and she turned another page and stared at it in careful preoccupation.

"You needn't think I'm trying to make friends with you," Allan protested. "It's only that you represent something a little less boresome than stuffed peacocks. And a bunch of stuffy people."

He shouldn't make fun of her grandfather, thought Marjorie. Nor of the family. Why, he wasn't even a Barr. . . .

"I like the people and I adore the peacocks!" she told him tartly, rising. "And since I can't read while you're around, I'll go elsewhere."

A week of this already, she thought, groaning inwardly. And three weeks more to come. . . . If only their elders wouldn't stare out of the window at them so hopefully. As if they really thought she'd fall in love with Allan! She could see the whole row of their heads, now, at the cottage window.

"Marjorie!" her mother called.

"Allan!" called Aunt Augusta.

Marjorie made her slow way to the house, peevishly kicking a stuffed peacock in the doorway.

Cabot Barr sat, a king enthroned for judgment, in a chair far away across the living-room. The sun shone on his white aureole of hair, and his long fingers clasped the ivory head of his cane. He glared at the pair of them as they crossed the threshold.

"Oh, there they are!" he said, and Marjorie quaked. What was wrong now? What had she been doing?

"I tell you both," Cabot thundered, "I forbid this love-making!"

Marjorie gasped. Love-making! But her grandfather, her darling, wise grandfather, the only person who made this place bearable—her grandfather had gone mad! Her own wide-set eyes glared back into his. A lump rose in her throat.

He had won—but it had hurt him terribly, Marjorie saw.

Just now she was glad to have him. She felt so awful about all this. . . . Queer, how nice his cheek felt against her own, how comfortably his arms went around her.

"You're the only one in the family who's got any sense," he was murmuring tenderly.

An hour later, arm linked in arm, they faced their elders again across the wide living-room. Cabot Barr looked at her strangely. "Grandfather, Allan and I want to tell you—" she began.

But Allan's voice was stronger and he finished bravely, for both of them. "That we're going to get married," he said, "and you're not going to stop us!"

Her mother was smiling. Aunt Augusta fluttered over to them, murmuring something congratulatory. But Marjorie's eyes were on her grandfather's face. She hoped he wouldn't be too angry. . . . But he was laughing! He was slapping his knee, and roaring with laughter! The ivory cane had fallen to the floor.

Suddenly Marjorie saw. This was what he had wanted. He had known that the way to make a Barr do something was to forbid it! She caught his eyes and, throwing back her head with his own gesture, laughed as gaily as he. She was glad. He had been right. She and Allan belonged together.

"Get my lawyer on the wire, Henry," said Cabot Barr.

Henry Loring dialled the operator and Cabot took up the receiver.

"In my former will, Johnson," he said, "I left all my property to my eldest son, Judd. Draw up a new one. I want all my money, with the exception of the minor bequests, to go to my granddaughter, Marjorie Barr—and to her husband, Allan Barr."

Marjorie gasped.

"Blaine, sir," Allan corrected amiably. "My name's Blaine."

Cabot lifted his eyebrows. "You're to change your name," he said.

Allan shook his head, still courteous. "Not I," he said.

Old Cabot's heavy eyebrows drew together. "What's wrong with the name of Barr?"

"Nothing," Allan answered respectfully. "It just doesn't happen to be my name. It's a good name, but so is Blaine."

Allan simply didn't understand, thought Marjorie. She'd have to explain to him how much it mattered to her grandfather, having the name of Barr go on with his descendants. But it was too late. . . .

"Hello, Johnson!" Cabot screamed into the mouthpiece. "Did you take down everything I said? Well, tear it up again!" He turned back to his gaping relatives, his face livid. "Every penny I have goes to Judd," he thundered. "And you all can go to the devil!"

"Need you ask? You've seen my son, Judd," Cabot Barr said meaningly.

Marjorie collapsed in Allan's arms, weakly. Aunt Augusta whimpered. Her mother stared stonily out of the window.

Then wheels spat gravel on the drive outside, and Uncle Judd was in the doorway. "I want to know why you come up here, and tell me nothing about it?" he began truculently. "You don't invite me. So I come up——"

The mild man in Uncle Judd's wake looked benignly over his spectacles. Cabot Barr glared belligerently at both of them.

"A reasonable statement," Cabot Barr said, with surprising mildness. "I don't invite you, so you come. However, for once you've come at the right time. I've an announcement to make to you."

"I know," Uncle Judd roared, "you've changed your will again. Well, I'm not going to stand for it! I'm your only son, and therefore your only heir. This is Professor Shumaker, the alienist. I've brought him up here to examine you."

Marjorie clutched Allan's hand tightly, shocked to her very soul. So this was the sort Uncle Judd was! Calling her grandfather insane! Wanting only his money! Not liking him, not being proud of him, not understanding him. . . . So that was why Uncle Judd had been so absurdly interested, had scribbled so earnestly in his fat little black book, when Claude told him about the collection of clocks, the stuffed peacocks. Symptoms. Evidences of insanity. Uncle Judd was horrible!

Cabot Barr looked the gentle-faced professor over at length, dispassionately; and the ivory-headed cane tapped on the floor. "When would he like to begin his examination?" he asked.

"At once, if you like," said the professor. "Of course, you realize this will be a completely fair examination. I do not intend favoring your son's opinions at the expense of the truth."

Cabot bowed, and seated himself, a king enthroned again, in the armchair.

"Do you ever hear voices?" Professor Shumaker queried.

Cabot nodded soberly. "Almost constantly," he said. "Surrounded as I am by an exceedingly garrulous family and having excellent hearing—"

The Professor chuckled a little. "Do you suffer from nightmares?"

Cabot Barr's eyebrows lifted. "Need you ask?" he said. "You've seen my son, Judd."

The Professor chuckled again. "Have you ever suffered from epilepsy, Mr. Barr?" he continued.

"No," he said. "Not myself. But in my family——"

Judd looked hopeful. The professor leaned forward, listening.

"My son, Judd," said Cabot Barr, "used to throw terrific fits when he was a child. . . ."

Uncle Judd grew red, and snorted.

"Terrible ones," Cabot continued, blandly. "His nurse dropped him on his head when he was a year old. Purposely, I think. However, we thought at the time it was an accident and discharged the girl. . . . Professor Shumaker, I expect to call you very shortly and consult with you about having my son placed in an asylum."

"I shall be very glad," said the Professor, "to be of service."

He had won, of course. But it had hurt her grandfather terribly. Marjorie knew. Barrs joked when they were really hurt. She watched Uncle Judd driving away with the alienist, and her hands ached to close about his throat. . . .

The red disk of the sun lit the mist beyond the hills to crimson. Cabot Barr's head (*Continued on page 72*)

He was real, Joan mused. She, Bob knew, was adorable.

HAPPINESS

The way looked clear and lovely, at first, but deception laid a strange trap—and Joan thought she had lost Bob forever.

THE peace of the Bradford library and of Mr. Bradford were disturbed by a voice calling imperatively: "Joan! Joan?"

Mr. Bradford glanced up briefly from his paper and quickly buried himself in it again as the voice came closer.

"Henry!" said Mrs. Bradford, entering. "Where's Joan?"

"I don't know," he said and returned to his paper.

Mrs. Bradford took it from him firmly and tossed it on the table. "Henry, what are we going to do about her?" she demanded.

"What's the matter?"

"To begin with, she refuses to give any explanation for her conduct New Year's Eve."

Henry Bradford's eyes dropped. "Oh, that—" he said uneasily.

"I never was so mortified in my life!" insisted Mrs. Bradford. "I *must* have an explanation of why Joan would deliberately fail to appear when all her guests were here; when she knew her engagement to Jelliffee Travis was to have been announced! I must have an explanation!" Agitatedly she moved about the room.

"Have you tried the third degree?" he suggested.

"I think she owes it to her parents!" Mrs. Bradford exclaimed forcefully. "And where does she go nights? Every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday night for the last three weeks? I think we both ought to talk to her. I think——"

"Now, dear," he soothed her. "Let's not fly off the handle. Suppose I have a talk with her alone? I'm sure we'll find there's nothing to worry about. Joan's a pretty level-headed girl." He pinched her cheek. "Takes after her mother."

She went away, shaking her head dubiously.

Bradford went back to his paper, but presently dropped it, listening attentively as he heard a door open. "That you, Joan?" he called lightly.

"Yes, Dad," answered a girl's pleasant voice.

"Why don't you come in and say 'hello' to a fellow?"

"I thought you might be busy." Joan, a slender, pretty girl of twenty or so, came into the library.

"Just trying to learn something about the stock market," he said, folding the paper.

Then, very casually: "Going to the theatre?"

"No," Joan said.

"The usual Wednesday night?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think we ought to get together on this?" he asked, smiling affectionately at his young daughter.

"We couldn't do better if we had a million dollars," Bob commented enthusiastically.

"You want to know where I go?" she studied him.

He shook his head. "Not unless you want to tell me. But your mother is a little worried."

She nodded. "I know."

Joan's father studied her for a moment. For years he and the girl had been coöperating to avoid scenes and tension with Mrs. Bradford. "I think we should agree on some convincing explanation," he suggested. "It would save a lot of trouble. Now let's see . . . where would a girl go every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday night?"

"The movies," Joan offered, not very helpfully.

He shook his head. "Not very convincing. How about settlement work? Seeing how the other half lives?"

Joan's face brightened. "That's what I'm doing," she said surprisingly, "and I'm learning a lot!"

Her father looked at her questioningly and she came and perched on the arm of his chair.

"I've found people in this town who have never been to the opera or seen a polo game, and they're still human beings," she told him.

He nodded. "I can understand that." Bradford had started from the 'other half' himself. "Where is this settlement house?"

"Why . . . " she hesitated. "There isn't any."

"Don't you think we'd better have one?"

"Oh, Dad," she said impatiently, "if Mother insists on knowing, I'll tell her the truth!"

"Now wait a minute—that depends . . . What is the truth?"

For a moment she gazed thoughtfully at the floor. "I met some people New Year's Eve in a chop suey place. They think I'm poor, broke, out of work. I took a little place in the house where I told them to let me out that night. They think I live there." She looked up with sudden enthusiasm. "Dad, we have such good times—and they're the finest people I ever met. They've tried to help me—tried to find me a job. They're—they're real. They don't stop where the pavement ends."

Bradford patted her arm. "I see," he said thoughtfully. "I don't think your mother would wholly approve, but—why don't you invite them to the house?"

Joan looked up with a start. "Oh, I couldn't! That would spoil everything. He thinks I'm . . ." she halted, her face suffused.

"That's what I was afraid of," her father said seriously.

"But you needn't be." Joan's voice was firm, assured. "It's perfectly all right."

"My dear, I wasn't thinking of that. You know I trust you. I'm thinking of what your mother would say." He rose and took a worried turn up and down the room. "And suppose the newspapers get hold of it?" he continued. *"Joan Bradford's double life . . . society girl's romance with poor young clerk . . .* Or what *does* he do?"

"He's a . . ." Joan gulped. She couldn't say to her father, so many prosperous years removed from his humble beginnings, "He's a window cleaner." She tried again. "He helps manage a business firm."

Bradford groaned a little. "Joan, this is loaded with dynamite! You can't tell your mother any such story as this."

Joan put her arm around his waist. "Then we won't tell her," she concluded lightly. "Let this be our secret. I can take care of myself, Dad. You can trust me."

He looked searchingly into her clear eyes, smiling fondly. "You'd better hurry or you'll be late for your settlement work." He gave her a parting hug, was kissed for his trouble, and watched her run from the room.

Far up Riverside Drive Joan and Bob got out of his little Ford and walked to the edge of the embankment. The lights on the Palisades across the river were scarcely brighter than the stars. Close together they stood, looking out over the river.

Bob said meditatively:

- *Adapted from the* Warner Brothers Picture
- *Directed by* Mervyn LeRoy
- *Fictionized by* Margaret E. Mahin

PLAYED BY

Dick Powell.....*Bob Lane*
Josephine Hutchinson.*Joan Bradford*
John Halliday.....*Henry Bradford*
Frank McHugh.....*Tom Bradley*
Marjorie Gateson....*Mrs. Bradford*

"If you want to quit, go ahead!" he challenged the others.

"Funny how a fella can get to like the things he used to think were silly . . . I used to pass this spot and see couples gazing at the moon like a lot of saps. That is, I called them saps then. I bet there's many a guy passing right now saying the same thing about us!"

Joan smiled silently, hugging his arm against her.

"Cold?" he asked.

She nodded. "A little."

"Let's sit in the car."

They walked back to the car, and he settled her warmly, then turned on the radio. "Pretty swell, isn't it," he said contentedly, as Joan snuggled against him. "sitting here, with a band playing for us. Say, we couldn't do any better if we had a million dollars."

Joan darted a quick, half-amused glance at him. "Not as well," she said.

"How do you know?" he kidded her. "Did you ever have a million dollars?"

"No—not quite," Joan said in a small voice.

Bob laughed. "I'll say you didn't! Me either—but that doesn't mean we won't! You know, I got a hunch . . ." he stopped as a familiar tune drifted in over the radio. "Remember?" he whispered.

She nodded. "New Year's Eve!"

They both listened, then Bob began softly to sing the words. They were silent again after the song was finished. A note sounded and the announcer's voice said:

"This service comes to you through the Lamb Brothers, the home of blue-white diamonds. A wedding or engagement ring is intended to last a lifetime. Why not let her wear it while you pay for it? One dollar down and the ring is yours."

Bob fished in his pocket. Quizzically he regarded the few crumpled bills produced by the search. "That'll be taken care of," he commented, and they both laughed.

He started to put the bills back in his pocket, then looked from the money to Joan. "You know, Joan, he said hesitantly, "you've been out of a job for a long time, and while you—that is, your clothes still look pretty good, still—a girl needs a pair of stockings every now and then. And then again, you have to eat . . . so . . . until you get a job, why . . . I . . ." he tucked the bills into her hand.

Joan found her eyes moist, her voice shaky. "Thanks, Bob," she faltered. "I couldn't——"

"What do you mean, you couldn't?" he asked quickly. "It's not like we're strangers. You're my girl, aren't you? Gee, I get worried about you—no folks, no job! I'd like to help out."

"You have, Bob," Joan said warmly. "And I—well, I have some prospects. I'm sure something will turn up."

"Sure, it will," he agreed stoutly. "But I wish you didn't have to work at all. Maybe some day. . . ." He broke off, his eyes on the starry river. "Say," he said confusedly, "you'd make a fellow forget anything! I've got an appointment in half an hour with Jim Meehan."

"About your window-cleaning route?"

He nodded. "Yeah—when he swings it for me I'm all set to clear a hundred a week—maybe more."

Seeing the eager interest in Joan's face, no one could have guessed that a hundred a week was just pin money to her!

Bob's voice went on: "You know what that means? Why say, we could . . ." again he caught himself self-consciously. "Well," he stammered, "it means a lot more than it used to." He put his arm lightly about her shoulders. "Wish me luck, will you?" he asked.

Joan snuggled close into the circle of his arm. "I wish you all the luck in the world," she said tensely, and as she looked up into his eyes the star-gleams in them tangled with those in her own. Their lips met warmly.

Presently Bob said breathlessly: "I don't know how it happened . . ." he glanced up again with a little smile . . . "but I'm not apologizing."

Joan laughed softly. "Nor I . . ." she gave his hand a quick, happy squeeze. "Good luck!" she said.

But Bob had forgotten that politicians are not in business just to help along ambitious young men. Jim Meehan smiled disdainfully at Bob's seven hundred dollars. He seemed impressed by the fact that Bob had saved his seven hundred in three years, but two thousand was his price—and a bargain at that, he gave Bob to understand.

Bob went away with dismay in his heart. Two thousand dollars! And it had taken him three years to save the seven hundred! Despairingly he thought of Joan.

"Were you really in love with her?" Bradford asked slowly.

"Don't worry about it," Bob said. "I've got it all figured out, right now!"

And when he got to the office the next morning, he found more trouble waiting for him. Racketeers had decided to invade the window-cleaning business, by the simple method of putting out of business all the firms legitimately in it. Bob's boss had told him of the situation several days before, but on this morning he came in to find his men mutinous. They had been warned by the racketeers that they would go on the job at their own risk, and several of them were quitting.

"Yeah," one of them said bitterly to Bob when he protested, "what have you got to worry about? Sittin' at a desk all day—not out on a window ledge waitin' for somebody to take a pop at you."

Bob scrambled into a pair of overalls, picked up bucket, sponge and safety belt, and beckoned to his friend, Tom. "Come on, Tom," he challenged. Then turned to the others. "If you fellows want to quit, go ahead." Slowly they followed him out.

The first few days went smoothly, and none of the Ryan gang's threats were carried out.

He told Joan all about it on Sunday night. "It won't take me long now," he assured her. "You see, this new job gets me thirty bucks a week extra, and every nickel of that goes in the bank."

Joan laughed affectionately. "With your ambition, you'll be a millionaire before you're thirty!"

"I don't want to be a millionaire," Bob said soberly, "but I do want to get fixed so I can—well, I want to be able to ask a certain girl to marry me."

Joan's eyes lighted, and a little smile curved her mouth.

"Meehan says if she's any good she'll wait," Bob went on softly. "Think he's right?"

She nodded. "I think so—if she loves you."

They had come to a halt before Joan's rooming-house, and Bob scanned the girl's face with eager speculation. "How do you find that out?" he asked.

"You can usually tell," Joan said reflectively. "But if you want to make sure, you might ask her."

"Say, that's a good idea!" Bob leaned toward her, but a cop strolled into the scene, grinning a friendly greeting.

"Oh, hello, officer," Bob said, embarrassed. He turned back to Joan. "I'll talk the matter over with you the next time I see you."

"I wish you would." A smile lurked behind the soberness of her tone. "I might be able to give you some advice."

On Wednesday, the Ryan gang's threats were made good. Bolts were loosened on the building where Bob and his crew were working, and one man fell to his death. Bob, himself, missed it by a finger clutch, and Joan was frantic when she heard of it.

"But everything is all settled," Bob assured her, as he met her outside the office.

"They got Ryan and his crowd where they can't do any more harm. And then again, if I'm going to be a boss, I've got to be an example to the men. Besides, I want to make that extra money now, more than ever." He drew a little closer to her.

"If you only had that two thousand dollars now!" she murmured. "Mr. Meehan would see that you got your own business right away, wouldn't he?"

"Sure," he said lightly, "but who's got two thousand dollars? Now, don't worry about it, will you? With me holding down two jobs and saving my pennies, I've got it all figured out . . ."

Some one called him, and with a quick glance around, Bob took Joan in his arms and kissed her. "See you tonight, dear," he said tenderly.

"Well," said Tom's voice behind them, "I guess that's taken care of!"

Tom grinned wickedly next morning as the sound of lusty singing came up to him where he was working on a window. He leaned out and looked down. A story below, Bob was vigorously applying cleaner to an office window.

"Feeling kind of peppy this morning, eh?" Tom called.

Bob glanced up and grinned. "You bet I am—and I've got a right to feel that way."

"All right, I'll bite—why?" Tom asked accommodatingly.

"Well," Bob explained, as he adjusted the handle of his wiper, "last night I asked a certain somebody a

(*Continued on page* 70)

He told Alma that he was going over to the Lambs' Club. Alma was skeptical.

The HUMAN SIDE

ON ONE SIDE, ALMA HASTINGS, ON THE OTHER, VERA AND THE NEVER WRONG . . . BUT SOME-

GREGG was back again!

When, after sixteen years of assorted joys and sorrows, you at last had yielded to the inevitable and divorced your husband. . . . When you had tried gallantly and valiantly to adjust your life, and those of your children, to a new routine in which he had no part. . . When nothing ever altered the fantastic emptiness of life without him. . . . There was no use in being upset, Vera concluded, whenever he dropped in, in the old gay, irresponsible way, to see you and the children. Even though your heart turned over frighteningly. . . . Even though you could not forget that Gregg was unpleasantly in the toils of his leading-lady, Alma Hastings. . . . Even though you tried desperately to remember that James Dalton had asked you to marry him. . . . You were just so happy to see Gregg again! And the children were so happy. . . .

It had been momentarily embarrassing. . . . To come into the shabby little house, which was their home if she somehow could manage to raise the rent—now two months overdue. . . . To step out of James Dalton's impeccable car, and, followed by the impeccable Dalton, to enter a scene so typical of the irresponsible Gregg—Gregg, in his shirt-sleeves, merrily assisting Bobby to bathe the dog, Prince. . . . Prince, leaping from the tub, to smear egg shampoo plentifully upon Dalton's impeccable trousers. . . . Gregg's cheerful aplomb. . . . The shining faces of the children. . . . Dalton's pained, reproachful smile. . . . His hasty, and unregretted, almost unremarked leave-taking. . . .

Vera Sheldon looked at her ex-husband. Looked at Phil and Lucille and Tom and Bobby. Despite her confused emotions she smiled.

"They turned off the gas, Mother!" Lucille spoke breathlessly.

"Oh, dear—well, never mind. . . . Run along, children. I want to see your father alone." Vera took off her hat, and, as the youngsters scampered out, she turned to face Gregg.

"You're as pretty as ever—prettier!" He gazed at her approvingly.

"Am I?" Again her heart leaped oddly. Why should it matter to you, now? she reminded herself.

"Gee! I'm glad to see you!" Gregg's eyes shone.

"I'm glad to see you," Vera said with quiet emphasis. Gregg was supposed to contribute to the children's support—but it had been a long time now since anything had come from him. He had been on the road, with his show. "You came in the nick of time," she smiled, "to save us from eviction and starvation. You can begin the rescue by taking us all out to dinner. The children will love it."

Gregg's face fell. "I can't, Vee—I'd love to—but I can't." He turned away, troubled.

She looked at his back. "What's the matter, Gregg—broke?"

He nodded.

"The show was a flop?"

He turned toward her. "On account of Miss Alma Hastings' superb acting," he said with bitterness.

"So she's shut down on you?"

"For the moment, yes. . . . You've no idea what I've been through," he continued vehemently, "ever since we started rehearsals. . . . *Her* money—*her* show——"

"And *her* man!" Vera could not resist the thrust.

"Don't rub it in, Vee!" He gazed at her pleadingly.

"I've got as much money as she has—more!" Alma cried.

TEMPERAMENTAL ACTRESS CHILDREN . . . GREGG WAS TIMES HE WASN'T QUITE RIGHT!

"You don't expect me to sympathize, do you?" She smiled wryly.

"Of course not. I'm only getting what I deserve. . . . And I'm getting it! I only wish you and the children didn't have to pay for my mistakes. . . . I'll make it up to you some day, Vee! Some day I'll produce a show that's a knock-out."

"I'm sure you will, Gregg."

He smiled gratefully. Picked up his hat and coat. "I'll get some money for you, somehow——"

"Forget it," Vera said quickly. "There's enough in the larder for a meal of sorts. Stay here."

"You haven't asked me to dinner since—the divorce." He looked at her eagerly.

"I'll see what I can dig up." She started toward the door.

"But I can't stay, Vee." His face clouded with distress. Stumbling, he tried to explain about Alma. She was so jealous of his former wife and his children. . . . She'd raise such a row. . . . "I told her I was going to the Lambs'," he ended ruefully.

"She certainly has you scared." Vera looked at him oddly.

"Me—scared?" He rose to the bait. "I'll stay. . . . I'll show you how scared I am!" He picked up the phone. Dialled a number. "Miss Hastings?" he assumed a business-like voice. "This is the Lambs' Club. Mr. Gregory Sheldon asked that you be informed that he is tied up in an important theatrical deal and won't be able to dine with you." He hung up abruptly and grinned at Vera. "There!" he exulted.

"Not scared—much!" Vera mocked. "Well, come on—you can make the salad dressing—as you used to do."

"You're adorable, Vee!" Gregg sighed.

Even a meagre meal was a merry one tonight. Gregg was in marvellous form. The children openly worshiped him.

"Gee, Daddy—" Bobby besought him, "why don't you come back here and live?"

And then the doorbell rang, and into the briefly possessed Eden came the serpent.

Miss Alma Hastings was not for a moment deceived by the business-like message from the Lambs' Club. She knew where she would find Mr. Gregory Sheldon. She knew what she would say to him. She said it. All Gregg's suave diplomacy was of no avail against that bitter venom. And when she had thrust at him, she turned on Vera.

"You enticed him here—out of spite—and jealousy!"

"I've never been jealous of any of Gregg's women," Vera thrust back, quietly, scornfully.

"I'm not 'one of Gregg's women'! I tried to put him back on his feet, after you made a failure of him," Alma raged. "And you keep him so worried, he can't keep his mind on his work, and the show's a flop!"

Vera's face grew white.

"None of that, Alma," Gregg warned her.

"So long as you get money for those children, you don't care whose money it is, or where he gets it!" Alma cried.

"Not in the least," Vera said coldly. "But—get out of my house."

"Yes!" Gregg added. "How dare you come here and insult her? As for taking your money—I've earned every cent—trying to make an actress of you! Belasco couldn't do it! Lubitsch couldn't do it——" And he glared at her reproachfully.

"You think I'll never succeed at anything!" Gregg looked dejected.

- *Adapted from the* Universal Picture
- *Directed by* Edward Buzzell
- *Based on the Stage Play by* Christine Ames

PLAYED BY

Adolphe Menjou.....*Gregory Sheldon*
Doris Kenyon.....*Vera Sheldon*
Charlotte Henry.....*Lucille*
Reginald Owen.....*James Dalton*
Betty Lawford.....*Alma Hastings*
Dick Winslow.....*Phil*
Dickie Moore.....*Bobbie*

"Daddy," Bobby pleaded, "why don't you come back here and live?"

Absorbedly Gregg helped the children to bathe Prince.

"Oh, couldn't they?" Alma's face was scarlet with fury.

"No! They couldn't!"

"Well—you won't get another chance to make a sucker of me! Losing my money on flop shows—kidding me—just to get money for her—well, you're welcome to her! I'm through!" And she flounced out.

"Charming woman—delightful conversationalist!" Gregg smiled wryly.

"I'm sorry I lost my temper and ordered her out," Vera said.

"If you'd been a little more tactful—" Gregg mused. "I had an idea of talking her into doing another play. . . . But that's out now."

"Completely," Vera agreed. "And you're out, too."

"Completely." He shrugged.

"And the rent's due," Vera chanted, "*and* the light—*and* the telephone."

Gregg picked up his hat.

"Where are you going?"

"The rent's due," Gregg chanted. "*And* the light—*and* the telephone!"

Thoughtfully he went down to the Lambs' Club. One might pick up a lead there. . . . Make a contact. . . . As he sat with some friends, over a glass of beer, he listened abstractedly to a drift of music from a piano in a corner of the room. Suddenly he rose. Went over to the pianist.

"What is that junk you're playing?" he demanded.

"*Junk*?" Fritz Speigle looked up at him reproachfully. "Dot iss de music I haf composed for my operetta—'The Princess and the Yodler'!"

"It's terrible," Gregg commented.

"*Terrible*? I haf played it for Guitry in Paris—for Cochrane—for Rinehart in Berlin—und dey say my music iss better than Wagner! Fifteen minutes applowse in Berlin—München—Prague—every place!" He turned back to the piano excitedly, playing, describing the action in rapid, broken English.

Other actors gathered about to listen. "It doesn't sound like a bad idea," one said.

It wasn't! Gregg knew—it was *the* idea—the very one he wanted! Swiftly he talked with Fritz. And presently, the precious manuscript lovingly tendered into his hands, he strode off to telephone Alma Hastings.

But that lady, hearing Gregg's voice, hung up.

For a moment Gregg was disconcerted, but only for a moment. Summoning a messenger, he instructed the boy to take the manuscript, hastily thrust into an envelope and addressed to himself, in care of Miss Alma Hastings, to the lady's apartment. And there, presently, he presented himself—thrusting through the barely opened door, past the indignant woman, into the room.

"There's a package here for me—a manuscript," he said. "Give it to me, and I'll go." He looked about. Saw the envelope, lying open on a table. "You've got a nerve, opening my mail!" he exclaimed, hiding his satisfaction.

"What are you going to do with it?" Alma came toward him anxiously.

"It's great?" Gregg whistled a few bars of the score. "Can you imagine Gilda Thorndyke in it?"

"Gilda Thorndyke!" Alma's voice was charged with contempt.

"She's perfect for it," Gregg burbled happily. "Voice—figure—everything. . . . Well, goodbye, Alma. I'm glad we're parting friends."

"Friends!" Alma exclaimed bitterly. "You get me into flops—then when you have something decent, you give it to Gilda Thorndyke!"

"You said we were through," Gregg reminded her.

"I didn't—I've always wanted to do an operetta——"

"You'll find one, some time." Gregg's voice was cheery.

"When? Where? You have one right in your hand. . . . I know it will be a hit!"

"But it's all set with Gilda." Gregg assumed an air of discomfiture. "She's got the dough."

"I've got as much as she has—more!" Alma cried. "Please, Gregg—don't I mean anything to you?" She flung her arms about him. "This is my chance, Gregg, darling! You can have everything just the way you want it. I'll give you the money. . . . I won't interfere——"

Gregg sighed happily as the taxi bore him back to Vera's cottage. Smiled as he gazed at the huge hamper of food beside him. Exulted, as, presently, he explained the situation to Vera. "It's a knock-out!" he boasted.

"They're all knock-outs—" Vera's voice was faintly dubious.

"I've never been wrong, Vee," Gregg insisted. "Not about an operetta. I haven't been right several times—but I've never been wrong!"

But this, alas, was one of the times when he was not right. . . . Not quite right, at least, in his choice of Alma Hastings for the leading rôle in the operetta. What the

Once more Gregg appeared with a hamper of goodies.

critics said of her, after the opening performance, left that lady in a state of frenzy beyond description.

Beyond description, also, was the state of the apartment, when alarmed neighbors summoned the police. Everything movable had been thrown—at Gregg! Everything breakable had been broken—including Gregg! Even the policeman laughed unkindly when a curious neighbor pointed out the obvious origin of the war, in the newspaper comment. And in the midst of the confusion Gregg slipped out.

Vera, looking eagerly for the morning paper, was astonished to be unable to find it. How odd, that it should not have been delivered! She was so anxious to know the reports on Gregg's operetta.

Then Dalton phoned.

"What?" Vera answered. "Something about Gregg—on the front page? No, I haven't seen the paper yet."

"Wait till you see it . . ." Dalton's voice came exultantly over the wire. "No . . . I won't spoil it for you. . . ." He laughed meaningly.

Puzzled, Vera went back to the breakfast table. The children seemed strangely abstracted this morning. She had to urge them to eat.

"Did you see the paper, Phil?" Vera asked.

Phil looked at Lucille. "It didn't come, Mother," he said.

"What do you want with the paper, Mother?" Lucille put in. "There's never anything in it."

Going to the kitchen to replenish the milk-pitcher, Vera caught sight of an edge of paper, protruding from beneath a cushion on the living-room couch. With a hasty glance at the dining-room to be sure that she was unobserved, she hastened across the hall and took out the paper. As she looked at the headlines, her face clouded with pain and dismay. Hastily she read:

"Impresario and Star Battle in Love Nest

Gregory Sheldon, producer of 'The Princess and The Yodeler', and his star, Miss Alma Hastings, apparently got into a fierce altercation in the wee hours of this morning. When the police arrived, the love nest was practically wrecked. Miss Hastings was in a hysterical condition and refused to divulge the cause of the quarrel . . ."

"Everything is settled now," he declared triumphantly.

"Obtaining money under false pretenses," the officer said.

Replacing the paper where she had found it, she went back into the dining-room. Her eyes softened as she looked at the four children, understanding how they had tried to save her pain. Then her heart contracted sharply with anger at Gregg, for putting his children in such a position. She must do something about it—for their sakes . . .

At last the children were ready for school. She saw Phil dash into the living-room. When he came out, he had his school-books hugged tightly under his arm, concealing something. Her eyes misted with tears as she watched them run down the walk. Saw Phil, looking anxiously about, thrust a paper into the ash-can, then hurry after the others.

She must do something . . . Jim Dalton never would embarrass the children. . . . He was so—she smiled sadly at the word—impeccable! Jim Dalton was a millionaire. . . . He could provide so pleasantly for them—schools, colleges, horses, cars—clothes for Lucille. . . .Pretty things. . . . Pleasant things. . . . Not embarrassments—not hardships—not disillusion and regret and pain. . . . Jim wanted to marry her—wanted to give her and the children everything. . . . For herself, she wouldn't consider it—but you had to take material things into consideration, if you had children. . . . Jim Dalton was a gentleman. . . . He was a friend. . . . She checked a sob rising in her throat. He just didn't happen to be the man she loved!

When the children came home from school she looked at them anxiously. Awkwardly they evaded her subtle questioning. Everything was all right at school, yes, indeed. . . . Silently she pasted sticking plaster on small Bobby's cut chin.

"I'm going out with Mr. Dalton," she said suddenly, after luncheon. "Don't worry about the dishes. I'll do them when I get back."

"We'll do them," Lucille said quickly.

Bobby strutted. "No kid's gonna call my Dad an impresario!" he boasted.

"Impresario? There's nothing wrong in that," Vera said casually.

"He said he was a lady-killer, too—it was in all the papers—all the kids saw it—Daddy didn't kill a lady, did he?"

"Shut up!" Phil vainly tried to stem the small boy's outburst.

But Vera only smiled.

"Of course not, dear," she told Bobby. "It was sweet of you, Phil—and you, Lucille, and Tom—to try to keep it from me."

(*Continued on page 72*)

DANGEROUS CORNER

IT was a year since Martin had died. . . . They had learned to speak of him casually now, remembering his gaiety, his wit, shutting away in their hearts the manner of his death, the cruel significance of it. . . . Shutting away, each one of them, secret knowledge, determinedly hidden.

Except to Maud Mockridge, perhaps, the truth remained forever unguessed. Only to her penetrating novelist's mind were the half truths strangely revealing. She was a writer. Her books dealt with just such tragedies—the tragedy of unrequited affection, the tragedy of faithlessness, of momentary follies leading to disillusion and disaster.

She was aware of Martin's tragic death. It had happened while she was visiting the Chatfields the year before. Suicide, the Coroner's jury had decided. Martin was Robert Chatfield's adored young brother and a junior member of the publishing firm.

- *Adapted from the* RKO-Radio Picture
- *Directed by* Phil Rosen and Arthur Sircom
- *Based on the Play by* J. B. Priestley

PLAYED BY

Melvyn Douglas..*Charles Stanton*
Virginia Bruce.....*Olwen Peel*
Conrad Nagel....*Robert Chatfield*
Erin O'Brien Moore.....*Freda*
Betty Furness.....*Betty*
Henry Wadsworth.....*Gordon*
Doris Lloyd....*Maud Mockridge*
Ian Keith.....*Martin*

She sat now at the Chatfields' dining-table, her eyes resting now on Robert Chatfield, her publisher, on Freda, his wife, who, she surmised, did not love him, on Charles Stanton, one of the junior members of the firm, and on lovely young Olwen Peel, the firm's reader, for whose favor Stanton sought in vain, now on Betty and Gordon, a pair of charming youngsters who seemed still to live in the glamour of their honeymoon. Miss Mockridge had come over from England to see her publisher, and the Chatfields were giving a dinner for her on the even of her departure.

Dinner over, the ladies went into the drawing-room, leaving the men to their cigars. Miss Mockridge settled herself in a chair and lighted a cigarette. "This place is so enchanting—" she looked at Freda. "I shall remember you when I get back to England. Such a snug little group. Everybody so happy."

"Are we?" Freda returned her smile. "I wonder. . . ."

"Well, aren't you?"

"Yes, I . . . I guess so." It wasn't too convincing.

Robert was wrong, Charles thought. Much better to let sleeping dogs lie!

Olwen Peel came toward them. "Is there anything I can do to help you, before you sail, Miss Mockridge?" she inquired.

"Thank you, I don't—" suddenly the older woman fixed quizzical eyes on the girl, "well, yes—you might do something about Charles." She smiled as she saw the girl flinch slightly. "He seems so at loose ends. Couldn't you marry him, my dear?"

"Really . . . " Olwen felt an embarrassed flush stain her cheeks.

"I find him utterly charming," Maud Mockridge gazed at her innocently.

Olwen stammered: "The world is full of charming people."

"You're entirely mistaken. It isn't . . . " the other insisted. "Besides—I like neat patterns—Freda and Robert, Betty and Gordon—if you'd interest yourself in Charles, there'd be perfect symmetry."

Desperately Olwen changed the subject. "I'm inter-

"Telling the truth," Charles maintained, "is about as healthy as skidding around a corner at sixty!" But Robert was determined to know the truth about Martin's death. He regretted it bitterly, afterward!

ested in a white owl Freda saw in her garden. . . . Any chance of seeing it tonight, Freda?"

"Why, yes—we might. It comes every evening, about this time. I'll turn out the lights."

In a soft ray of moonlight the four women stood for a moment silhouetted against the window. Then, with shattering suddenness, came the sound of a shot.

"Robert! ROBERT!" Freda cried, and with one impulse they all rushed to the dining-room door.

In the shaft of light from the candelabra on the dining-table, Robert Chatfield stood, a revolver in his hand. Gordon and Charles stood beside him.

"What *are* you doing?" Freda's voice shook with mingled relief and strain.

"It's all right." Her husband smiled apologetically. "I was showing my gun. Took a crack at a flower pot out there. It was stupid. . . . Hope I didn't frighten anybody."

"It's all right—" Freda sighed shakily, "so long as no one is hurt."

Back in the drawing-room she switched on the lights.

"They frightened the life out of me!" Betty exclaimed. "I hate guns." She shuddered as she recalled that dreadful morning when Stanton had called up Robert to tell him of Martin's death.

Miss Mockridge smiled musingly, as if she were building a story in her mind.

"You must miss your brother-in-law," she said.

"What made you think of Martin?" Freda looked at her.

"Just being here, I suppose. . . . I'm sorry."

Freda said: "It was the pistol shot."

"Oh, no," the novelist protested. "Oh, don't feel upset, Miss Mockridge. We talk of Martin a lot." Freda crossed the room, pulling on a light to illuminate a portrait. "Perhaps you remember this," she went on. "One can't afford to forget anyone so gay and charming and handsome." She extinguished the light abruptly. "Yes—we all do miss him. . . ."

"Miss whom?" Stanton came in, followed by Gordon. "Did you miss me?" He looked at Olwen.

"If it pleases you." She smiled faintly.

"It does—very much." He sat down beside her.

But her eyes

Martin's suicide inevitably suggested that he had taken the missing bonds! It was hard to believe—harder to bear.

Stanton's voice came over the wire, telling Robert of Martin's tragic death!

turned toward the door, lighting softly as Robert Chatfield came in.

"And what have you all been talking about?" he inquired pleasantly. "Miss Mockridge's new novel—'The Sleeping Dog'?"

"Wrong," Olwen said. "We were talking about a bird."

"What does the title of the book mean?" Betty asked.

"It's taken from the old proverb," Olwen answered. "'Let sleeping dogs lie.'"

And Robert explained: "The 'sleeping dog' is the truth, which the chief character of the book—the husband—insisted on disturbing, with strange and disastrous results."

"Truth is always strange," Stanton said. "Often disastrous."

"Strange or not, I'm all for it," Robert persisted. "It's healthy."

Stanton smiled wryly. "Telling the truth is about as healthy as skidding around a corner at sixty."

"The real truth," Olwen mused, "with nothing missing—wouldn't be dangerous. . . . But what most people mean by the truth is only half the real truth. . . . It doesn't tell all that went on inside everybody. . . . It simply gives you a lot of facts that were, perhaps, a lot better hidden away."

"Right you are." Stanton's grin was faintly mocking. "It's treacherous stuff."

Robert moved toward them, his lean, sensitive face deeply earnest. "I don't agree," he insisted. "I'm always ready to welcome what you call truth . . . the facts."

"You would be, Robert." Freda sighed.

"What do you mean by that?"

"Anything. Nothing." She turned away.

The radio emitted a weird howl. Gordon, who was twirling the dials, shrugged. "A tube's out," he said.

"There may be another one in the cabinet," Freda said. She turned to the others. "Who wants a drink? Fix the highballs, will you, Robert?" Lifting a small box from the table, she passed it to Miss Mockridge. "A cigarette?" she offered.

"No, thanks. I'm a slave to my own brand."

"Olwen?"

"Oh, I remember that box. . . ." Olwen took a cigarette from it. "It plays a tune, doesn't it?"

Freda closed the box and put it on the table. "It can't be this box you remember." There was a faint edge to her voice. "This is the first time I've had it out."

"It belonged to Martin, didn't it?" Olwen said. "He showed it to me."

"He couldn't have shown you this box, Olwen. Martin didn't have it when you saw him last." Abruptly she turned away.

"Couldn't he . . ." Olwen gazed at Freda's back. "Then. . . . Perhaps I'm mistaken. . . . I must have seen a box like this somewhere, perhaps, and thought . . ." She broke off. Looked up nervously. Robert stood beside her, his eyes thoughtful.

"Olwen—" He set down on a table the tray of highballs he was carrying, "I'm going to be rather rude. . . . You stopped telling the truth then, didn't you? You're positive that is the box Martin showed you. . . . And Freda is positive that it isn't." He looked from one to the other.

"It was Martin's." Slowly Freda turned and faced them. "But Olwen couldn't have seen it—because she said, at the inquest, that the last time she saw Martin at his cottage was a week before he. . . . And Martin didn't have the box then."

"You gave it to him?" Betty put in curiously.

Freda nodded. "I saw it in a shop. It was amusing

Printed in U. S. A.

and rather cheap. So I had it sent parcel post—two days before he . . . "

"So he must have got it that last Saturday?" Robert mused.

"But he didn't," Gordon exclaimed. "I was there that day, when the mail came. There was no parcel. Freda—you didn't send it—you took it to him."

"Well—" Freda hesitated. "I did. I saw him that night—shortly before dinner."

"Then—" Robert said slowly, "you were the very last person to talk to Martin, before ——"

"Was I?" Freda looked at Olwen. "You must have been at his cottage—that night."

"I was . . . After dinner—about nine o'clock—" Olwen grew pale.

"But this is crazy! First Freda—then you—and neither of you said a word about it at the inquest!" Robert stared at them.

"I'd been worried—about something. . . . I had to see Martin, to ask him about it," Olwen stammered. "Nobody saw me go—nobody saw me leave—I felt it couldn't do any good to tell about it."

"Was it something to do with the missing money?"

A tension grew in the momentary silence that followed. The hardest thing to bear in Martin's death was the thought that he had stolen some money from the firm, a bond belonging to one of its writers, which had been kept in the firm's safe and, when the writer asked for it, had been missing. Martin's suicide inevitably had led to the conclusion that he had taken the bond.

"Martin's gone." Gordon stirred nervously. "Leave him alone, can't you? Shut up about the rotten money!"

"Gordon!" Freda looked at him warningly. "I think we'd better change the subject, Robert. We must be boring Miss Mockridge."

"I beg your pardon," Gordon stammered.

"Not at all." She rose. "But I really must leave—I'm sailing soon."

The room seemed suddenly quiet, after she had left—something like the hush preceding a storm, Olwen thought nervously. She strolled out on to a small porch and stood gazing over the moonlit garden. Betty and Gordon bent over a jig-saw puzzle. Stanton followed Olwen.

"It doesn't seem quite real, does it?" she murmured dreamily.

"A perfect setting for a romantic scene." His voice was sentimental.

"Don't be silly—" she turned her face up to his. "I meant, I feel as though none of us is quite real tonight—as though we might wake up any minute and find that all the things we've been saying and doing are just a dream. . . ."

Charles Stanton looked thoughtfully down into her eyes. "I feel that way—when you smile at me," he said.

Olwen shook her head reproachfully. She was conscious of mingled relief and uneasiness when Robert joined them. Uneasiness mounted as he returned to the subject they had been discussing—drew them back into the room, where, presently, under his insistent questioning, truth rose like a fearful ghost.

It wasn't, Olwen thought again, real. . . . They weren't really saying these things to one another. . . . They were intelligent, sophisticated young people, who understood the importance of maintaining illusions—illusions of happiness, of faithfulness, of mutual respect. . . . One didn't tear them down, whatever happened. . . .

She looked at Robert, at Freda, at Charles, at Gordon and Betty—and as she looked each seemed to undergo some dreadful transformation. And in their startled eyes she saw herself equally strange to them, as, inexorably, the illusions that made life sane were shattered . . .

Like words heard in a dream, the dreadful sentences fell. . . They had believed Martin a thief, when he shot himself. . . . Now, it appeared, he had not taken the money. . . . Who, then? Who, among them, was both thief and liar?

Olwen trembled as she was forced to reveal that Martin had thought Robert had taken the bond. . . . It came out that Charles had led him to think so. . . . Then—Charles was the double scoundrel! Olwen heard Robert's voice flaying him. . . . Heard Charles confess to having taken the money, because of a pressing need—meaning to pay it back before it was wanted. . . . Heard Freda saying that Olwen had kept silent because she loved Robert. . . . Freda confessing that she had loved Martin. . . .

A darkness seemed to envelop them all, like that darkness when Freda had turned off the lights so that they might watch for the bird in the garden. Darkness seared with flashes of bitter hate, cruel accusations and suspicions. . . .

"You drove him to suicide," Robert raged at Stanton. "Letting him think I took that money!"

And Gordon: "You liar! You made Martin shoot himself!"

Like one in a dream Olwen heard her own voice saying:

"It's all right, Betty." Stanton patted her hand encouragingly.

"Martin didn't shoot himself—I shot him."

She must be hysterical, Robert was saying.

And Charles: "You might as well tell us exactly what happened. I suspected this, from the first. . . ."

Olwen seemed to be living over again that night when she had gone to Martin's home. He had been drinking. . . . He was in an amorous mood. . . . Had mocked at her virtue. . . . Laughed when she asked him if he had taken the money. . . . Laughed at the thought of the virtuous Robert being a thief. . . . "Your little tin god is a thief!" he had sneered. "And I, Martin, am shielding him!" Martin, so gay, so witty, so fascinating, when he was himself, was a devil when he was drinking. He had seized her in his arms. "Beautiful, outraged spinster!" he had jeered. And when she cried: "I could kill you!" he had brought out a gun—dared her to do it. Then, as they struggled, the gun had gone off!

In that room, so still, so silent, terror had mounted to Olwen's brain. She had fled for help, for comfort, to Stanton's home, near by. Then, at the door, she had paused. Through a window she had seen. . . .

"How could you suspect this?" Robert was demanding of Stanton. "All the evidence pointed to suicide."

Stanton, opening his bill-fold, taking out a piece of her dress, torn in the struggle with Martin. . . . "I found it, when I found—him," Stanton was saying. "But I knew that if Olwen had had a hand in it, she couldn't be blamed. I trusted her. . . ." He was looking at her thoughtfully. "So—you came to my house, that night——"

Betty was crying.

"What do you know about this?" Gordon's eyes were savage.

Betty sobbing: "It's true. . . . Our marriage, that you all think so sweet—a sham, a pretense! We hate each other! I was in trouble—I gambled—I had to have some money. I went to Charles—he helped me—no one else would have!" She laughed wildly. "I thought I loved him—but he was Sir Galahad—" she turned to Olwen. "If you had waited, you would have seen him showing me out!" Her eyes sought those of Stanton, pitifully. "So that's why you took the money—to help me!"

"It's all right, Betty." He patted her hand.

Gordon looked miserable. "If we'd gone on pretending, as we did—we might have been happy together. . . . It often works out like that."

"Yes, it does!" Olwen cried. "That's why all this is so wrong, really! The real truth is something so deep, you can't get at it this way—and all this half truth does is to blow everything up. . . . It isn't civilized!"

"I agree," Stanton said.

"You agree?" Robert raged. "I never want to set eyes on you again, Stanton! You're a thief, a liar, and——"

"And you're a fool!" Stanton burst from his calm at last. "You won't face things. . . . You've been living in a fool's paradise—and now you've got yourself into a fool's hell!"

"Get out!" Robert's face was livid.

Stanton was gone now. Betty and Gordon were gone. Freda and Olwen and Robert, looking at each other.

"Tomorrow won't seem so bad. . . ." Olwen was saying.

"It isn't going to be any better tomorrow," Robert said heavily.

"You asked for it," Freda said.

"Because I'm a fool! Stanton was right. I had to meddle. I began this evening with everything—and now——"

"Please, Robert—" Freda begged.

And Olwen said again: "It won't be like this tomorrow, Robert——"

"Tomorrow?" Robert's eyes were haggard. "I tell you, I'm through. . . There can't be a tomorrow!" He rushed out into the dining-room.

Then, with shattering suddenness, came the sound of a shot.

"Robert!" Freda cried. "ROBERT!"

They stood at the dining-room door. "It's all right—" Robert smiled apologetically. "I was showing my gun. Took a crack at a flower pot out there. It was stupid. . . . Hope I didn't frighten anybody."

"It's all right—" Freda sighed shakily, "so long as no one is hurt."

They were all there—Betty and Gordon, Miss Mockridge, Charles. . . . It hadn't happened, really. . . . The illusions were still safe. . . .

"They frightened the life out of me!" Betty exclaimed. "I hate guns!"

Miss Mockridge smiled musingly, as if she were building a story in her mind. "You must miss your brother-in-law," she said.

"What made you think of Martin?" Freda looked at her.

"Just being here, I suppose. I'm sorry."

Freda said: "It was the pistol shot."

"Oh, no," the novelist protested.

"Oh, don't feel upset, Miss Mockridge. We talk of Martin a lot." Freda crossed the room, pulling on a light to illuminate a portrait. "Perhaps you remember this," she went on. "One can't afford to forget anyone so gay and charming and handsome." She extinguished the light abruptly. "Yes—we do miss him."

"Miss whom?" Stanton came in from the dining-room, followed by Gordon. "Did you miss me?" He looked at Olwen.

"If it pleases you." She smiled faintly.

"It does, very much." He sat down beside her.

They talked about Miss Mockridge's new book, discussed the comparative values of truth and illusion. Gordon fiddled with the radio. A tube burned out. It emitted a weird howl that shook them all. Freda, the perfect hostess, told Gordon where he would find a new tube, suggested that Robert bring in highballs.

(*Continued on page 75*)

"I tell you I'm through!" Robert's eyes were tortured. "There can't be any tomorrow!"

Sylvia Sidney

A NEW GLIMPSE OF A CHARMING AND POPULAR ACTRESS

as revealed to Dena Reed

FEW of her fans know that little Sylvia Sidney—she of the wistful eyes and the strangely haunting smile—is a very serious person with a solid philosophy beneath her usual banter and wit. I chanced to catch Sylvia in one of her pensive moods during a recent visit to New York.

As she puffed at her cigarette and looked out over the Manhattan rooftops from her apartment high above the city, she said:

"Work is the only satisfactory thing in life. I learned that early. Although I went to the Theatre Guild School at fifteen, I worked with my hands before that and I've been working hard at my career ever since.

"I used to envy the women who could get by with glamour—the ones who didn't need to work hard. But I don't any more. Glamour doesn't last, but if you're trained to use your head and hands and talents, you're never lonely. Everyone who wants to have a happy life must learn the value of work sooner or later.

"That's why I'm trying to teach it to my little godchild. He's only a tot yet and I adore him. We have the grandest times together when I come to New York. We go shopping and play long hours, but I never buy him toys that are meaningless. I buy him things to build with and things that will show him the result of using his own ingenuity. Things that stimulate his imagination and inventiveness by affording possibilities of combination and construction.

Consequently, though he's scarcely five, he already has learned the value and happiness of accomplishment. His mother, who is my aunt, approves heartily and I'm sure that when he grows up he'll never lose this joy.

"I myself can't imagine a life without work. I hope I'll act until I'm old, but at any rate I'll be working at something. It's the only thing there is in life." She looked thoughtful.

"The only thing?" I demanded. "What about love?"

Sylvia's lovely gray eyes did not falter and they still were serious as they met mine.

"Love is very nice," she replied, "but one should not depend on it alone. How many hearts has it broken! The same thing holds true of friendship and family ties. If we live for one person and that person disappoints us—as is only natural since he is human and we all expect too much from people—what will become of us, if we never have learned to depend on our own resources—our brains, and fingers and talents?

"No, work and laughter are the only things to cling to."

She smiled at me seriously but she spoke as one who has reached a satisfying and incontrovertible conclusion. And I found myself agreeing with her.

Wise Sylvia, who seems to have found the formula for happiness: Work and laughter. Not a bad formula for any one of us to adopt.

Hollywood's Big Surprise —KETTI GALLIAN

Otto Dyar

For months, this little French "find" started no picture, posed for no portraits, gave no interviews—and showed no signs of being a sensation. But in "Marie Galante" she bowls Hollywood off its feet. She's a mystery that needs solving. And here is her whole story—as told by Ketti, herself!

KETTI GALLIAN is a beautiful, slim, blonde, blue-eyed French War Baby, who was deposited on Hollywood's doorstep last Christmas Eve. She was briefly hailed as a "find" (like all newcomers), then was kept idle, in guarded and unexplained seclusion (as few newcomers ever are, lest they be forgotten)—only to emerge now, with startling suddenness, as the newest candidate for overnight stardom. And is Hollywood surprised!

By the time this is printed, Ketti will have finished "Marie Galante," her first picture, in which she is co-starred with Spencer Tracy. Those who have seen parts of this Panama Canal drama declare that she will be nothing short of a sensation—perhaps THE sensation of the year! But what Ketti suffered for seven months before she actually started work in Hollywood is another story.

Not that she doesn't consider herself lucky to be here; she does. For if a certain London producer had not gone to Paris in search of a French girl to play in his stage production of "The Ace," and if Winfield Sheehan, head of Fox Films, en route to France to search for a French girl for the title rôle of "Marie Galante," had not stopped in London to look over "The Ace" as a picture possibility, Ketti might never have come to Hollywood.

But more than luck was responsible for her arriving with a starring contract in her bag. She looked like a star, not to mention a million dollars, in her first screen test. She was young—only twenty-one—with valuable years ahead of her. She was eager, enthusiastic. She was willing, in signing a contract, to agree to learn English within three months after her arrival, and to agree not to associate with anyone speaking French (thus making it imperative that she make herself understood in English).

When she signed her contract in London, those conditions didn't seem very ominous to Ketti, who was so thrilled over having a contract and so determined to make good that no task seemed too difficult. But her ardor was slightly dampened when, through tear-dimmed eyes, she waved goodbye to her mother and watched until she could no longer distinguish her among the others on the pier. She was suddenly terrified at the feeling of being alone among strangers, of going to a new country, of not being able to understand or speak more than a dozen words of their difficult language.

Imagine yourself arriving in France, unable to speak or understand any more of the French language than, possibly, "parlez-vous français?" "oui," and "hors-d'œuvres," and you will understand just how Ketti felt. But she shook off her fright. She must think only of her career, the fame, riches and success ahead of her. When she had become a star in America, she could send for her mother.

For Ketti, in far-off France, knew all about the tremendous salaries paid to movie stars in Hollywood; she had read of their beautiful homes, their fine cars. When she had made a few pictures for Paramount at the studio in Joinville, people had even said to her: "You should go to Hollywood." To which Ketti only laughed and replied: "You make the beeg joke with me." Because, as she explains it now, Hollywood meant, to her, a place where every girl was exquisitely beautiful, could sing and dance, and had many other accomplishments. So Ketti only laughed at their suggestions and said: "Me? I can do nothing. I am not beautiful."

"They made me all over," she told me, casting a hasty glance toward the mirror. "I look at myself and I am not Ketti. I am someone else. I don't know myself in the looking-glass. My hair

By FRANC DILLON

(*Continued on page 80*)

"If I Were KING of Hollywood—"

That great kidder, JACK OAKIE—who kids everybody and everything, including Jack Oakie—has a bit of fun, telling what he would do with Hollywood if he had it. It's the Court Jester's idea of what it would be like to play King

By GLADYS HALL

"IF I were King of Hollywood," said Jack Oakie, "I'd spank the posers—oh, just a friendly touch—but I'd spank them, and I mean *spank*. Why, the mere thought of it makes me feel more than a little drunk with the power that would be mine. You've heard of the feeling—give a man a little power and he turns into a supervisor."

Oakie was going Upton Sinclair one better. Upton Sinclair wrote a pamphlet called "I, Governor of California," detailing what he would do as Governor from 1934 to 1938, and no newspaper in the state took it seriously; in fact, newspapers ignored both the pamphlet and its author. But the citizenry did just the opposite and, by an overwhelming margin, made him the Democratic nominee for the job and on Election Day may actually hand him the office. Of course, Sinclair was in deadly earnest and Oakie isn't. But who knows what his proposed projects, if he were King of Hollywood, might not do for Mrs. Offield's son?

When Jack cut loose with his ideas, he was tip-tilted back in his chair in his dressing-room, awaiting a summons to the set of "College Rhythm." He was drumming on the desk with a pair of regal white drum-sticks, presented to him one gay evening by the drummer at Grauman's Chinese Theatre. And he was calling "Hi, there!" and "*How*yer?" to all who passed his open door—to Marlene Dietrich and Ida Lupino, to Dick Arlen and Bing Crosby, to assistant directors and cameramen and secretaries and electricians and producers. A way with the commoners has this founder of the House of Oakie.

Would Spank Hollywood, Too

HE said, "Yes, I'd turn this old oil-tank town upside down and spank *it*—for being more interested in gossip and glamour and publicity than in art. Then I'd go and live in New York, where no one ever hears of you unless you have something on the ball. I'd execute at sunrise all of the leading ladies who think I am an eligible bachelor and behave accordingly. And if I were King, I wouldn't be annoyed by the Why-of-Things. I'd write the

(*Continued on page 84*)

"I'd spank the posers . . I'd turn this oil-tank town upside down and spank *it* . . . I'd drown all the female comics . . . I'd marry Mary Brian, if she didn't marry Dick Powell"

It Pays to Advertise—

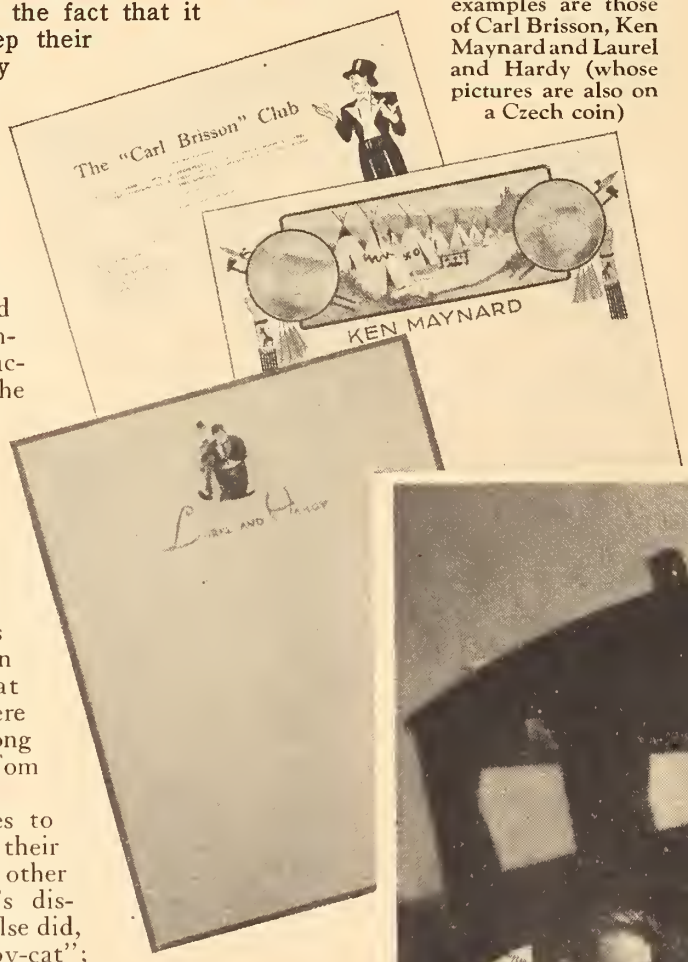
Tom Mix put his name in electric lights atop his house. Fredric March has his name on his cigar wrappers. Practically all stars, when bestowing gifts, put their names on them—indelibly. It's all part of that urge they can't resist—the urge to keep their names alive!

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

WHAT is the most valuable thing that a star has—after he becomes a star? His name. And it is up to him to keep that name before the public, if he wants to last. His pictures don't come out often enough to keep his name constantly on theatre marquees, or in theatre ads, where the public can't miss it. So he hires a press-agent—to get his photograph in the Sunday supplements, and his name in the dailies, with headlines if possible. Stars can't help being name-conscious; competition, if nothing else, makes them conscious of the fact that it pays to advertise, to keep their names alive. But how they work at it a bit on their own brings up some amusing incidents.

Not so many years ago, when Tom Mix was the reigning favorite of the day, he moved into a real mansion in Beverly Hills. For days workmen perched on the roof of the house, engaged in mysterious construction. Then one evening, the sky for blocks around gave off a rosy glow. Curious spectators went around to see what the fire was, if it was a fire. It wasn't a fire, but it caused just as much commotion as a holocaust would have. Over Tom's house, there now reposed an immense Neon sign that spelled "Tom Mix." There could be no doubt among visiting tourists where Tom Mix lived. . . .

The professional "guides to movie stars' homes" saw their business threatened, if other stars should follow Tom's disturbing lead. But no one else did, fearing to be dubbed "copy-cat"; Tom Mix had cornered that market. And just to make still more sure that there could be no doubt as to where he lived, Tom's gardeners were instructed to plant flower beds all across the front lawn—and the designs of these flower beds also spelled "Tom Mix"! Just recently, when a foreign movie director took over Tom's house, you can imagine what the first renovations were. But with all the recent kidnaping scares, many Hollywood stars do not want their addresses known.



In the movie kingdom, even letterheads are personality ads. Some good examples are those of Carl Brisson, Ken Maynard and Laurel and Hardy (whose pictures are also on a Czech coin)

Put Two Extra Horns on Car

TOM also had a long white car, which was known by everyone for miles around. Buck Jones, runner-up for the Tom Mix laurels couldn't outdo him in the matter of houses, but cars—well, that was another story. Buck bought himself a long red car, just as long as Tom's, and just as red as the other was white. On each front fender he had a buck's horn erected—and between those two buck-horns he stretched a flaming banner with "Buck Jones" on it in foot-high letters. Darned clever, these cowboys!

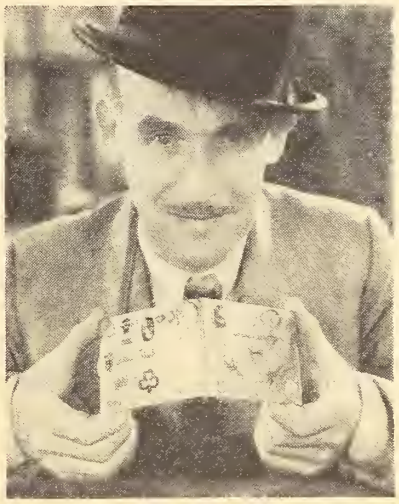
Of course, many stars brand their cars in one way or another. Almost all of them, except Greta Garbo's, bear distinctive insignias, monograms, or even full names. Not long ago, when Lupe and Johnny (does anyone ever have to give their last names to identify *them?*) bought a brand-new car, there was a

Walling

Strangely enough, few Hollywood yachts bear Hollywood names. One is the boat on which Gary Cooper, Bing Crosby and Richard Arlen are relaxing—the *Jobyna R.*, named for Dick's wife

royal battle in that mad household, over whose name should be on the doors of the car. Lupe swore that if Johnny didn't give the order for her name to be engraved on the car, she'd go out and engrave it on, herself—with a pen knife, a butcher knife, a pair of scissors, or anything she could lay her fingers on. (Her long, sharp fingernails would probably have been sufficient to turn the trick.) Anyway, after an argument that lasted for days, they kissed and made up, and compromised. Lupe now has her name on one door, and Johnny has his name on the other!

Monogrammed cigarettes are, of course, most common out here in the picture colony—and, naturally, I wondered if anyone had been able to work out a way of monogramming cigars. I really expected to find such a thing, but was disappointed. Fredric March has come the closest to accomplishing it. When Freddie gives you a cigar, look twice before you crumple up the cellophane wrapper and throw it away. The wrappers of Freddie's cigars actually bear his name in simple white lettering. However, he doesn't blandly hand out samples; in fact, he is a bit self-conscious about it and laughs it off by saying that someone gave them to him. . .



Schafer

James Gleason (above) invites his friends to advertise with him—by autographing his cigarette case. Most stars autograph those they give away

An actor, to be an actor, must be an individualist. And Ken Maynard makes the grade. You could never mistake his airplane (left) for that of anyone else. And the same is true of his horse-transport truck (below)

Maynard, the Individualist

OH, oh, wait a minute. I said that Fredric March came closest to having monogrammed cigars—but I overlooked Ken Maynard. And with such a delicate subject as this one, I can't afford to overlook anyone. Ken actually has his cigars made especially for him in Mexico City, and they wear cigar bands with his name engraved on them. He makes special trips to the border for them, in his own airplane. I guess that outdoes Freddie's engraved cellophane wrappers, after all!

And, speaking of Ken Maynard's 'plane, you could never mistake that plane for anyone else's. It not only bears Ken's name and address, but a large picture of Ken on his favorite horse, "Tarzan," with the three words "Let 'er Buck!" under it. We're surprised that Ken used that last word, for fear it might remind someone of Buck Jones. Well, mistakes will happen!

Ken's letterheads and envelopes are also something to look at. He has two large pictures of Cowboy Ken at the top of the page, with a drawing of Indian teepees in between. He has to make his letter brief and to the point because of the space taken up by his letterhead. Even Ken's bank checks have his picture and name on them. Then there is that truck he uses to transport his horses to and from location. It carries six horses inside and Ken's name on the outside, each letter of which is almost the size of a colt!

Even Gary Cooper has joined the "get your name on it" crusade. You remember when Gary was in Europe, hobnobbing and rubbing elbows with royalty, as the story goes? Well, Gary was introduced to a certain Balkan king, and they became very good friends, palsy-walsy in fact. And as a token of their friendship, Gary is having a beautiful western saddle made especially, all by hand, for the royal horseman. This saddle is costing Gary several hundred dollars and not the least expensive part of it is a silver placard on the side, which is fancily engraved with that famous name, "Gary Cooper." Of course, maybe Gary told the king that he would send him one of his own saddles, can't bear to part with any, and is adopting this method to give the king the impression that he is getting a Cooper saddle.

(*Continued on page 88*)

By WILLIAM F. FRENCH

Often Deaf, But Not So Dumb —JUNE KNIGHT

When anyone says "No" to June, she plays deaf—and keeps right on fighting to get what she wants. Another thing—she's willing to try anything once. That's why hard luck hasn't got her down, and why she's on her way up—where everybody will be "Yessing" her!

"CERTAINLY, I'll try anything once," cockily maintains June Knight, "and then fight to make 'em like it. That's my religion: Fight to get what you want and play deaf if anybody says 'No' to you." And this little blonde is living up to her religion—and keeping the onlookers all a-jitter in doing it.

Because if June thinks she would like something, she goes after it—and keeps after it, until she gets it. She is about as shy and retiring as a bolt of lightning. She has the ambition to want things, the nerve to ask for them and the spunk to get out and work for them. "Give me a chance" and "I can" are the two most dog-eared phrases in her vocabulary. And the girl has never been known to refuse a dare.

For example; after one of her many operations (this one to remove a pair of badly infected tonsils) June suddenly discovered she could sing, and started out to prove it to the world at large. At the time, she was dancing in "The Nine O'Clock Revue" in San Francisco—and warbling on the side, mostly in the dressing-room and far enough back in the wings not to be heard by the audience.

"My voice is getting better," she announced to the various members of her company. "I believe I could do a number."

"Forget it," they advised. "As a singer, you're a swell dancer."

"Yeah—and as a dancer I'm a swell singer, too—even if you can't appreciate it. All I need is a chance."

They Laughed When She Sang—

AND a chance she got—exactly when and how she least expected it. She and her partner were dancing at the Mark Hopkins Hotel after the show, when some of her company dared her to go out on the floor and sing her

(Continued on page 82)

FUR COAT FROM REVILLON FRÈRES
HAT BY LILY DACHE
INTERIOR DECORATION BY W. & J. SLOANE
JEWELRY FROM MARCUS & CO.

All hers!

. . yet she uses a 25¢ tooth paste

why?

At Palm Beach and Nassau, California and Cannes, every year they flock by scores — those smart, cultured women with enough money to indulge the slightest whim. And the number of them who use Listerine Tooth Paste is amazing. Obviously price could be no factor in their choice. Why then did they choose this tooth paste with its modest price of 25¢? Only one answer: better results.

Direct Cleansing

Listerine Tooth Paste *does* cleanse teeth better than ordinary pastes, says a great dental authority. That is because its cleansing agents come in *Direct Contact* with decaying matter on teeth. With the aid of the tooth brush they spread over tooth surfaces and penetrate hard-to-reach crevices, attacking tartar and sweeping away germ laden debris and discolorations.

Unlike some dentifrices, Listerine Tooth Paste does not cover teeth with a slippery barrier over which the brush slides only partly removing the debris beneath.

See and Feel the Difference

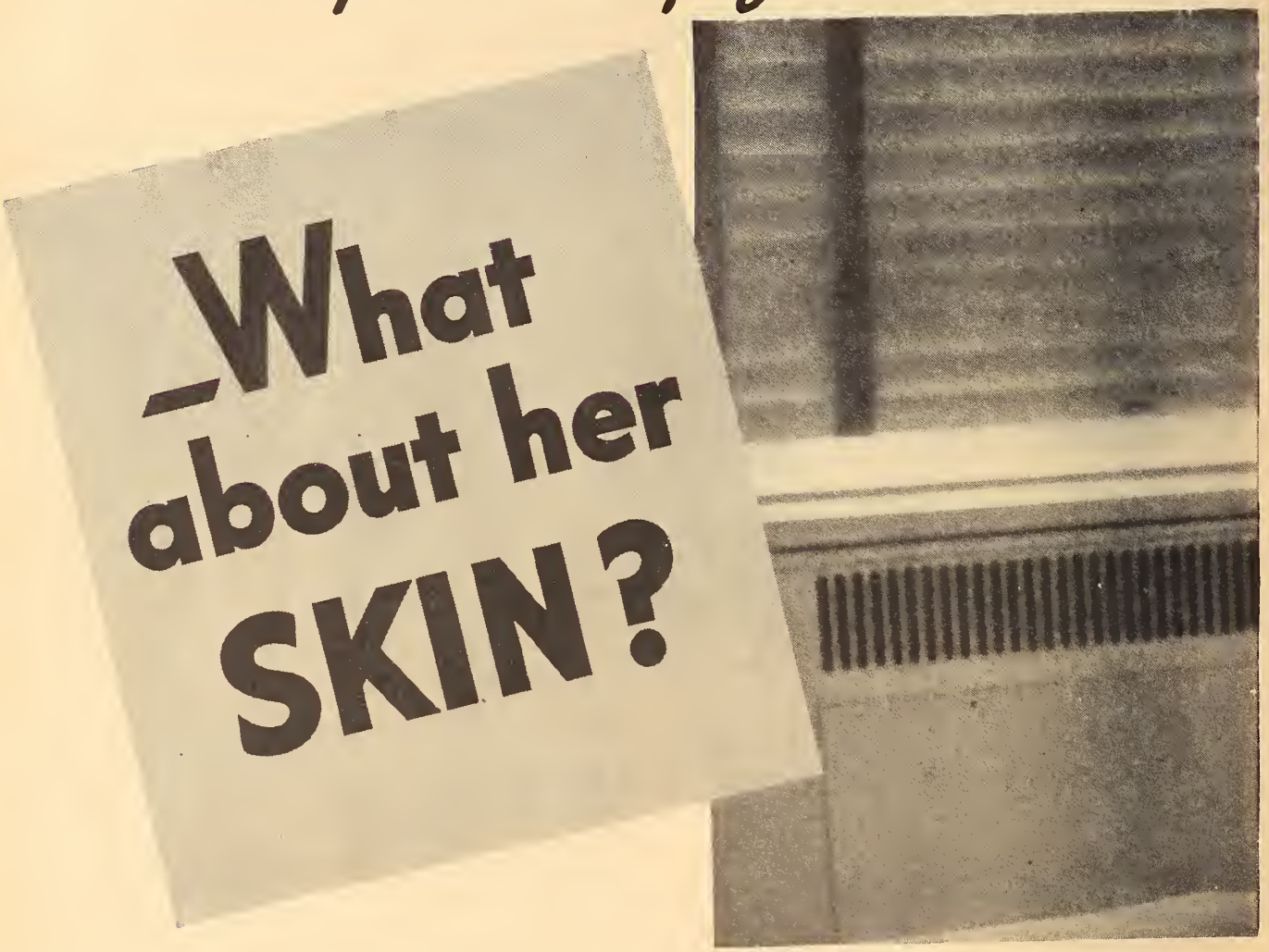
You can *feel* the difference Direct Cleansing makes, the moment you use Listerine Tooth Paste. Your teeth actually *feel* cleaner when you run your tongue over them. Try it yourself and see. And within a few days your mirror tells you that they *look* whiter.

Try It One Week

Why not give Listerine Tooth Paste a trial? Why not let it make your teeth cleaner, more brilliant, more sparkling? In every way this modern tooth paste is worthy of the quality name it bears; worthy too, of the confidence placed in it by millions of women. In 2 sizes—regular 25¢ and double size 40¢. LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Betty's ready for 8 hours



Let's hope Betty removes daytime make-up the Hollywood way. Cosmetics left clogging the pores cause unattractive Cosmetic Skin

BEAUTY sleep's *important*—for you and for your *skin,* too. So don't go to bed with daytime make-up clogging your pores—spoiling your beauty.

Many a girl who *thinks* she removes cosmetics thoroughly may all unconsciously be leaving bits of stale rouge and powder in the pores day after day. It is this *choking* of the pores that causes unattractive Cosmetic Skin to develop.

Look closely in your mirror now. Do you see enlarged pores, tiny blemishes — blackheads, perhaps—warning signals of this modern complexion trouble? Then it's time to start using gentle Lux Toilet Soap—Hollywood's famous beauty care!

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you put on fresh make-up—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, use Lux Toilet Soap—the gentle care that for years has guarded Hollywood's priceless complexions.

In this way you can *protect* your skin—keep it clear and lovely!

Beauty sleep . . .

NRA CODE

Claudette Colbert

STAR OF PARAMOUNT'S "CLEOPATRA"

"Happiness Ahead"

(*Continued from page 51*)

question," he started wiping glaze from the window, "and the answer was '*yes*'! So now I'm going to save all my pennies," his eyes widened. Through the cleaned space in the window he gazed at Joan—Joan dressed in a gorgeous mink coat, leaning over a desk where an elderly man was writing a check. The man came around the desk and handed the check to Joan. She folded it, put it in her purse, and kissed him affectionately.

Bob went through the rest of the day in a torment of suspicion and grief.

But at Joan's apartment, later, he received no response to his ring, and the landlady said dourly: "No sense your coming tonight. She's never here on Thursday."

Bob's face clouded. "Where does she . . ."

"That's what I'm wonderin' about—that and a lot of other things," the landlady told him. "When she rents the apartment she flashes a roll of bills and then she drives up like the Queen of Sheba in a big limousine."

With his heart in his shoes, Bob turned away. Might as well go over and see why Meehan had phoned him.

Meehan smiled as Bob came in. "Well, son, you're a pretty fast worker."

Bob shook his head perplexedly. "I don't know what you mean. Mr. Meehan."

"You know what I mean, all right." Meehan's tone became accusing. "Nice little story you told me the other night—saving up your money. "Then, you send around the little girl with a check from Henry Bradford. Well, it don't go, son. If you have Bradford backing you, you're paying regular rates."

"Bradford?" Bob exclaimed.

"Don't look so surprised," Meehan said with a crooked smile. "The Smith girl put on a good act, too—wanted me to make out I was lending you the money, so you wouldn't know where it came from . . ."

"But I really *didn't* know——"

"No? Well, you know now. So you can tell Bradford there's no mark-down sale."

With an effort, Bob assumed an easy air. "Why, sure I will, Mr. Meehan. Have you got the check?"

Meehan took the check from the drawer. "Yeah, and that's another thing. Tell him I want it in bills. Checks can make trouble."

Anger crept up Bob's face as he scanned the check, then, catching Meehan's eyes, he said quickly: "I understand."

When he walked into Joan's apartment that night, his face was so strange and white that Joan stopped in the middle of her greeting. "Why, what's the matter?" she asked.

"Matter?" Bob assumed a hardboiled, jaunty air. "Nothing's the matter. Just got a lucky break."

"Yes?" she prompted eagerly.

"Good old Meehan—what a pal! I told him that just as soon as I could go in business I was going to get married, and he sent for me and lent me that two grand himself."

"Why, Bob, that's wonderful!"

He put his hands on her shoulders and swung her around a little roughly. "Yeah, isn't it?" His voice faltered strangely. "Swell to have a friend like that, but there's one thing he didn't know—that the marrying thing was just a gag."

Joan's face grew puzzled. "Bob, what are you talking about?"

"Just this," said Bob, still in that strange bitter voice, "I've been wise to you all along. Did you really think I fell for that line of yours about being out of a job? I had you figured out from the beginning!"

By the time Bob had finished his tirade and slammed out the door, Joan was sitting still, her face white with hurt and disbelief.

And Bob, on the other side of the door, shook his head as if to clear his eyes. "Well," he muttered chokily, "that's taken care of."

Next day, Henry Bradford was mystified and disturbed to discover that Joan had consented to go with her mother for a trip on Jellife Travis' yacht.

"What's up?" he asked her gently. "Two days ago you were absolutely opposed to yachts and oceans in general."

"I know," she agreed.

"What—er—what about your settlement work?" he hazarded.

"Settled!"

He raised his eyebrows and waited. For a few moments Joan went on packing, maintaining her attitude of unconcern. At last she turned, her eyes shining with tears.

"Dad, I was wrong," she said chokily. "I thought I had found someone real. I thought I'd found a whole new world of real people. But they're just as insincere as our crowd!"

"I'm sorry, dear." He put his arm around her.

She blinked back the tears. "It's my fault," she said, her face buried on his shoulder. "I built up something in my imagination—something that didn't exist!"

"But that doesn't make disillusionment any easier," he said understandingly.

"But Dad," she cried, "all he wanted was the two thousand dollars! He told me so!"

"And so you're rebounding right into Jelly's yacht?"

"I suppose so," she said wearily. "But at least Jelly's a gentleman. And it'll please Mother."

"Yes, dear," Bradford said quietly.

He still yearned over Joan when he said goodby the next day, with the promise that he would try to join them in Havana.

He had been at his desk only a little while when his secretary brought in to him a young man who would not give his name and looked as if he had not slept for several days. Bradford looked at him curiously.

"What can I do for you, young man?" he asked genially.

"You can't do anything for me, but I can do plenty for you." Bob came over to his desk.

"So?"

"Yeah." Bob braced himself. "You've been taken by a dame—that is, we've both been taken."

Bradford could only stare, as Bob laid on his desk the check he had received from Meehan. Then, as he recognized it, he looked at Bob questioningly.

"A girl was trying to use it to salve me into marrying her," the boy explained. "Surprised, eh? So was I. I figured she was on the level—a poor kid out of work, and now I find that she's been digging you and planning to hook me with a marriage license . . . Well," he sighed, "I guess we're both lucky."

A faint smile came over Bradford's face as he looked at Bob's drooping form, but he quickly concealed it. "Why, the crooked little gold-digger!" he exclaimed.

Bob agreed without enthusiasm. "But she didn't get the satisfaction of knowing she took me for a sleigh-ride. I put on an act for her—told her *I'd* played *her* for a sap, just to grab that two grand. That did the trick."

Bradford, remembering Joan's white, miserable face, was inclined to agree. "Were you really in love with her?" he asked.

"I was crazy about her! Saving up my pennies so I could marry her."

Bradford looked at him thoughtfully. "Mr.—er—Lane, I think you and I have a lot in common. What are you doing for the next couple of hours?"

"Me? Not a thing," Bob said.

"I must make a hurried trip to Jersey." Bradford put the fateful check in his pocket. "Come with me."

For the first two hours, Bob enjoyed the ride in the motor launch which Bradford drove at breakneck speed out through the harbor and down the Jersey coast. Gradually, however, he began to get a little apprehensive, and as Bradford showed no intention of turning back, he became convinced that he was riding with a madman.

"Take a look at that yacht," Bradford said, at last, handing a pair of binoculars to Bob and gesturing toward a boat which they were approaching.

As he focused the glasses on the deck rail, Bob gave an exclamation of surprise. "Why, it's the Smith girl!"

Bradford nodded grimly. "Yeah, this trip she's taking is costing me plenty, and I'm not going to let her get away with it."

At Bradford's hail, a rope was thrown them from the yacht's deck, and Bradford started clambering up the ladder. Bob went up behind him, his heart filled with misgiving. As Bradford stepped on deck, Bob heard Joan's voice say:

"Why, Father! I thought you said you couldn't——"

At that moment Bob's head came over the rail and Joan stopped suddenly, while they stared into each other's eyes.

"Changed my mind," said Bradford cheerfully. "Met a friend of mine and thought we'd like to join your party." He turned to Bob, who now had climbed on deck. "Bob, this is my daughter, Joan."

Bob tried to speak and failed miserably, while Bradford's voice went on: "Mr. Travis—Mr. Lane."

Bradford walked up the deck a few steps with Travis, and as Joan turned her back on Bob, the boy swallowed hard and started back down the ladder.

Bradford turned just in time to see Bob's head disappearing over the side. Taking the check from his pocket, he waved it before Joan's puzzled eyes. "He's a regular fellow, and crazy about you." He winked meaningly. "I wouldn't let him get away."

Joan turned quickly to the rail. Bob had started the motor of the little boat, and was determinedly steering it away from the yacht. Joan grinned, and dived cleanly over the side of the yacht. She came up close beside where Bob sat. "If you're in such a hurry to get away, Mister," she called, "why don't you untie that rope?"

Bob stared at her. Then, as he saw the taut rope which fastened him securely to the yacht, he grinned sheepishly.

"Aren't you going to help a fellow in?" Joan asked.

He leaned toward her. "Will you forgive me?" he begged.

"I'll never forgive you!" she retorted.

"Then you don't get in!" He reached out a hand to push her under the water. A minute passed while he waited, his hand extended, for her to come up again. No head appeared.

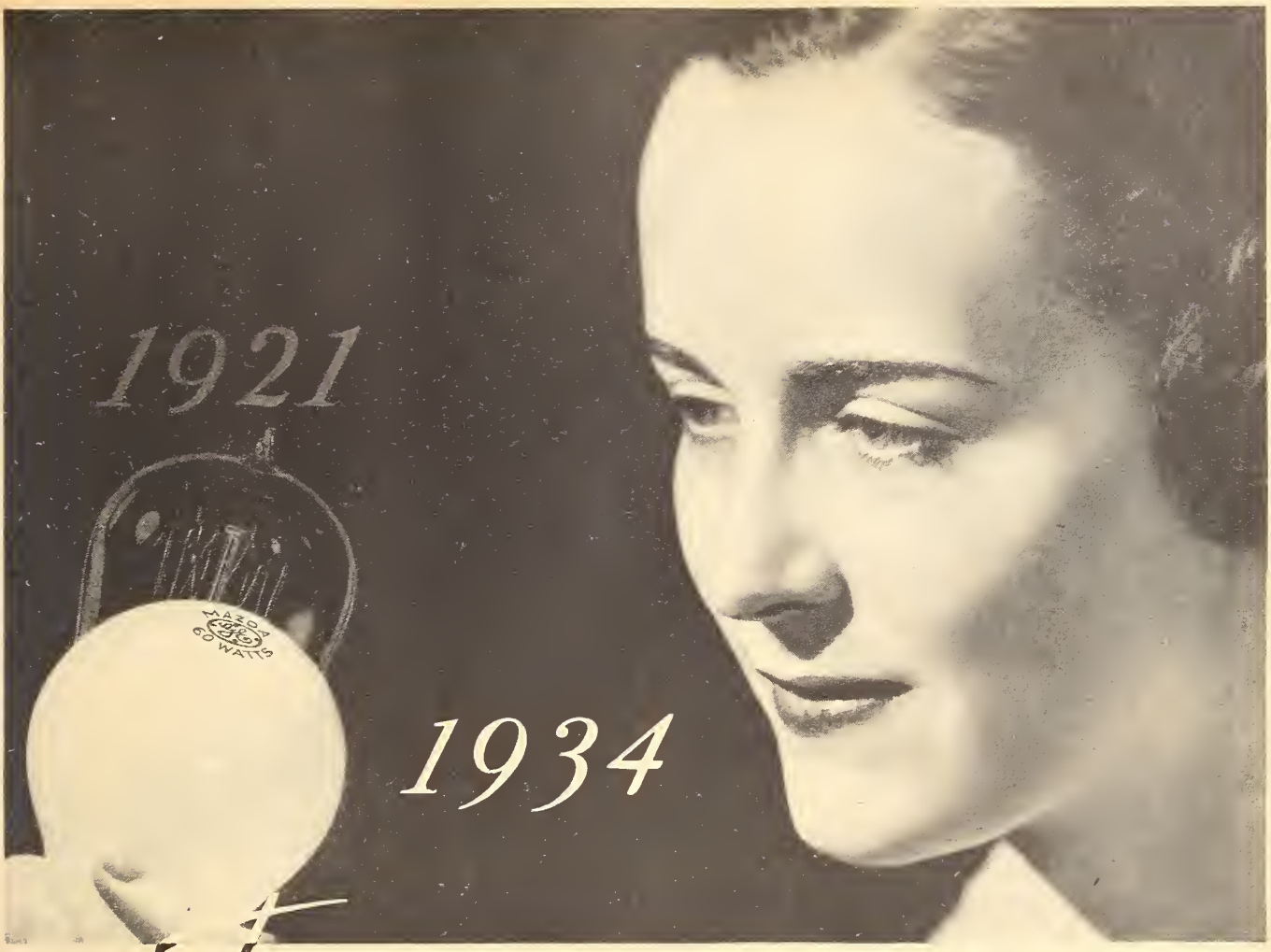
"Joan—Joan!" he called frantically, and when she still failed to come up, he started to strip off his coat.

"Paging me?" inquired a cool voice from the other side of the boat, and he whirled to find her clinging there.

His face clearing, he leaned over to grip her arms, and Joan flung up her hands to take his head in a watery clasp. Raising his head from her kiss, he grinned happily.

"Well, that's taken care of," he said and pulled her up into his arms.

The End



Talk about your bargains!

Everybody uses the popular 60-watt lamp—but hardly anyone realizes how much *more* light it gives and how much *less* it costs as the result of constant research under General Electric leadership.

And the 60-watt General Electric MAZDA lamp—which gives 40% more light and is 58% lower in price than in 1921—is typical of what the General Electric monogram GE means to users of *all* sizes of lamps. For instance: During the past ten years alone General Electric research and lamp development have provided additional light to the value of over one billion dollars *without one cent of increased current cost!*

General Electric is not alone in making good lamps. But, at the same time, it points out that not all lamps are good lamps. Some are so poor you shouldn't be asked to pay for them. Such lamps use too much current for the light they give—blacken quickly and burn out prematurely. General Electric urges users of electric light to buy lamps carefully—to look for such a mark as the famous GE monogram when buying lamps for any purpose. This is the only way you can be sure you are taking advantage of the real bargains in light that research is constantly making possible.

General Electric Co., Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

MAZDA LAMPS

The Last Gentleman

(*Continued from page 47*)

was etched against the window, his fingers clutched the cane. He looked tired, thought Marjorie. For the first time since she had known him, old and hurt and helpless. She caught his hand. It was cold, and the delicate bones were very close under the wrinkled, transparent skin. Her eyes misted with tears at its answering pressure.

"You can help me to the door," he said. "Henry, come to my room. And bring Claude. I have some instructions for you . . . Augusta, all your life you've been wanting me to see a doctor. You can send for one now . . ."

All over the old Barr house, the clocks were silent. The sunlight lay, again, in a wide patch on the upper landing; there were flowers in the library. But it was so still. No good, now, listening for that resonant voice from above the stairway; no good listening for the tapping of the ivory-headed cane. . . .

Allan laid his hand along her arm. "I wish you wouldn't look that way," he murmured. "I'll change my name to Barr, any time you say the word. Marjorie! You're a million miles away from me . . ."

They found their way slowly into the room where they had sat for Aunt Lovicy's services. But there was something queer about the place, today. Drawn curtains at the windows. Heavy draperies, drawn across the little platform.

Uncle Judd came in on soft obsequious feet, long-faced and pious. "It's two o'clock," he said. "Where's the lawyer? Who's going to read the will?"

"It will be read, Judd, it will be read," said Henry Loring. "Sit down, all of you, in your proper chairs—the ones I have designated. It is Cabot's orders."

It was dark here . . . Marjorie caught Allan's hand, held it tightly. Surely this wasn't the way wills usually were read, in the darkness, from a curtained platform!

"I don't like this, Judd, and I'm not staying!" Aunt Retta rose to her feet.

"Oh, sit down, Retta," urged Henry Loring. "It is Cabot's orders."

"Exactly, my orders!" said Cabot Barr's voice, out of the blackness.

Marjorie gasped.

Then the heavy curtains on the platform parted, and her grandfather stood there, smiling, a picture on a white screen! Aunt Augusta screamed.

"Control yourself, Augusta," said the picture, "there's no need to be nervous."

Aunt Augusta began to sniffle.

"Augusta, where's your handkerchief?" Cabot Barr's likeness demanded.

He knew, thought Marjorie. Knew exactly what they'd do when——

"To provide for your future weepy periods, Augusta, I am leaving you ten dozen of the very finest *Point de Venise* handkerchiefs," he went on. "You'll find them handsome, and at the same time practical."

"I don't think this is funny!" Judd Barr rose angrily to his feet.

"I didn't think you would enjoy it, Judd," said Cabot from the screen.

"You're not having hysterics at seeing me again, are you, Helen?" the voice went on. "I knew you wouldn't. . . . I'm leaving you the house and furniture. To go to Marjorie, eventually, of course. And to you, Henry, my cellar, including all my *1812* brandy. . . . To Claude, my clothes, and five thousand dollars."

Uncle Judd was fidgetting impatiently.

"Judd, my son, you have hurt me very much," said Cabot. "You brought in an alienist, in an effort to prove me of unsound mind. That hurt a great deal. But what stung most was that little black book of yours, in which you wrote down all my eccentricities. The clocks, the peacocks. . . . Therefore I'm going to cut you off with the proverbial shilling."

"Oh, this is a dirty trick!" Uncle Judd raged, rising to his feet. "The old devil!"

"Stop acting violently, Judd," the calm voice from the screen said. "And before you go—I'm relenting. I'm leaving you the clocks and the peacocks."

Uncle Judd strode out and Aunt Retta followed. The door slammed behind them.

Then the kind old face turned to Allan.

So you're sorry you didn't become a Barr before I died?" the voice asked? He knew, then, thought Marjorie happily. He'd been wiser than anyone else on earth! "Marjorie, my dear, forgive him," her grandfather was saying now. So it was all right! She could marry Allan now, with a clear conscience.

"To you, Mr. and Mrs. Allan Barr, I leave my name, my possessions and my especial love," he went on.

Against Allan's shoulder Marjorie began to cry, quietly, happily. "It's your love I wanted most, Grandfather," she said.

The image on the screen rose from its chair, and looked out through the open doorway into the sunshine. "And now, my dears," said Cabot Barr, "to all of you I say my final goodbye. I go to taste that finer vintage which waits for me—beyond."

Her mother, Marjorie could see, was wiping away a tear, and smiling. With her own left hand she fumbled for Aunt Augusta's.

"It has been a pleasure and a privilege, being alive with you," said Cabot. "It will be my hope to see you all again, in due time. God bless you!"

On the screen beside him, the grandfather's clock struck, once, twice, again. . . . His delicate fingers clasped around the fine, narrow ivory head of the cane, he passed through the door, into the sunshine.

The End

The Human Side

(*Continued from page 55*)

"It didn't do much good," Phil gloomed.

"The papers always make things sound worse than they are," she consoled them.

"You can't live a thing like that down!" Phil's face flushed.

"The girls at school won't forget," Lucille added. "I'm never going back there—never! I just can't face those girls again!"

"Can't we move away, Mother?" Tom put in.

"You poor darlings!" Vera drew a long breath. "Well, we are going to move. I've got something to tell you . . . I'm going to marry Mr. Dalton." She winced a little at the unthinking eagerness of their response. Their excited anticipation of being "rich."

"Will Daddy come to see us, the same as he does now?" Tom asked suddenly.

"And can Prince come, too?" from Bobby.

"Of course," Vera said hastily. "Now, run along—and be very nice to Mr. Dalton, when he comes."

They were . . . But their eager naïveté somewhat overwhelmed the bachelor. Children, he thought decisively, should be in school—not in the home . . . .

Lucille, bursting into her mother's room, saw her hastily thrust a ring into a small box which she tucked into a drawer in her desk. She looked curiously at her mother. Her eyes looked—queer . . . "Mr. Dalton's here," she said. "Are you going with him this afternoon, to get the license?"

"Yes." Vera tried to sound casual.

"Mother! You're crying!"

"Me—crying?" Vera summoned a laugh. "What would I have to cry for? I'm going to be able to — to give you children all the advantages I've always wanted for you—all the things ——" She dabbed powder on her face to cover the trace of tears.

When her mother had gone, Lucille tiptoed to the desk. Daringly she took out the small box. Opened it. Gazed at the ring. "*Forever—and forever, and forever,*" it said, inside. Slowly she put it back and went downstairs.

She sat very thoughtfully, after her mother and Mr. Dalton had gone, listening abstractedly to the boys' excited plans.

"Gee," Tom enthused, "it's swell of Mother to marry that guy!"

"I'll say it is," Phil agreed.

Suddenly Lucille roused herself. "Well, she isn't going to marry him," she declared passionately. "Not if I can help it!"

"Why not?" Tom demanded.

"She doesn't love him! She's doing it just to get us things—and it's going to be awful for her—awful!" Lucille wailed.

"But she likes him, Luc," Phil said.

"She likes him all right, but she doesn't love him," Lucille insisted.

And loyally they drew together. They just couldn't let Mother be unhappy! For a long time they discussed plans . . . Then, at last, tense with excitement, Lucille and Phil went out, leaving Tom with Bobby.

Timidly they sought Miss Alma Hastings' apartment. Felt a sudden vast relief when the maid informed them that Mr. Gregory Sheldon was not there and would not be there. The Lambs' Club next . . . And more relief, when Daddy explained that he had only stopped at Miss Hastings' apartment as a matter of business, that he lived at the Club—where no women were allowed. Eagerly they told him their story.

It was late evening when Dalton at last left her at her door. Wearily Vera turned her key in the lock and went into the living-room. Then she gasped. In slippers and dressing-gown, Gregg lay stretched in a comfortable chair before the fire, asleep.

"Gregg!" she exclaimed unbelievingly. Gazed incredulously at his trunk.

He woke. Jumped up. Greeted her joyously. "I'm through with the theatre," he explained hurriedly. "Going to get a job . . . Going to be a fireside-and-slippers man from now on—going to settle down and live peacefully with you and the children."

"But, Gregg—" Patiently she tried to explain to him. About the children . . . About Dalton . . . "He's coming for me tomorrow at nine sharp," she ended wearily. "Gregg—you've got to get out. What would he think, finding you here?"

But Gregg refused to be impressed. "You've got it all figured out, haven't you? Well—get this, my girl—you're not going to marry him! You belong to me! No other man's going to have you—" He tried to take her in his arms.

But she moved away. "It's for the best," she insisted. "Now—do call a taxi."

"I can't—" He turned out his pockets.

"Oh, Gregg!"

He looked at her in sudden dejection. "You think I'll never succeed—at anything."

"Oh, I'm sure you will," she said quickly.

"Then—why won't you wait?"

(*Continued on page 74*)

THE AGING BLIGHT OF SKIN DRYNESS

changed into Luscious Youth!

Woodbury's Two Germ-free Creams, with Exclusive Element 576, reduce the risk of blemish and overcome Dry Skin!

You honey blondes! You chestnut beauties! You women and girls with dark or ivory skin! Dry Skin has no respect for you, no matter who you are nor what your age! 70% of American women are actually suffering from this blight!

But here's a swift and simple way to banish Dryness—to avoid this increasing blight! Two vital Elements, exclusive to Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams, make these creams highly active to overcome—and also to prevent—Dry Skin!

First, Element 576 in Woodbury's Cold Cream! It works upon your skin much as vitamins in foods work upon your body. It rouses the oil glands to do their work more vigorously, stimulates their action when sluggish; urges them to throw out the natural youth-oils which alone keep faces young and free from wrinkles.

Second, an element in both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams keeps these creams germ-free as long as they last. Ordinary unprotected beauty creams, pure though they are at first, may not remain free from germs while in use. They may become a menace to the skin of the face—especially if thin, dry, easily irritated. They may cause blemishes.

Both Woodbury's Cold and Facial Creams *stay* safe, *germ-free* till the last dab is used. They destroy germs as fast as they enter the jar. They protect the skin from blemish; keep it in health. Woodbury's Creams smooth the path to Loveliness; keep age away; give youth its rightful place! And they're only 50¢, 30¢, 10¢ in jars; 25¢, 10¢ in tubes.

Dermatologists Endorse Woodbury's Creams

109 leading dermatologists have given these creams the first approval ever accorded to any beauty creams. They tested them on their patients; found them of superior quality.

Dr. John Monroe Sigman, Senior Dermatologist of the Macon (Ga.) Hospital, reported: "It is with the greatest satisfaction that I welcome Woodbury's Creams with their active resistance to bacterial organisms."

THIS TEST PROVES WOODBURY'S CREAMS GERM-PROOF

Agar plates, seeded with poisonous germs. Plate A bears Woodbury's Cream which has destroyed all germs in its vicinity, as shown by clear dark ring around cream. Plate B, bearing ordinary cold cream, has no clear ring, proving it has no power to destroy germs.

FREE! Woodbury's Germ-Proof Creams

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC. 6347 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio, (In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Limited, Perth, Ontario)

Please send me free, generous-sized tubes of Woodbury's Germ-free Creams that are revolutionizing beauty care. Also six packets of Woodbury's Facial Powder, one of each of the six shades.

Name _____

Street _____

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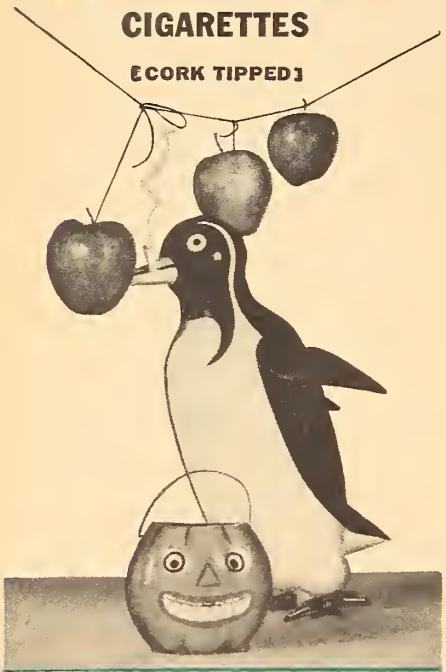
KOOL

MILDLY MENTHOLATED CIGARETTES

[CORK TIPPED]



WORTH GOING FOR!

An apple a day may keep the doctor away, but a carton of KOOLS is a sure way to keep a comfortable smoking throat always on tap! KOOLS are *mildly* mentholated to cool the smoke, to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. Cork-tipped to save lips. B & W coupon in each pack of KOOLS good for attractive nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U.S.A. only.) Send for latest illustrated premium booklet.

SAVE COUPONS *for* HANDSOME MERCHANDISE

15¢ *for* TWENTY 25¢ *in* CANADA

Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corp., Louisville, Ky.

"Gregg, darling—Phil's fifteen!"

He sighed. Dejectedly he turned away.

"You can crawl in with Phil," she said, at last, pityingly. "Good night, Gregg."

He didn't answer. But later he tapped softly at her door. Looked at her pleadingly, hopefully, when she opened it. "I just—wanted to say—good night." He waited.

"Good night, Gregg." She closed the door.

He stood there for a moment. Then disconsolately he went off to Phil's room.

Somehow, cheerfully, he managed to delay them all in their turns at the bathroom the next morning. So that when Dalton arrived, Vera was not yet dressed. In bathrobe and slippers, Gregg came in to greet the prospective bridegroom.

Dalton stared at him amazedly. "What are you doing here—like that?" he asked. "From your attire, one would infer that you had spent the night here." He frowned.

"A most beautiful night," Gregg assented cheerfully. "And today's a most beautiful day! The second most beautiful day in my life. The first was our wedding-day . . . And today, Mr. Dalton, that little bride of sixteen years ago has consented to walk to the altar with me again."

Dazedly Dalton tried to comprehend. Stammeringly he tried to present his own expectations.

"You know how women are—" Gregg hurried him out. "She'll write you—a nice long letter."

As Vera came down the stairs the doorbell rang. "It must be Mr. Dalton," she said. "Open the door, Phil."

It was Mr. Dalton. Escorted by two detectives, he came into the room.

"These two men saw me coming from your house," he explained irately, "and insist I'm Mr. Sheldon."

"I'm Mr. Sheldon." Gregg came forward.

One of the officers extended a paper. "A present for you, Mr. Sheldon—" he placed the paper in Gregg's hand. "A warrant for your arrest."

"Alma Hastings!" Gregg gasped.

"Plaintiff charges battery and assault—deception — fraud — obtaining money under false pretenses," the officer recited.

"Is that all?" Gregg sighed.

"The car's waiting," the other officer stated compellingly.

"Better let me change my clothes."

"You get 'em, Bill," the officer ordered.

"Gregg!" Vera cried, as they took him away with them. Then, to the consternation of James Dalton, she burst into wracking laughter and sobbing.

With the help of the alarmed children he ministered to her. At last she recovered her composure.

"It's so funny!" she said shakily. "Gregg, going off to jail—me, going off to marry you!"

"Marry *me?*" Dalton stared at her.

"That was the idea, wasn't it?" She gazed at him wonderingly.

"But — but — he told me — right here — not five minutes ago—" It took him some time to explain, but at last Vera understood.

"It's not true—not a word of it," she gasped.

"The scoundrel! He ought to be in jail!" Dalton ejaculated.

"I believe he's on his way!" Vera laughed nervously.

Dalton drew himself up pompously. "And we'd better be on our way—it's getting late. Are you ready?"

"I'm ready, Jim," Vera said.

Dalton talked complacently, as they drove to the office of the Justice of the Peace who was to marry them. He had it all figured out. Lucille and Phil should be packed off to boarding-school. The two younger children should have every minute of their time regimented, from the time they rose till they went to bed . . . In that way, no one need be troubled by them at all . . . .

Vera was very silent.

"Like little trains," she mused suddenly as she sat beside Dalton in the office of the Justice, awaiting their turn to be married.

He handed her slips of paper with the time schedules on them. "It was quite a job, figuring it all out," he said proudly. Then, aghast: "What are you doing?"

"What they would feel like doing!" Vera tore the slips into minute pieces. "Let's go, Jim." She rose. Turned toward the door.

"Next!" the Justice called pleasantly.

"The lady's changed her mind," Dalton said aggrievedly, tearing up the license.

Vera gathered the children together, to tell them of her plans. She had got a job, travelling and demonstrating toilet articles. Tom was to go and stay with Aunt Martha. Phil with Uncle Henry. Lucille and Bobby to Aunt Minnie's.

"We'll be together for Christmas," Vera promised.

A moving van drew up outside. And presently, in an ordered confusion, the furniture disappeared into its capacious depths. Mr. Jenkins, owner of the house, gazed doubtfully at Prince. He didn't wholly relish the idea of caring for the dog till the family should be reunited. Prince returned his gaze with pained concentration. He didn't relish Mr. Jenkins at all. Bobby, looking from one to the other, suddenly began to cry. Phil and Lucille exchanged uneasy glances.

"Come now—" Vera bent over Bobby. "Be brave, dear . . . " But her own eyes were misty. Always, till now, she had managed to achieve some small, income-producing employment that, with Gregg's occasional assistance, had kept the family together. But now this travelling job was their only hope. They had to be brave.

There was a new confusion in the hall.

"Right in there, driver," a well-known voice was saying. And Gregg burst into the room, followed by the taxi driver, who bore an enormous hamper of goodies.

"Gregg!" Vera stared.

"My darlings!" He gazed about the room. "But—you're moving?"

"Going to our summer mansion in the Berkshires, my dearest," Vera said airily. "When did you get out?"

A look of pitiful apology crossed Gregg's face, as he understood Vera's gay explanation. Then he smiled as he answered her question:

"This morning, darling! Joe Franklin—remember Joe?—came into a lot of dough. And he's going into the show business. He heard where I was, and came and bailed me out. Everything's settled. He has the play—the star—the dough—and me to produce for him!"

"Then we don't have to move!" Stars shone through Lucille's misty eyes.

"And you won't have to work!" Phil hugged his mother.

"Prince!" Bobby and Tom flung themselves upon the dog. In a happy huddle they rolled into the dining-room.

With a look of vast relief, Mr. Jenkins stepped out.

Understandingly Lucille caught Phil's eye. "Come on," she whispered, and they followed the happy youngsters into the dining-room.

Gregg looked adoringly at Vera. "And the best part of this is," he assured her meaningly, "the star is Joe's business. I won't have her to worry about. I'll be able to put all my energies in the work."

"Then you will succeed," Vera said confidently.

"Do you think so, Vee?" He came very close, his eyes shining down into hers.

"'I've never been wrong,'" Vera quoted happily. "'I haven't been right several times—'" she laughed. "'But I've never been wrong!'"

There wasn't any more to say. His lips were on hers. His arms, holding her close—forever!

The End

Dangerous Corner

(*Continued from page 60*)

She rose. Lifted a small box from the table. Passed it to Miss Mockridge.

"A cigarette?" she offered.

"No, thanks. I'm a slave to my own brand."

"Olwen?"

"Oh, I remember that box—" Olwen took a cigarette from it. "It plays a tune, doesn't it?"

Freda closed the box and put it on the table. "It can't be this box you remember." There was a faint edge to her voice. "This is the first time I've had it out."

"It belonged to Martin, didn't it?" Olwen said. "He showed it to me."

"He couldn't have shown you this box, Olwen. Martin didn't have it when you saw him last." Abruptly she turned away.

"Couldn't he. . . ." Olwen gazed at Freda's back. "Then. . . . Perhaps I'm mistaken. . . . I must have seen a box like this somewhere, perhaps, and thought——"

Gordon got the new tube adjusted in the radio. Dance music flowed forth. "Here we are!" he exulted. "Come on, Sweetheart." He held out his arms, and Betty, laughing happily, drifted into them.

Robert joined Freda. They smiled at each other. Miss Mockridge smiled musingly.

"There's a moon outside," Stanton whispered to Olwen.

"Is there?"

"Prove it to you!" He led her out on to the porch. "Had to see you alone—matter of business," he said. "It's about a book."

"What is it called?"

"'*The Life and Love of Charles Stanton*'—Olwen, for the nine millionth time—will you marry me?"

There was a tender smile in Olwen's eyes. Softly she said: "Yes."

Stanton's arm, which had been about her waist, slipped off. He staggered. "Good Lord, girl!" he gasped. "Don't you know I've got a weak heart?"

"You brought it on yourself!"

"But—you don't know what a shock this is—for years and years and years, every time there was a lull in the conversation, I've proposed to you. . . . I came to depend on it. . . . Now you've left me with nothing to talk about for the rest of my life! What shall I do?"

"Some men kiss. . . . At least, they do in books," Olwen offered.

"Thank goodness you can read, darling!" He took her in his arms. Kissed her tenderly. "I daren't be serious," he confessed presently. "I might cry! I've waited so long, Olwen. I'd almost given up hope. . . . Why did you. . . . You did mean it, didn't you? You didn't mistake me for anyone else?" And, as she shook her head, smiling, he added: "I'm still the same—I haven't changed."

"But I have. . . . " Olwen's face was very serious. "Tonight. . . . For a moment. . . . I saw something—something horrible—that might have happened. . . . " She shuddered. "It was a—vision—a nightmare!" She clung to him. "I need somebody, Charles. . . . I always have, but I. . . . " She bit her lip. "Never mind—I need *you!*"

Once more he took her in his arms. Held her comfortingly, happily, close.

In the darkness of the garden a white bird flew up suddenly. "*Who? Who?*" it murmured softly among the trees.

Charles laughed contentedly. "Who? Me—you fool—*me!* Didn't you just hear her say so?"

Gently he drew Olwen's face close to his. Kissed her sweet, upturned lips.

The End

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The Heroine of a Hundred Romances

(*Continued from page 28*)

of America or might have attached to her name a title carrying great prestige and distinction. Instead, this romantic star accepted the heart and hand of a Spanish gentleman—Valentin Parera, "the Ronald Colman of Spain," and himself an excellent actor—and cared not a whit if he had fame or fortune!

By the time Grace was fourteen years old, all of the boys of Jellico, Tennessee, had recognized her charm and practically every one of them wanted her to wait for him until he could make his fortune. (My own cousin was one of the number who had to see her pass him by.) But Grace, who sang in her church choir and was deeply religious, wanted to be a foreign missionary. She couldn't interest any of the boys in saving the heathen, which somewhat disconcerted her. Even then she was vaguely sensing the fact that her life would not be complete without male companionship, and had she gone to some far-away wilderness, she would have taken romance with her!

When her family and friends dissuaded her from her original purpose, she vowed that she would still pursue a career with a high purpose. She would sing . . . sing gloriously . . . so that people would be lifted out of themselves and forget the cares of everyday life.

So Grace ran away to New York to have her voice trained. With almost nothing to live on, and that earned by small and infrequent singing engagements, she was one of the young, ambitious hopefuls of squalid, but glamourous Greenwich Village, dreaming great dreams of some day thrilling the world with her art, thriving on constant, endless work, determined to deserve fame, fortune and—some day—a great and enduring romance.

One Thing She Never Forgot

"I HAD so little and yet so much," she said. "The struggle was inspiring, and I wouldn't take anything for it. Success comes much too easily in Hollywood. People who have lived moderately all their lives are suddenly able to purchase beautiful homes, expensive cars, and all the latest clothes they desire, and it changes their outlook. They are sought after by hundreds of people and they believe they are really important. They lose sight of the fact that all growth must be from the inside."

Grace doesn't want to talk of her early admirers, for to her it is just as if her life began when she met "Val"—and if you could hear the tone of her voice as she speaks his name, you would be convinced. All pseudo-loves of former years have disappeared from her consciousness as completely as the fog that passed over the Hollywood mountains this morning. But, you see, I knew about these early engagements, so she couldn't deny them.

"Now, put yourself in my place," she said. "I was a little country girl of Jellico, Tennessee, who had never been out of the state. How could I res st the temptation to be engaged when a young man promised me that we would go to Niagara Falls on our honeymoon? The next probably promised me a trip to California, if we married. While I was still dreamy-eyed from visioning California, another offered a honeymoon trip to Europe.

"As I see it now, I was suffering from an urge to see far, romantic places. It was the dreams, not the suitors, that I loved. But I couldn't settle on any one dream to the exclusion of all others, so at the end of the season, I frequently found myself in possession of at least six college fraternity pins!

Relied on Her Intuition

"BEFORE we go a step further, I want you to know that I was never in love until I met Val. I could never bring myself to the point of marrying any man. Always I knew that I had not yet found the real thing, and always I knew that I would recognize him instantly when I did meet my soul-mate."

Like the heroine of "One Night of Love," she has been torn between two forces—the desire of youth for romance, and the desire of an artist for a great career . . . a career that would place her on a unique pinnacle in the musical world and win for her a lasting place in the Hall of Singing Fame. You are probably aware that she is native-born, native-trained, and America's grand opera's first one-hundred-per-cent American prima donna.

As some women of the cinema have brought romance to the screen, so Grace Moore brought romance to opera. Emotion was always present in the music itself, of course, but few of the artists personally suggested romance—unless they were heard, not seen. The operatic heroines were heavy, seldom beautiful, never young. Men, listening to them, closed their eyes—to picture dream-women to fit their voices. But no man ever took his eyes off Grace while she sang. Everything about her spoke of romance—her youth, her figure, her face, her glorious voice, her glamour, her vitality. It was inevitable that men of all walks of life should be drawn to her.

Might Have Been a Princess

NOT only the men of America bowed at her altar, but any number of titled foreigners paid court to her. At one time she was reputed to be engaged to a Prince—who was reported willing to sacrifice all royal rights to marry the American prima donna.

In his case, her friends say, Grace was actually in wedding raiment and on her way to the Paris City Hall to marry him, accompanied by a gay party of friends—when she suddenly drew back. "I'm not sure! Let's go to a café and talk it over," she told them. They did not return. Instead, Grace invited the entire party to Deauville for a week-end of gaiety! I have heard this story too often not to believe that there is some truth in it.

You see, while Grace could not live without adoration, and all the little attentions that go with it, she had in her heart an ideal and a firm conviction that once she met the right man, his presence would be so electrifying that she could not resist it. It was this conviction that always made her sidestep matrimony—until she met Valentin Parera.

You probably recall when the newspapers headlined a report that she was engaged to marry the scion of a wealthy Philadelphia family. A mutual friend, who *thought* that they were suited to each other and should marry, hoped to hasten a romance by telling reporters that there already was one. The chap was in Europe at the time and when Grace went over shortly afterward, the two of them laughed about being "engaged" and then decided it was not a bad idea after all, and actually found themselves discussing marriage.

But before the wedding bells could ring, Grace had her call to the Metropolitan, the goal for which she had been striving for

years. With her chance, so the story goes, came the edict that marriage could not be allowed to interfere with her contract. She must choose between the two. She frankly told her suitor that it would be unfair to both of them for her to marry on the eve of the biggest step in her career, and the next day sailed for New York and Fame. They are still good friends.

I must not fail to mention the Duc de Luynes, who was much enamored of Grace Moore, according to rumor. He is the owner of thirteen chateaux, and the story has it that he was not satisfied until he had shown Grace through every one of them, apparently believing that no American girl—even a Grace Moore—could resist such a title and such holdings.

But Grace hadn't breathed the freedom of her native Cumberland Mountains for nothing. As she strolled through these stately mansions, she was conscious only of the gloomy interiors, where it would take more than a sunny disposition to dispel the murky atmosphere—the accumulated vibrations of several generations. So the Duc de Luynes passed out of the picture, much to the disgust of her friends in New York. But Grace still held to her romantic dream of a man she would love at first sight.

Knew She Would Marry Him

SHE doesn't believe you when you tell her that Valentin Parera was on the same studio lot, within a few feet of her many times, when she was making "The New Moon" with Lawrence Tibbett. She doesn't believe that it could have been so without her knowing it.

When she first saw him, they were both on the deck of the *Ile de France*, returning to America. She looked at him a long time and then said quietly to her secretary: "Do you see that man over there? That is the man I'm going to marry."

"How silly!" replied the secretary. "You don't even know whether or not he is married already!"

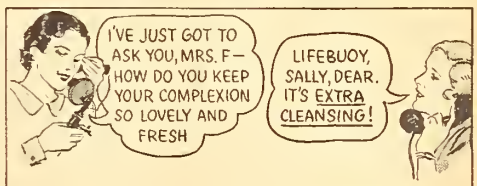
"But I *do* know," said Grace. "There is an unmistakable look about a married man. I know he is not married. I know he is the one for me."

In that first instant, she knew why she had been waiting so long. This time it would have made no difference if it had meant giving up her career; if it had meant going to a remote place among strangers; if it had meant living in poverty. No matter what it meant, she knew that she would spend the balance of her life with that man. He spoke no English and she spoke no Spanish, but they both spoke beautiful French—a language ideally adapted to romance and love. Before they parted, the first evening of their meeting, he said: "I will never leave you again." And she replied, "And I will never leave you."

Grace says now that motion pictures are the great romantic medium of the future, and she wants to be a part of them. "But," she continued, "the real reason why I came back to Hollywood was that Val might have his chance. Producers have told me that he has a great future, both in Spanish and English productions, if I will not take him away. I am more interested in his career than in mine, and he feels that mine is more important. Neither of us requires much money to make us happy. We are content with simple joys. It doesn't matter what else we have—so long as we have each other."

Then, suddenly ending the conversation, she turned to me and held up her arm for inspection. "Do look at my bracelets." There were three gold chain bracelets, gifts from Val, one for each marriage anniversary.

"I expect to be able to have fifteen of them on each arm," said this heroine of a hundred romances.



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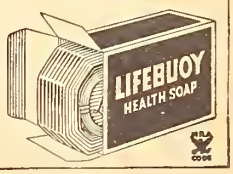

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The "New Deal" for Charlie Chaplin

(*Continued from page 33*)

dramatics and dancing, preparing herself for her début as a leading lady under Charlie's direction. The silence of the tomb, so long observed on the Chaplin premises, has been shattered recently by the set-building that has started with promise of unusual pretentiousness.

A Hint about His Picture

SECRETLY, Chaplin has been getting an enormous amount of background material for his picture. It is to be an industrial subject. He has shot views of strikers, bread lines, food riots, workmen at lunch-time, workmen going to work, interiors of automobile, furniture and other factories. He has accumulated a mass of this stock material. Perhaps he could have borrowed huge gobs of it from other studios, but Charlie is always independent. He wants his own particular photographic angle on each scene; it must be truly individual. Hence he works apart and alone always.

This is to be Chaplin's great effort. He virtually told me that; and whether or not he will make another picture in which he, himself, will star is a question. He is, however, seriously considering the production of a talkie, which he will direct and which will be planned, probably, to cause as much of a revolution as "A Woman of Paris" did in screen technique when it was produced. You may recall that in that feature Chaplin achieved a new note of simplicity in story-telling, and that he conveyed much by subtle suggestion, especially in dealing with the implied relationship between the two principal characters (played by Adolphe Menjou and Edna Purviance). The manner in which Menjou removed intimate belongings from the heroine's dresser drawer was considered to be very daring at the time.

Chaplin feels that his new silent comedy must compete with all the power of the talkies. "Talk has made the screen more vital." he told me recently. "I think that most talkies fall far short of their possibilities, but in increasing the vitality and reality of the screen the spoken word has been revolutionary and I am not unaware of this.

"We have taken that added power into account in our scenario for my new film. We will use sound; wonderful effects can be secured with sound alone. It is an added accent, and can lend dramatic or comedy emphasis to the scene. I still personally prefer to use it in an abstract way." (You may remember how well Chaplin did use it in that way in the mumbled speech in the first scene of "City Lights" and in the one in which he swallowed a whistle.) "I still definitely believe in the art of the silent picture," he continued, "as something separate and distinct from the audible production. It is more difficult to make a silent film to-day, but it *can* be done.

Preparation—Not Inspiration

"WE are taking no chances about preparations. I am not going to rely upon inspiration on the set. We have mapped out the story completely. We will have a shooting script and a script for the camera. Every detail is to be worked out. The need for economy in making the picture dictates this. We are undertaking a feature that is going to be far more elaborate and expensive than usual. Many of the scenes will have huge crowds of people. We must know in advance exactly what they are to do. Our settings will be larger and more costly, and must all be built according to exact specifications. Everything is to be highly systematized."

It is strange to hear such words uttered by Charlie Chaplin—who has said in the past: "I like to know the end of a picture, where I am going, but not too much about how I will get there. What is just beyond the next hill does not necessarily interest me; I like to know the surprise of discovery." Which would explain why he so often ceased work during the making of a picture, sometimes for weeks; stopped for hours of thought and meditation during the most industrious times, and indulged in other digressions that were considered erratic. He has been known to walk out and leave a whole set full of people for what seemed like an interminable time. Maybe days, if they had waited. It was all due to the budding of some grand new idea.

The system of preparation in advance is so absolutely new in his case that it is baffling. Only once before, to my best recollection, did he ever attempt a film with a full-fledged scenario, and that was "The Idle Class." Incidentally, I don't believe he was ever very keen about that short picture, because it was specially written for him. You may remember that in the film he played a dual rôle—a well-tailored Chaplin without disguise on the one hand, and the derby-hat-bamboo-cane-and-baggy-clothes Chaplin on the other. While he did not like that scenario-preluded picture, he is enthusiastic about the scripty brain-child that he so carefully and meticulously has nurtured, himself.

Chaplin is secretive about the plot of his picture, but it is known that he will become a successful industrialist during one portion. From what I hear, he will even be a sort of wonder of finance, organization and manufacturing, though remaining the comedy character. Much machinery will be utilized in the film, and Chaplin asserts he will deal with it humorously. He will probably install fantastic equipment in a factory that will turn out automobiles at the rate of one a minute, and with the pressure of a button. In the end he will be caught in the whirlpool of an industrial upheaval.

Gibes at Big Business

ONE surmises that he is going to do a lot of satirizing of the machine age, and that his picture will be a light commentary on everything from the N. R. A. down to clock-punching. He'll probably send a gibe or two at big business and capitalism, but it won't be in a serious way. In this picture will be concentrated all of the thinking and meditating that Charlie has been doing as a result of his travels around the world. He has led an unusually quiet life since returning to Hollywood in 1932, and has been on a long mental excursion. His last picture, as you know, was released early in 1931.

Then, too, there is Paulette Goddard's influence—the brightest that has ever come into his life. The reiterated rumor that they are married now takes this form—namely, that the ceremony actually did occur at sea, and that the license is filed in England. It was all supposed to have been arranged by a prominent friend of Chaplin's in the legal profession. But whether they're wed or not, no announcement concerning the marriage will be made until the picture is completed, and you can look for it right then.

Miss Goddard has grown steadily more attractive. She has made herself highly proficient in a variety of cultural respects. There are great expectations for her future as an actress if she wants to prove herself in that way. Chaplin's leading women have never been too fortunate after they have left the fold, but she is expected to be the

bright exception. It is doubtful, though, if she will go on with her career when she becomes Mrs. Chaplin . . . *officially*.

What effect romance will have on Chaplin in his picture is going to be the fascinating thing to observe. He is more content to-day than he has ever been. He feels that this is to be the great period of his life. He is forty-five now, and views this time as one of highest productiveness, of glowing mental concentration. Life is beginning for him anew!

He's Living for To-day

CHARLIE even views changes in the outside world with a certain supreme calm, although still as intense as ever about them. He is concerned with only to-day. When someone made the suggestion recently that he should play in a Shakespearian comedy, he expressed the feeling that the play was too archaic—not necessarily for the stage, but for himself. "If I went on the stage, I would want to do something thoroughly modern; there is too much of overwhelming interest in life to-day to go back to the past," he said. "How foolish of the films to go back to Dickens, for instance, when there is so much alive and vital to-day to be dealt with. Why, why, go to the past?

"The public wants to know what the future holds. Are we coming completely out of a capitalistic régime? Is Bolshevism on the horizon? What's coming? We're changing vastly; that's a certainty. There's Utopianism. It is being viewed with curiosity, mixed with apprehension, by the older forces. They wonder what it is, what's behind it. Is it Bolshevism in some new form, sugar-coated? You can see that attitude reflected in the press and elsewhere. They're puzzled by it.

"They're all watching Russia, too. They want to know what its influence is going to mean eventually in the world's history. Will it be the power that is going to bring about change? I doubt that, but points in various systems that are being suggested go back to this common source when they are analyzed—the same principles of freedom, say, for the soldiery that were enunciated at the beginning of the Russian revolution.

Wonders What Leisure Will Do

"WHAT will the granting of more leisure time that is aimed at in so many systems result in? Will it produce more art and culture, or less? Fear has been the great driving force under the capitalistic régime. It eventuated in a highly competitive system, and art thrived under that system. Still, leisure has possibilities, too. It will afford more time to concentrate on the artistic, on creativeness. It may be ideal. On the other hand, it may result in inertia. Work inspires work. Activity stimulates activity. We cannot lose that spirit either. It would be a very unfruitful outcome if leisure merely produced idleness and nothing else."

Chaplin takes no part in any movement, nor is he on any side. He is the observer of what goes on in the world, bent on absorbing it all into his consciousness, so that he may express these larger cosmic influences in his work.

Chaplin keeps close to the public, even though he hides from it. He is always acutely aware of what is going on *to-day* and *now*. He has his own perspective, his particular bird's-eye viewpoint on the whole scheme of civilization, yet he is truly unaffected by it and remains himself.

Therefore, in his new comedy you will see both the new Chaplin, the product of his many observations and thoughts, and yet the same Chaplin you have long known. In many ways it holds more promise, I would say, than anything that he has made —since "The Gold Rush," at least.

Nine Times Out of Ten "Paralyzed Pores" are the Cause!

● By *Lady Esther*

Coarse Pores, Blackheads, Sallow and Muddy Skin, Excessively Oily or Dry Skin—practically every skin trouble to which woman is victim—is but some manifestation or other of "Paralyzed Pores".

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When pores become paralyzed they become enlarged and conspicuous. Blackheads and whiteheads appear. The whole breathing and functioning of the skin is impaired and it becomes lifeless and drab and either too dry or oily. It is simply impossible to have a beautiful skin with "Paralyzed Pores".

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Hollywood's Big Surprise —Ketti Gallian

(*Continued from page 62*)

was long, so," measuring to her shoulder. "It was white, but now it is short and darker because that is better for the camera. My teeth have been straightened because the camera likes teeth all even.

"My weight—I was so fat. Of course, I was not fat like this"—puffing out her cheeks. "But I weighed one hundred and eighteen pounds, and now I weigh one hundred and ten pounds, so I will look slim for the camera. I cannot eat the things I like. I must starve myself. I must take exercise. All for the camera. When I finish this picture I am going to give myself a big banquet and eat everything! . . . My eyebrows are changed. I have learned to sing and dance. I have learned to speak English. No, I am not Ketti any more."

It seems almost unbelievable that one person could accomplish so much in seven months. But this is the way she did it:

"I arose at six o'clock every morning," she explained. "My masseuse was waiting to give me exercises and a pounding. At seven o'clock the hairdresser came. I had to have my hair dressed every day because they were making new tests of me, trying new ways of arranging it and also trying out the color. At eight o'clock I had to be at the studio, where my 'professeur' was waiting for me."

Her "professeur" is Margaret Knapp, a well-known New York actress, who has been Ketti's constant companion since her arrival in Hollywood. She has taught her to read and speak English, and coached her in her lines for the picture.

Her Crowded Hours

"AT the studio," Ketti continued, "I had to be made up. Every day they experimented with different kinds of make-up. I made new tests and looked at the tests I had made the day before. I spent two hours with a dancing teacher; I took a singing lesson; and I spent two hours every day at the dentist's.

"Every night I had to go to a picture show. Miss Knapp went with me and at first she had to interpret the dialogue for me. Now I understand everything that is said to me, but I cannot yet speak everything. During my spare time, if I had any, I listened to the radio in order to learn American intonation and pronunciation. English is so difficult!"

You wouldn't imagine that little Ketti had time to become lonely, but she insists that she suffered terribly.

"Mr. Sheehan wanted me to meet many people, as I would have more opportunity to hear and speak English, so I went to parties. But I couldn't understand what they said and every night I cried myself to sleep. I decided to tell Mr. Sheehan that I was too lonesome, that I must go home. Every morning, when I went to the studio, I asked to see Mr. Sheehan so that I could tell him. But when I got into his office, he would always begin to talk about the picture—about how wonderful it would be—about my success. Pretty soon I would be just as enthusiastic as he was and I would think, 'I'll tell him tomorrow about going home.'

Ended Loneliness by a Ruse

"BUT one day I told Mr. Sheehan that I must have my mother here with me or I couldn't stand it another minute. He said my mother couldn't come because he didn't want me to have anyone to speak French with. I told him my mother could speak English and, finally, he let me send for her and she came. I thought I would have time to teach her a few words before he saw her, but he insisted on seeing her right away and when he talked to her, she couldn't understand a thing he said."

Ketti laughed as she described Mr. Sheehan's surprise to learn that he had been fooled.

"You'll have to go to San Francisco and stay until you learn English," he stormed. But Ketti stepped in with a woman's best weapon—tears—and Mr. Sheehan relented. Madame Capot agreed to learn English immediately and Ketti promised to speak no French to her mother.

"Now she speaks English very well," Ketti told me proudly.

But even having her mother with her has not entirely prevented Ketti from being a little bit homesick. She longs to see La Belle France again, her friends, her sister and has been promised a month's vacation so that she can go home for a little holiday.

"But an astrologer told me I would be so busy, making pictures, after I finish 'Marie Galante' that I wouldn't go home for ever so long."

(She is scheduled to begin work almost immediately on "Hell in the Heavens"—the picture version of "The Ace"—co-starring with Warner Baxter.)

How She Got Her Start

EDUCATED in a convent, Ketti had little thought of a stage career until she went to Paris to visit relatives, who introduced her to professional people. Eventually she was given an opportunity to understudy Davia, a leading Paris *vedette*, who was appearing at the Theatre des Capucines. She watched the star's performance every night from the wings. She learned the rôle letter-perfect. She mimicked every gesture and mannerism of the star. Then came a night when Davia was stricken ill and Ketti played the part—played it so well she received an ovation from the audience and the compliments of the manager.

This success at mimicry prompted her to seek appointment to the Conservatoire, where artists for the great national theatres of France are taught. It was there that the London producer found her and put her in "The Ace," which played to packed houses for months at the Lyric Theatre in London. She had learned her rôle by rote, not understanding a word of what she was saying, but she was the hit of the show. It was there that Mr. Sheehan, on his annual talent hunt, spied her and knew he had found his *Marie Galante*.

She is happier now. She can see the results of her day's work in the rushes every evening. She has her mother with her in a lovely Beverly Hills home. She has practically everything that motion picture stars cry for.

She doesn't like the big, burly guard, whom Mr. Sheehan hired to protect her, and who walks up and down in front of her home day and night—"but he is necessaire," she admits philosophically. It is difficult for her to imagine that she might be in danger from kidnapers, but she accepts it as a part of the game.

Since her arrival in Hollywood she has been surrounded by secrecy. No writer could get near her; not a portrait of her was given out until her first picture was in production. The reasons are now obvious. She couldn't speak English, which prevented her from giving interviews. And the pictures of her as she looked a few months ago wouldn't have been pictures of the Ketti Gallian you will see in "Marie Galante."

And there you have Ketti Gallian—the girl who is Hollywood's big surprise of 1934!

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 14*)

would consent to loan him as a leading man for Garbo's "Painted Veil." The home studio wanted to make sure that Brent would not suffer any accident that would hold up production of the film planned for him upon his return. M-G-M agreed to the terms. Brent was prohibited from playing polo and all the other sports in which he might be injured. Due precautions were taken and the insurance policy granted.

The second week of shooting, a mysterious plane hovered over the studio at odd moments of the day. Investigations were ordered and the aviator proved to be Brent. They had forgotten to tell him that flying is dangerous . . . Brent, by the way, under his real name of George Nolan, recently took out American citizenship papers.

How to Lose a Movie Job

BARBARA PEPPER was a Goldwyn chorus girl before she was given a leading rôle in King Vidor's "Our Daily Bread." When time came to start "Kid Millions," the new Eddie Cantor film, Miss Pepper was informed she was a chorus girl again.

In the daily rushes of one of the big chorus numbers, all the girls were shown smiling in the approved manner of chorines. All save one. She wore a pout and a frown. The scene had to be retaken . . . Now, Barbara Pepper doesn't work there any more.

Doubling for Bing Crosby

BING CROSBY was threatened with appendicitis just before starting his new Paramount picture, "Here Is My Heart." By X-ray it was proved that he was in no immediate danger, so production started. Then they couldn't find Bing's stand-in. He was finally located in a hospital. You're right. He had had his appendix out.

Which reminds me that Joe E. Brown has asked for a mouth-in.

Love Will Find a Way

TAKING the "Lives of a Bengal Lancer" troupe on location, the company made definite restrictions against having any women in the camp, because of the large number of unpredictable East Indians playing natives. But four miles away is the Lake Malibu Lodge. There was registered Sandra Shaw Cooper, Gary's bride of less than a year.

Another Silly Feud

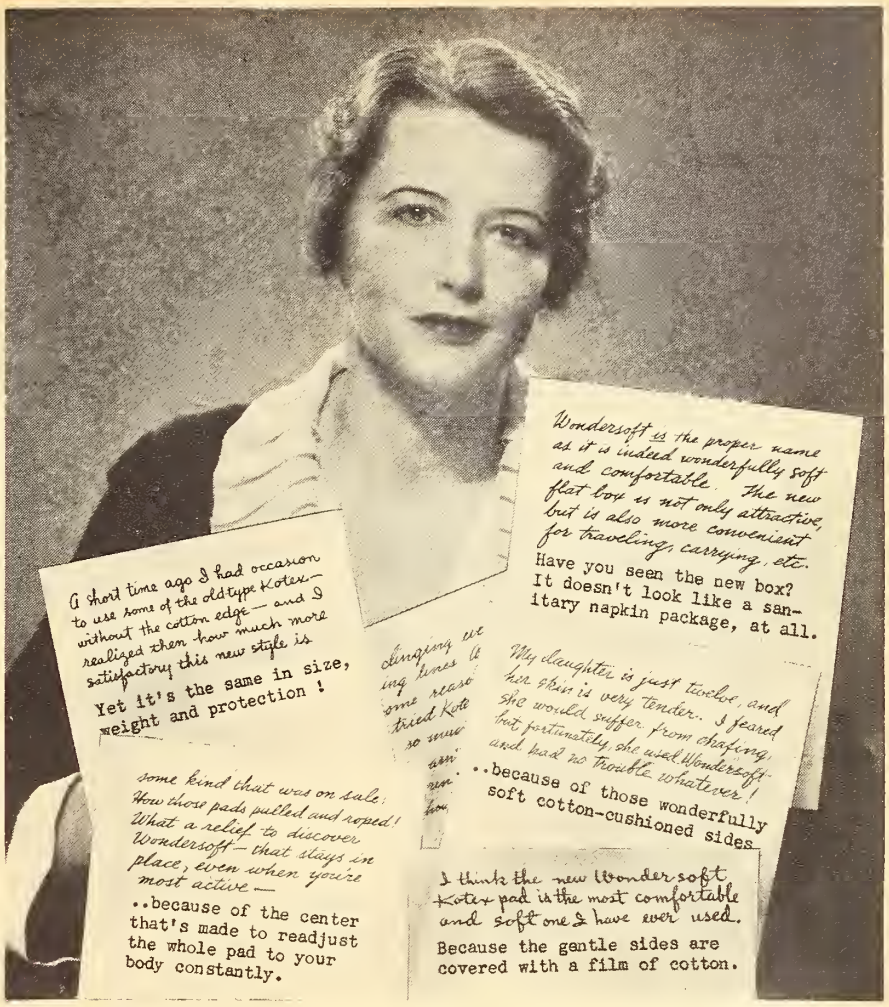
A FEUD has been brewing between Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers ever since they appeared together in "Flying Down to Rio" and it broke out for fair (or foul) during the recent production of "The Gay Divorce," now "The Gay Divorcée." Astaire refused to go to the gallery to have portraits made with Ginger unless RKO paid him for his time. No charge to the studio for portraiture alone. But full salary if Ginger were in the same still picture. No one knows why, except Fred—and (maybe) Ginger.

Just Plane Luck

HIRING an airplane to take "The Merry Widow" for a secret preview in Oakland, executives and members of the company ran into difficulties. It seems that the plane was limited by law to a freight capacity of twenty-five hundred pounds. The pilot looked over the group of passengers and demanded that they be weighed.

Obligingly, Irving Thalberg (the producer), Norma Shearer (his wife), Jeanette MacDonald (the *Widow*), Robert Ritchie

(*Continued on page 89*)



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Mary K. writes me: "the best thing about Wondersoft is that the sides are always dry and next best I like those smooth, flat ends. One can wear any sort of dress and not feel a trace of self-consciousness." Yes, Mary K., this new Kotex gives greater security against soiled lingerie, too.

Notice what some of the users say about Wondersoft Kotex. Then, try it yourself and I am sure you will agree with them.

Mary Pauline Callender

Author of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday"

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Often Deaf, But Not So Dumb —June Knight

(*Continued from page 66*)

favorite song, "Love for Sale." They warned her: "With that voice, you won't even be able to give it away."

"We'll see about that," she snapped back (her hair was red in those days). "Just get somebody to play it for me."

She sang that song—and the following week it was added to their act in the theatre. Two weeks later it was heard by Ziegfeld's scouts and on the strength of it, and her dancing, June was signed up for "Girl Crazy."

On another occasion she told Carl Laemmle, Jr., production head at Universal, that she thought she should have a chance to sing in his prospective production of "Show Boat," thus casting herself in the most sought-after part in pictures, and one that Irene Dunne, Jeanette MacDonald and all the best singing stars of the films have been eyeing for the past two years.

"But, June," protested Junior, "you're a dancer—not a singer."

"You ought to read my contract," suggested the nervy little blonde, who, incidentally, had insisted that her contract be re-written twice, in order that it should specify her as an actress, a dancer and a singer.

Junior, still not convinced that he had a second Jenny Lind in his fold, laughed off her demands, and adroitly changed the subject—a system that usually works perfectly for movie producers. In this case, however, he had reckoned without June. A couple of days later her snow-white car, locally known as the "flying refrigerator," was parked under his window, and he was being serenaded with an accordion and all of Miss Knight's singing personality.

Always Ready for That Break

"I COULDN'T take a piano over there," June explained to me, "so I did the best I could with my accordion. I keep that accordion handy, because I never know just when I'll have a chance to show what I can do."

June's hopes and schemes were not all centered around Junior, either. She had other worlds to conquer. For instance, she felt it would be nice to sing a song in "Wake Up and Dream," the picture she just did with Russ Columbo, whose tragic death occurred only a few days after completion of the picture.

No song had been written into it for June, however, and the director wasn't aware of her vocal talents and aspirations. That is, for a while he wasn't. But that was a condition that could be remedied.

"God didn't give me a good pair of lungs for nothing," June told me. "I had always used them to yell for what I wanted—and now, with my tonsils out of the way, I was going to use them to sing for what I wanted. I didn't dare to sing on the stage when they were shooting, because that would be too easy to see through. So I waited until one day they were shooting outside, near my dressing-room.

"The instant my take was over, I rushed in there and started vocalizing. I hit high 'C' for them, and rang the scales and did a little bit from a couple of songs. Then somebody knocked at my door, and I went into the best song I had. I made them stay there until I had finished it, until they knew what I could do."

"And who was there, June?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know exactly—a supervisor, a couple of assistant directors, and the sound man. They said they couldn't hear their signal bells when I hit the high notes. They were just a little mad—but they heard me sing, all right."

No, June isn't suffering from an inferiority complex.

Often Deaf, But Never Dumb

"I'M not over-burdened with worldly experience and wisdom," says June, "but I've learned that nine-tenths of the formula for getting ahead consists of not being able to hear the word 'No.' They may 'Yes' you to death once you reach the top, but the way up is surely paved with 'No's'—'No's' that you musn't hear, if you want to succeed.

"Anyhow, that's what I believe—because I got it from a good authority. I once heard one of the biggest producers in the country predict failure for a fine actor, because he was willing to take 'No' for an answer. 'I didn't mean "No" when I said it to that fellow,' this producer explained, 'but I meant it as soon as I discovered he would take that for an answer. If he can be discouraged that easily, I don't want him in a show of mine.'

"I'll never forget what that producer said," added June. "Right then and there I made up my mind that I was going to have the grit to fight for what I wanted. The spunk to want something, the nerve to dare to try for it, and the grit to stay with it—that's the combination I've prayed for ever since I was a kid."

And does this girl really mean what she says, and has she lived up to her claims—or is she just talking big for effect?

There are three outstanding facts regarding her known to everyone familiar with her past experiences. *First*, that she is perhaps the hardest worker in Hollywood—sharing with Jean Muir and Joan Crawford the reputation of being at it, every waking hour. *Second*, that misfortune and plain hard luck have dogged her from the cradle. *Third*, that she will tackle anything, and can take it and take it—and then take it some more. Without a shadow of doubt she has taken twice the punishment that fate has meted out to any other player of her age in pictures.

The old-time directors are unanimous in declaring her the perfect type for a serial heroine, as she will attempt anything, and carry on in spite of everything. So it's lucky for June that serials aren't popular these days, or she would probably kill herself in one.

Pain Can't Stop Her

AT the time I visited June on the set, and later took a flying luncheon with her in the studio dining room, she had been out of the hospital two weeks (a record for her, many people claim). That particular day, she was sitting on the back of a truck with Roger Pryor and ill-fated Russ Columbo, and taking a steady bumping that was designed to give the effect of riding over a rough road. Her recent operation had been for adhesions, resulting from a previous operation for appendicitis, and she was under doctors' orders not to do anything strenuous for weeks. Between smiles, she had to grit her teeth.

But that didn't stop June from carrying on, any more than a series of sicknesses, including double pneumonia, scarlet fever, whooping cough, chicken-pox, mastoiditis and infantile paralysis stopped her from being leading lady in a juvenile theatrical company at the age of nine, and in big-time vaudeville at thirteen. In fact, June explains, it was to overcome the effects of

infantile paralysis and weak lungs that the doctors prescribed dancing for little Margaret Rose Valliquette at the age of three years.

"This dancing led to my future work," says June, "and to my first big tragedy. I was only twelve when I started to work in a prologue at the Million Dollar Theatre in Los Angeles. I'll never forget that engagement, because Rudolph Valentino was appearing there in connection with his picture, 'The Son of the Sheik.'

"It was there that he had the accident that many claim was really responsible for his death. We were all on the stage, and Valentino started to go down the narrow stairs at the edge of the stage. He lost his balance, half-turned, and fell into the orchestra, right on top of the big bass violin. I was one of the first to reach him. The sharp top of the big violin had pierced his side. I helped pick him up.

"After that engagement I went on the road for Fanchon and Marco, and at thirteen I was head line-girl for them. Then came more vaudeville work, and my joining the dance team of Holland and Knight, and taking the name of June Knight. While I was dancing at the 'Cocoanut Grove' and appearing in vaudeville, I was also dance-doubling in the movies. I doubled for Sally Eilers in the Dunn and Eilers picture, 'Dance Team,' and for Greta Garbo in her dance scenes in 'Mata Hari.'"

"All in a Lifetime"

DURING the next three years June raced back and forth between California and New York and Florida, playing in vaudeville and appearing in such shows as "Girl Crazy" and "Take a Chance," and in such pictures as "Ladies Must Live" and "Cross Country Cruise" and yet finding time to appear at the World's Fair and be elected Queen of the American Legion. Also, she found time to step back into her rôle as champion hard-luck girl with a severe attack of laryngitis and three operations—one for appendicitis, another for the removal of four impacted wisdom teeth and the third to take out a pair of badly infected tonsils. And according to the records, she was only twenty-one last January.

Outside of her childhood troubles and an emergency operation for adhesions (which jerked her out of the lead in "Romance in the Rain" and put Heather Angel in her place) and the incidentals mentioned above, June has never really had anything the matter with her.

Yet, in spite of how old Dame Hard-Luck camps persistently in her front yard, June Knight is probably the most optimistic and ambitious girl in Hollywood. Her whole life is made up of what she is going to do next—and what she is going to accomplish in pictures.

"I've been carved like a Thanksgiving turkey," grins June. "But it's all in a lifetime, and now there's not much else left to happen to me, and I'll probably reach a ripe old age with nothing more than a toothache to worry me. And you can lay your last dollar that I'm not going to tread softly for fear of what might happen. I'm going to be so busy getting the things I want that from now on I won't have time to be sick."

Two of those things June already has: a fine part in "Wake Up and Dream," and a millionaire boy-friend. Paul Ames, Stephen's brother, is seldom out of June's sight—or *vice versa*. Whether it is on the lot where June is working or out in Paul's lovely beach home, you'll find this young couple working and playing together—planning June's future and sharing her present.

And Paul supervises everything, from June's diet to her fan mail. Anyhow, they have a great time together—and June's success is their mutual goal.

The Comfort I declined so long

"I don't know why I refused so long to believe that Midol might help me, unless it was because I had tried so many things that never did. But I'm thankful I *did* try it, about two years ago, and haven't had a severe time since I learned to rely on this form of relief."

Some such endorsement could truthfully be given by numbers of women who have found, sooner or later, that Midol does relieve periodic pain. In many cases, these tablets have spared women even any discomfort at this time; nearly all receive definite relief.

Perhaps you have feared to take anything that acts as quickly, but don't be afraid of its speed! Midol is *not* a narcotic. Midol is quite as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache.

Should you decide to try this remarkable form of relief for periodic pain, remember the name of this special medicine—and remember that Midol *is* a special medicine for this special purpose. Do not take instead, some tablet that is made for aches and pains in general, and expect the same results. Ask the druggist for *Midol*. Do this today, and be prepared!

J-1

An Invitation

to try it without expense; just mail this to Midol, 170 Varick St., N. Y., and get trial box free.

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Adjustable to any position!

You can clamp this beautiful FARBERWARE ADJUSTO-LITE to your bed — chair — dressing table — bathroom mirror. It puts light just where you want it — protecting eyes, eliminating eye-strain. Made of solid brass — *guaranteed for 5 years!* A perfect gift for everyone.

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Yes! Now you can fill out those ugly hollows—add firm, rounded flesh just where you need it—develop lovely shapelliness. Let me send you my new easy method to try.

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No longer need you be embarrassed by a thin, scrawny, unwomanly form! No longer need you be ashamed to be seen in a bathing suit or clinging gown. Here at last is a safe, easy way to develop a stunning figure—to gain those fascinating, swelling curves—to firm and strengthen flabby, sagging tissues.

Just Give Me 10 Days

Let me prove that I can give you the full, womanly development that is so smart and attractive. My wonderful method takes just a few minutes a day in the privacy of your own home. See the marvelous things it does for your figure! Take advantage of my big bargain offer now: Send only $1.00 and I will mail you my delightful home treatment, including Instructions and special massaging Cream. Try it 10 days. Your dollar back if you are not delighted! Write today, enclosing $1.00.

JOAN MORGAN, Dept. K-11
6811 Fifth Ave., Brooklyn, New York

"If I Were King of Hollywood—"

(*Continued from page 63*)

Why-of-Things right off the royal list of headaches. I'd issue an Edict: 'There IS no Why-of-Things!'

"Then I'd kill off all my competitors who don't give people anything to laugh at except wisecracks that someone else thought up for them. This might seem like I'd be a crool sovereign, sort of Romanoffish or stand-offish or something. Well, mebbe. But what's the use of being a King if you can't execute your rivals? Don't they all? At any rate, and at the least, I'd exile 'em to Siberia, where full many a wisecracker would languish under a bushel of chin whiskers and have nothing to keep the wolves from his door except wisecracks. If Hitler were still in power, I'd consider making Eddie Cantor the Ambassador to Germany. Boy, would that appointment make a hit! I'd order Will Rogers to turn Republican. Or may be I'd order all the Republicans to become Will Rogerses.

"I'd drown all the female comics, taking my cue from China, where *all* females are considered potential comics—and aren't given champagne to drown in, either. The Chinese have the right idea. The only one I'd spare would be Zasu Pitts.

"I'd set a trap for Mickey Mouse 'cause he's cuttin' in on my publicity and then I'd commandeer his salary and raise my own by several thou' a week. By so edicting, the exchequer would grow apace. I'd adopt Shirley Temple and Jackie Cooper and Cora Sue Collins and David Holt and live on the revenues of the child labor thereof.

"I'd give fifty lashes to every man, woman and child who didn't laugh at me in 'Shoot the Works' and I'd have laughing machines installed in every theatre where my pictures are shown. They'd be geared to laugh only when I was on the silver sheet.

Would Make Comfort Compulsory

"I'D put all the boys like Gable and Powell and Kruger and Chevalier in sweat-shirts and they'd feel comfortable and look it.

"I'd call a special session of Parliament and appeal to the masses to silence by cutlasses, stink-bombs and other suitable methods all blonde stars who say 'Hulloa, everybody, wish you were here' over the mike at premy-aires.

"I wouldn't let any beauties hide behind smoked glasses—not even to protect themselves from autograph-hunters. Because there wouldn't be any signature-snatchers in my Utopian realm.

"I'd buy All Rights to Otto Kruger. I'd reduce Mae West's curves to straighter lines and thus make the world safe for dame-ocracy and okay for Oakie. I'd put Katy Hepburn on a fattening diet of suet, starch and cream. I'd shout, 'No, no, and a thousand times NO!' to Cecil B. DeMille, the Knight of the Bath.

"I'd have a swell palace. I'd take over the Harold Lloyd estate, Pickfair, one or two of Marion Davies' little residencias and run 'em all together like a chain of hotels. Then I'd buy up a few swimming pools and put Johnny Weissmuller in charge of 'em. I'd open a radio station and give the air only to those who don't need audiences to be entertaining. I'd have Bing Crosby to sing for me and I'd protect posterity by entailing his job on his sons. I'd spot Bing-Bing, instead of a radio, in a corner and keep him going day and night, without intermission.

"I wouldn't *live* in my palace. I'd go down to Lew Cody's place, where I always felt at home, and buy that. I'd keep the court in perpetual mourning for Lew, and Lil Tashman and Marie Dressler and Dorothy Dell, if I were King.

Mae Could Queen It

"I'D make Mae West my Queen. Yes sir, Mae would be sittin' right up there 'longside o' me and I'd rake a broadside at any rival King who looked Queenwise—and that would go for Winchell, too. Yes'm, Mae would be right there on the throne, wearin' the diamonds and the ermine (which I wouldn't have to buy because she has 'em already) and feelin' right at home. And how *I'd* feel would be the King's business and none of your proletariat nosiness. I wouldn't even tell a magazine writer!

"I'd make some moom pitchers, too, just to keep my hand in, and I'd do the things I really want to do—the farm-boy parts like 'Elmer the Great' and others. I'd have Claudette Colbert as my leading lady in every picture I'd make—I'd have her for the huggin' and kissin' parts—and I'd cast Mary Brian as my perpetual ingénue. I'd take a fling at the theatre, too, and those that didn't pick up their rain-checks would be pickin' up their heads.

"I would issue a proclamation against having folks ask me why I'm late for this or that appointment. I'm running out of excuses and, besides, I'm Tired of It All. I'd abolish clocks, wrist-watches, bridge games, backgammon, ping-pong, potato races, Pin-the-Tail-on-the-Donkey and other Hollywood sports and just *relax*.

"I'd have a bar installed on every set in every studio in this, my realm of Hollywood, and I'd have Gary Cooper, W. C. Fields and Bing Crosby as attendants, with Lee Tracy as official bouncer.

"I'd give Spencer Tracy—my buddy in 'Looking for Trouble'—a big build-up and keep him busy giving command performances. That guy can't give a bad performance and always gives a good one.

Fields Would Be the Jester

"I'D appoint Bill Fields as my Court Jester, if I were King. I'd have him on hand with his cigar boxes and tennis balls and let him juggle away the cares of State. I'd have breakfast with W. C. every morning because when you go to his house in the morning and say you haven't had breakfast, he always leads the way right to the bar and says, 'Step right in—I'm thirsty, too.'

"I'd appoint Stu Erwin as my Most Privy Counselor. I'd appoint Toby Wing as my social secretary—my date 'fixer.' I'd make my mother the Dowager Queen and I'd *still* be the Jack of Hearts who stole the cookies!

"I'd make two takes of every scene I do on the screen and only two and any director who made mention of a third—him I'd take for a ride. I'd keep on working because it is my dream to make good pictures for to please the kiddies with.

"I'd get married and have heirs and heiresses to the throne. For less than the presentation of royal quintuplets, to the Tower would my good Queen go. I'd page Charlie Laughton and order him to summon the royal executioner, yclept Boris Karloff.

"I'd marry Mary Brian if she didn't marry Dick Powell. I've often said to Mary, 'Look here, why don't you marry me and become the mother of a genius?'

"Yea, verily—if I were King of Hollywood, I'd be the Good King John in this year of our Lordly Producers, 1934——*OAKIE, REX.*"

From West to Westerns

(*Continued from page 31*)

who glorified a soap. Her picture in a thousand different poses and in a hundred different magazines, newspapers and posters, strengthened the national parental morale when it came to "Wash your neck and ears and don't forget your elbows!" Nothing could be cleaner than a cake of soap as background for a career. Against the alluridness of parts played by silken sirens, Madge Evans didn't have a chance at stardom.

Now the tables are turned, and, as the silken sirens' careers (momentarily, at least) go into eclipse, M-G-M is enthusiastically starring Madge Evans.

Gail Patrick's experience is similar to that of Miss Evans'. She is talented and beautiful, with the charm of a nice sorority girl, typical of most of the kid sisters of America. But America would give a hoot of derision if its kid sister donned greasepaint and attempted to portray the gentle art of man-baiting in competition with *Diamond Lil.* So Gail had the heart-breaking experience of playing comparatively small parts until finally Paramount failed to take up her option, and her place in the cinematic scheme of things seemed lost definitely. Now, "Goodness has everything to do with it, dearie," and she has been yanked back from oblivion and given a long-term contract.

It's An Ill Wind That—

GOOD luck in Hollywood for one person nearly always means disaster for someone else. Any change in this ever-changing town means tragedy, and usually it is undeserved tragedy for someone. There are a number of stars, perfectly sedate and conventional in their private lives, who have risen to the top on the appeal of highly colored tales. These women are *actresses.* They can play types entirely foreign to themselves, and make them convincing because they possess that intangible something called glamour, or sex appeal. The public is accustomed to seeing these actresses portray parts of a certain type. It is not likely that all of them will be so intriguing in rôles scrubbed lily-white. And there is small room for them in the Western series.

Imagine Jean Harlow riding range! Picture Norma Shearer reduced to the negative rôle of heroine in a nice, clean, football film! Feature Constance Bennett roping a bucking bronco! Or Mae West as a lonesome cowgirl who could look at the moon till the cows come home!

It can't be done.

Not that these glamourous gals couldn't give good performances, but even the brilliant make-up artists of Hollywood cannot make them look like Cactus Kates. Take a moment off, and try to visualize the stars whose stock-in-trade is glamour, and who never have stepped foot off a set, all rigged out in pants and boots, jolted around on horses, bitten by mosquitoes, and stung by wind and dust merely for the sake of art and clean pictures. Think of Marlene Dietrich in a cowboy story. You just can't lean against a horse.

No Tom Mixes in This Group

THEN consider the plight of William Powell, Franchot Tone, Robert Montgomery, and Leslie Howard. What figures these suave gentlemen would cut in "chaps" and ten-gallon sombreros, riding hell-bent for election after those mean old rustlers, Maurice Chevalier, Edward Everett Horton, Dick Powell and Frank Morgan. Obviously, these valuable contract players cannot participate in the great back-to-the-range movement now taking place on the polished desks of Hollywood executives.

(*Continued on page 87*)

OUT COMES YOUR LOVELIEST SMILE

when your teeth lose the 7 stains

A MAN just isn't human if he doesn't respond to a lovely smile . . .

And a great big part of the loveliness of any smile is—white, sparkling teeth.

"I know that," you may say, "but my teeth are naturally dull."

Listen closely—here's grand news.

Dull teeth *aren't* "naturally dull." They're merely *stained*—and tests show that Colgate's Dental Cream, with its two cleansing actions, removes all stains and leaves teeth beautifully white and gleaming!

How teeth become stained

Science now knows that everything you eat and drink and smoke stains your teeth! Seven different kinds of stains, in all.

At first, these stains are no more than tiny deposits, invisible to the naked eye. But if not removed completely, they gradually "build up" into a definite dullness—hiding the real beauty of your teeth!

Why Colgate's can succeed where others fail

The trouble with many toothpastes is that they leave some stains behind. But try Colgate's—the toothpaste that's especially made to remove all 7. Unlike most toothpastes, Colgate's has two distinct actions—not just one. First, a penetrating foam washes away many of the stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes all the others, and in addition, polishes teeth to a brilliant lustre.

Double Your Money Back If—

Try one tube of Colgate's Dental Cream. If, when it's gone, it hasn't made your teeth whiter, your smile brighter than any toothpaste you've ever used . . . send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J., and *twice what you paid for the toothpaste,* plus postage, will be mailed to you.

READ FREE OFFER BELOW

WOMEN'S GREATEST POWER

depends on lovely eyes

THIS is your opportunity to glorify your eyes, to have long, lovely lashes. Here's the way used by smart women everywhere. So easy, so inexpensive. Just a magic touch with Winx, the super-mascara.

You'll never realize the power of beautiful eyes until you try Winx—my perfected formula of mascara that keeps lashes soft, alluring. Your eyes—framed with Winx lashes—will have new mystery, new charm, I promise you.

So safe—smudge-proof, non-smarting, tear-proof—Winx is refined to the last degree. Yet so quick to apply—a morning application lasts until bed-time.

Millions of women prefer Winx to ordinary mascara. New friends are adopting Winx every day. Without delay, you, too, should learn the easy art of having lustrous Winx lashes. Just go to any toilet counter and buy Winx. Darken your lashes—note the instant improvement.

To introduce Winx to new friends, note my trial offer below. Note, too, my Free Booklet offer, "Lovely Eyes—How to Have Them". I not only tell of the care of lashes, but also what to do for eyebrows, how to use the proper eye-shadow, how to treat "crow's feet", wrinkles, etc. . . . LOUISE ROSS.

For Lovely Eyes

WINX

Darkens lashes perfectly

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Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

If you also want a generous trial package of Winx Mascara, enclose 10c, checking whether you wish ☐ Black or ☐ Brown.

Joan Crawford—Good Samaritan

(*Continued from page 32*)

sought him out to confirm the facts that I had already gleaned, here, there and everywhere, he made me promise that I would not reveal his name. That's the promise that I am breaking.

A Promise Joan Made to Herself

LET'S turn back the clock. The time is 1926; the scene is a meagerly furnished doctor's office; the players are a young actress who is struggling for livelihood and recognition, and a young doctor, who is fighting for a foothold in his profession. Both are poor, ardent, and given to dreaming brave and beautiful dreams.

Watching the swift play of emotion that animates the girl's mobile features, the doctor remarks, calmly yet with emphasis: "Some day, you will be one of the brightest stars in pictures!"

Her face lights with pleasure, for she knows that in a town steeped in meaningless flattery, she has heard the expression of an honest conviction.

"*If* that prediction comes true—if ever I *am* a star," she replies, "I shall share my good fortune with those who need it. I want to do something worth while for people . . ."

The girl was Joan Crawford; the doctor was William Branch.

The years flew by, and both scaled the ladder of success. True to his prediction, Joan became a featured player, then a leading woman, and, finally, a star—certainly, one of the greatest in pictures. Meanwhile, his clientele grew by leaps and bounds; eventually, he became known as one of the outstanding physicians and surgeons on the Pacific Coast. Through the years, their friendship was firm. She sent him clients; he gave her understanding and advice.

But, with success, Dr. William Branch grew dissatisfied, self-critical. He repeatedly asked himself this question: "Am I going on forever, mollycoddling the rich for the sake of fat fees—or am I going to be an honest servant of humanity, giving my services without question of pay to anyone and everyone who needs me . . .?" Money—that was the stumbling block. He had not amassed wealth, despite his success. He could donate his time and his skill—but how could he pay for the hospitalization of his needy patients?

So They Started a Clinic

WHILE he pondered the question, Joan came to his office. "Do you remember the day, eight years ago, when you predicted I would be a star—and do you remember the promise I made then?" she asked. "I want to keep it now. I want the money that is being showered on me to benefit others. I want to centralize my charities. How can I do it?"

"Fine!" shouted Bill Branch. "We're going to start a clinic!"

And that's how Rooms 351 and 353 were born.

Dr. Branch donates his services; Joan pays all the hospital expense. The rooms are leased permanently from the Hollywood Hospital, and, at all times, are ready to receive patients. A third two-bed ward is to be added immediately.

No questions are asked regarding a patient's race, creed, social standing or wealth. Rooms 351 and 353 are waiting for ex-millionaires or for social outcasts. "Are you ill? Do you need a doctor's care? Are you unable to pay at the moment?" Those queries comprise the entire questionnaire.

During the past eight months, the two wards have been occupied constantly. Dr. Branch has donated his services for fifty major operations, countless minor surgeries, innumerable medical cases! Cancer, appendicitis, basal fracture, gall-stones, tumors—all the long list of human woes have passed, and are passing, through the clean, white rooms numbered 351 and 353. Payment? Oh, some day . . . if you happen to find it convenient. Never . . . unless you are able. Don't bother about it—just get well, *that's* what matters! That's what Rooms 351 and 353 are for!

Try to Help in Two Ways

"IT'S just as important to salvage a man's pride as to repair his body," declare Dr. Branch and Joan Crawford. "There are people who are down on their luck, without friends, without funds. Sometimes they would rather die than go to the county hospital and admit their state. Those people are our patients!"

There was a man—why call his name?—who came to Southern California from Chicago with a cool half-million as a retirement fund. He was in his fifties, still able to work, but content to quit and live in comfort with his family on his savings. The stock-market crash left him a pauper. He tried for three years to obtain work—manual labor, *anything*—and couldn't. Finding the wherewithal to eat became a terrifying problem. Nominally, he owned a mansion, but the threat of immediate foreclosure hung over it. He had a ninety-thousand-dollar life insurance policy, but it would be canceled within a week or two for non-payment of premiums.

And then, he suddenly found himself the victim of agonizing pains in his right side. He suspected appendicitis, but went to bed without mentioning his fears to his family. He lay there for four days, sweating with horrible pain. Through mutual acquaintances, word of his condition reached Joan, and, through her, Dr. Branch. A hasty examination revealed general peritonitis—the man's appendix had burst days before. He was rushed to the hospital.

He refused an operation. "Look at the thing sensibly," he said. "I can't pay—and even if I could, why should my life be saved? If I die now, my family will collect my insurance and they can save the house and live comfortably. It's the only way out. I'm through! My nerve's gone!"

Finally, he consented. He had less than a fifty-fifty chance of recovery. Seven operations were performed before he was out of danger. Every day, Joan sent him flowers and a message of cheer, as she sends flowers to all those who live, briefly, in her two hospital rooms. To-day, he is back on his feet, working and making a living. They saved his body—and saved his self-respect. Can you wonder if that man worships Joan Crawford and Dr. William Branch?

Good Samaritans Not Choosey

AND there was a little "extra" girl . . . and there was the wife of a penniless, out-of-work gardener . . . and there was a former newspaperman . . . and there was a prostitute. . . . You see both sides of human nature when you try to be a Good Samaritan. And Joan, sensitive, sympathetic and forever trustful, is quick to respond to gratitude, quick to be crushed by the lack of it.

There was a girl who suffered from a mental disorder. Her parents, their funds exhausted in caring for her, appealed to Joan as a last resort. She sent them to Dr. Branch—and I saw her cry when they tried

to express to her their gratitude. Through her tears she told me how happy such appreciation made her.

And then, on the other hand, there was a man who tried to capitalize on her sympathy. She sent his desperately ill wife to Dr. Branch and loaned him money, only to discover that he regarded his benefactress as an "easy mark." He later left this message with her maid: "Tell Miss Crawford I need one hundred and fifty dollars. I'll be around for the check tomorrow."

A few months ago, you read in MOVIE CLASSIC the story of the hopelessness and helplessness of Edwina Booth, who played the *White Goddess* in "Trader Horn." She contracted a mysterious jungle malady on the long location trip in Africa, and for two years has lain in pain in a darkened room. With her family in actual want, there has been no money for hospitalization, for expert medical treatment for Edwina. The sequel of that story is: Joan Crawford and Dr. William Branch have given her "the chance to live" . . .

People are learning about Rooms 351 and 353, and now there's never a week or a day that doesn't bring its tide of applicants. Sufferers write to Joan—and Joan gives their names to Dr. Branch, who investigates their needs.

She gives him the credit; he passes it back to her. She pronounces his name in a tone that tells you that in her eyes he is vested with God-like qualities; he says: "Joan is the most sincere woman I have ever known, and the greatest-hearted; she can't see a sick kitten without wanting to help it back to health and crying over its suffering . . ."

Now, they are dreaming of an experimental farm, large enough to accommodate everyone who needs their aid. Their dreams have a way of becoming fact.

Hollywood is very proud of Rooms 351 and 353! So proud that I feel justified in breaking one little promise.

From West to Westerns

(*Continued from page 85*)

But, there is a brighter side to the story. Paramount let out Randolph Scott a year ago. It didn't know what to do with him, for at that time, the Westerns in which he had appeared to advantage were at low ebb. Now they have snatched him back for three Zane Grey stories. On the Paramount list are "Wagon Wheels," with Scott, Gail Patrick and Monte Blue; "Code of the West," with Scott, Miss Patrick, Kent Taylor and Jackie Coogan, and "The Vanishing Pioneer."

George O'Brien has just been signed for a series of Westerns by Sol Lesser, featuring Zane Grey yarns. At RKO-Radio, another Zane Grey story, "West of the Pecos," is on schedule, and Francis Lederer will appear in a tale based upon the life of that swaggering figure of early California days, Joaquin Murietta. Columbia is making enthusiastic plans for another series of Tim McCoy Westerns, the first of which is "Wolves of Cat Claw." Ken Maynard, who was glumly prophesying the end of the screen cowboy a year ago, is planning a large output this year.

All the stories by Harold Bell Wright, James Oliver Curwood and Zane Grey are being taken off the shelves and dusted. And the fire-plugs along Poverty Row no longer are decorated by bored cowboys, waiting for jobs to turn up. They're all out wrangling themselves into costumes. And story editors are frantically reading everything from "Little Rollo on the Range" to "The Cowboy's Lament." And having a hard time finding enough Westerns to go around.

By *Lady Esther*

13 Out of 20 Women

Use the Wrong Shade of Face Powder and as a Result, Look Years Older Than They Really Are!

Think of the many times a day you powder your face. And all the time you may be only succeeding in making yourself look years older than you really are!

It's an actual fact, as you can readily demonstrate, that the wrong shade of face powder can add years to your looks. Just as the wrong color hat or dress can make you look dowdy and years older than your age, so can the wrong shade of face powder make you look worn and faded, and, apparently, years older.

It's a shame, the women who are innocent victims of the wrong choice of face powder shades! Otherwise pretty, young and fresh-looking, they actually, if unknowingly, make themselves look years older than is their age.

Are You Being Fooled?

Is the shade of face powder you are using making you look your youngest and freshest or is it making you look years older than you really are? It all depends on how you choose your shade. It's a "snare and delusion" to choose a face powder shade simply on the basis of type.

A brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a very dark one. Moreover, to try to match any tone of skin is practically impossible, for there are endless variations of white, ivory and olive skin.

A face powder shade should be chosen, *not* to match any particular type, but to *flatter* one. What would be the most flattering to one shade of brunette skin might be utterly devastating to another. Therefore, the thing to do, regardless of your coloring, is to try *all* the five fundamental shades which color experts agree meet the demands of all skins.

Your Shade Is One of These Five

Lady Esther Face Powder is made in the required five basic shades. One of these shades you will find to be the most flattering to *you!* One will instantly set you forth at your best, emphasize your every good point and make you look your most youthful and freshest.

But I don't ask you to accept my word for this. I say: Prove it at my expense. So I offer to send you, entirely without cost or obligation, a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

When you get the five shades, try each one before your mirror. Don't try to pick your shade in advance. *Try all five!* Just the one you would least suspect may prove the most flattering for you. Thousands of women have written to tell me they have been amazed with this test.

Stays on for Four Hours—Ends Shiny Nose

When you make the shade test with Lady Esther Face Powder, note too how exquisitely soft and smooth it is. It is utterly free from anything like grit. It is also a *clinging* face powder! By actual test it will stay on for four hours and look fresh and lovely all the time. In every way, as you can see for yourself, Lady Esther Face Powder excels anything ever known in face powder.

Write Today! Just mail the coupon or a penny postcard. By return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

FREE

(*You can paste this on a penny postcard*)

Lady Esther (8)
2014 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(*If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.*)

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Compare YOUR Figure
WITH
Lovely Lilian Bond's
Height, 5'4" **Weight, 116 lbs.**
Bust 34" **Waist, 25"**

Start To-Day and REDUCE!

● Don't envy the lovely, slender figures of the beautiful movie stars — you, yourself, can now safely banish excess fat — enjoy better health — look and feel years younger — just take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in a glass of hot water first thing in the morning.

● Kruschen is not just **one** salt as some people ignorantly believe—rather it's a superb blend of six separate healthful salts based on an average analysis of over 22 European Spas whose superb medicinal waters physicians for years have prescribed for overweight patients. Kruschen, being first of all a **health** treatment—it can't possibly harm you and a jar that lasts 4 weeks costs only a few cents at any drugstore.

Kruschen Salts
AT ALL DRUGGISTS
"IT'S the LITTLE DAILY DOSE that DOES IT" . . . .

Laugh AT "OLD MAN WINTER"

Protect your health with Indera Figurfit (Coldpruf) Knit Slips. Laugh at winter's cold in style and comfort.

Knit by a special process, these slips lie smooth and close-fitting beneath most dainty frocks without bunching or crawling of skirt. They keep warmth in and cold out.

Beautiful colors, easy to launder, no ironing necessary. Exclusive STA-UP shoulder straps.

Insist upon Indera Slips for best prices and highest quality.

Choice of cotton, wool mixtures, rayon and wool, 100% wool worsted, silk and worsted. Sizes for women, misses and children.

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It Pays to Advertise —

(*Continued from page 65*)

Memento from Maurice

BUT it isn't terribly unusual in Hollywood to see the donor's name on a gift. They seem to provide the best chance of all for a little modest advertising. On the completion of "The Merry Widow," Maurice Chevalier gave every member of the cast a cigarette lighter with "Maurice" engraved on it. Just a little something for them to remember him by (as if they could ever forget him).

Grace Moore gave handsome mementoes to the cast of "One Night of Love." Most of them were silver—silver cigarette cases, silver cigarette lighters, et cetera. To her cameraman, she gave a stunning "recipe" cocktail shaker, affectionately inscribed to Whitey Schaeffer from Grace Moore. And all the gifts were delicately engraved with her name.

James Gleason owns a most unusual cigarette case, which was a gift to him from his wife. In the case of this case, the procedure is reversed a bit—for it bears the monograms, names and insignias of his most intimate friends. Jimmie does not ask these famous friends if he may put their autographs on his cigarette case, but they ask him if they might be allowed to do so, at their own expense. If you get to be a good enough friend of Jimmie's, you just ask if you may borrow his cigarette case for a day or two, and when you bring it back, it has your name or "symbol" on it!

Thelma Todd is the latest star to develop a sideline to acting, with her name in big letters in front of her place of business. In Thelma's case, it is a "sidewalk café." (See photo on page 37.) Not only keeping her name before the public, Thelma is capitalizing on it. And why not? Wouldn't you do the same in her place? Other stars have flower shops, antique shops, dress shops, haberdasheries, markets, parking spaces, resort ranches. Several stars have had commercial products named after them. Raquel Torres has her perfume especially made for her, with her name on the bottle—and when acquaintances really coax her, she can get them a bottle or two of it, too!

Lilian's Monogram on Ermine

LILIAN HARVEY once showed me her most luxurious ermine coat. It is ankle-length (and that means a lot of ermine) and is trimmed with six silver foxes. On the lining of the coat, right where the coat flaps open as she walks, there is embroidered one of the most tremendous monograms I have ever seen. Even Lilian had to laugh about it—and then said it was there in case the coat was lost or stolen. (Of course, they always leave the lining in a stolen coat?) Adrienne Ames has her name spelled out in exquisite embroidery across the corners of all her handkerchiefs. But how about the star who gave handkerchiefs to her friends at Christmastime, and all the handkerchiefs were embroidered with *her* name, not with the names of those who received them?

I have an actor-friend who once received a personal gift at Christmastime from a certain star, with "Season's Greetings from ——" on it—and he was resentful. But I felt that it was mostly because he was an actor that he resented it, as all actors are in competition with all other actors. Perhaps he was just peeved because he hadn't thought of it first and hadn't been able to grab off a little advertising for himself. If that gift had been bestowed on any of us fans, it would have been a different story altogether. We would have been displaying it with seeming nonchalance, just to show off that this star was a friend of ours!

Colleen Moore has spent several years and many thousands of dollars in collecting miniature furnishings for a most elaborate doll house, which she intends to take around the country on display. The money that it earns, at ten or fifteen cents a look, will go to charity. The attention the exhibit gets will go to herself.

Probably the most successful bit of personal advertising is something that Carl Brisson instigated in England. At the request of many ardent fans, this Danish star, whom you saw first in this country in "Murder at the Vanities," organized a Carl Brisson fan club. He gave away goodness-knows-how-many badges, which are in the shape of a sheep-dog's head, with Carl Brisson's name on it. Carl owns some famous sheep-dog kennels over there, and a sheep-dog's head is his "symbol." Thus half the youngsters in England (or maybe I am exaggerating) go around advertising Mr. Carl Brisson (and his kennels). In this country, there are literally millions of boys who have signed up as Buck Jones Rangers.

Several stars have got their names on books. Will Rogers' literary adventures as an Ambassador-at-Large and Congressman-at-Large are still widely read. Eddie Cantor comes out almost yearly with a humorous tome. Elissa Landi's third (or is it her fourth?) novel is now in the book stalls. Charlie Chaplin has written and published his memoirs. Mary Pickford has written and published her first short story. Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. is a frequent contributor to the magazines. Gloria Stuart is coming out with a book of poetry.

Laurel and Hardy on a Coin

NOT all of the stars, however, have organized this fan-worship themselves. Didn't Sweden bring out a stamp in honor of Greta Garbo? But an even more unusual honor came to Laurel and Hardy last year through no efforts of their own. Czechoslovakia, where they are very popular, brought out a national coin—it was copper and worth a few cents, I believe—with a picture of Laurel on one side, and a picture of Hardy on the other! Yes, really.

You see, Laurel and Hardy have even more of a following in European countries than they have here, and, incidentally, they are known by many names other than their own. For example, throughout Latin America, they are known as "El Gordo y El Flaco"—meaning "The Fat and the Lean." In Germany they are called "Dick und Dof," which means "Fat and Dumb." Sweden knows them as "Helan och Halvan" which, translated, means "A Stimulating Aperitif"! And so on, and on. But Czechoslovakia really did right by them when she put them on a coin! Laurel and Hardy, doing a Ken Maynard, have put their pictures on their stationery.

Strangely enough, of the many stars who own yachts, few call their boats by their own names. As a matter of fact, the only one I could find which was named after its owner was the one sailed by Richard Arlen and his wife, the former Jobyna Ralston. The boat is called *Jobyna R.*

I can't help thinking that maybe the stars have missed a trick or two here.

On the other hand, maybe they want to use their boats as hide-outs only—to sneak away to smoother waters for a rest and a change. For even the stars will admit that, at times, there can be such a thing as too much publicity! It sounds doubtful, in the face of the many things revealed in this article . . . but then you can't blame a star if, once in a while, he does get Tired of It All!

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 81*)

(her manager-fiancé), Ernst Lubitsch (the director) and others stepped upon the scales. Their total weight came to 2244 pounds and the film to 250 more. By six pounds they were within legal limit, so the pilot agreed to take off. It wasn't until their return trip that anybody bothered to count the passengers—which was fortunate for the superstitiously minded. There were thirteen!

Ziegfeld Girls, New Crop

THERE has been a regular stampede of chorus girls trying out for jobs in "The Great Ziegfeld" (starring William Powell) at Universal. The glamour attached to being called a Ziegfeld Beauty is still great. And if these kids are really too young to have been original Glorified Girls, the least they can do is to bask in reflected glory.

Mystery Set

SOME weeks ago, the picture was finished. Yet they continue to work upon one set of "The Gay Divorcée." Technicians visit it daily, stand around viewing it, scratch their heads in bewilderment, then go back to their offices and try to figure out the mystery on paper. On the screen, this set proved to have third dimensional effects. No one has been able to find out why. So the set will be kept standing until they do.

What's the Difference?

FRANCIS LEDERER, staunch advocate of peace that he is, found one line in the dialogue of "Pursuit of Happiness" that he could not force himself to say. The line read, "For that, I would fight." It took several editorial conferences and many disputes before the line was changed. It became, "For that, I would argue."

Wedding Belles

WE had another bull market in marriages last month—several were elopements to Yuma. The one least suspected united Heather Angel, petite British star, with a fellow-countryman, Ralph Forbes, former husband of Ruth Chatterton. It had been a whirlwind courtship of six weeks. (See detailed story on page 40.—Ed.)

Marian Nixon also hopped off to Yuma with William Seiter, the director—after denying an engagement four days previously, when her divorce from Edward Hillman, Jr., was becoming final. Onslow Stevens was another Yumaite, taking with him Phyllis Cooper, daughter of a local banker.

Adolphe Menjou and Veree Teasdale said "I do's" in a Judge's office in Los Angeles without pomp or ceremony. (See detailed story on page 36.—Ed.) But it was a very formal wedding for Eddie Buzzell, the director, and Sara Clark, wealthy society girl.

Getting the Papers

THERE were two divorces. The Conrad Nagels were officially declared two in Mexico, and Sue Carol filed papers locally against Nick Stuart. The newsboys made much of the latter, crying headlines reading "Another Movie Split-up." (And most people were of the impression that this particular divorce had taken place long ago—they have been separated so long!)

Sue charged that Nick had thrown a cross-word puzzle book at her, the judge allowing the action one of cruelty. He didn't say, however, who had been cruel—Nick for throwing the book or Sue for doing cross-word puzzles.

Have you ever really tried *a true film-removing tooth paste?*

IF you really want whiter, more attractive-looking teeth, REMOVE FILM, say leading dental authorities. Film is that dull, dingy coating that constantly forms on teeth. It catches bits of food. Harbors stains from smoking. Combines with substances in the saliva to form hard deposits. And worse still, film is laden with millions of tiny germs that are often the forerunner of tooth decay. Film unremoved invites dental disorders. Thus film must be removed—kept off teeth.

Brushing alone cannot remove film satisfactorily. Ordinary tooth pastes or powders may be ineffective in removing film. There is now a dentifrice you can *depend on* regularly—a dentifrice thousands of dentists use in their own homes and millions of people have used successfully. This dentifrice is Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste.

The safe way to cleaner teeth

No other equally safe way removes film as thoroughly as Pepsodent. Pepsodent is different in formula, hence different in the way it works. It contains no grit, pumice or soap. The basis of this definitely modern tooth paste is a new and revolutionary cleansing and polishing material—recently developed. This cleansing agent is far softer than the polishing material used in other leading tooth pastes or tooth powders. Yet it removes film and polishes teeth to new gleaming lustre as more abrasive kinds can never do.

So why take chances with "bargain" dentifrices or questionable ways? Remember that this unique film-removing agent is contained in Pepsodent exclusively. Thus no other tooth paste can assure you of true Pepsodent results. Use Pepsodent twice a day—see your dentist at least twice a year.

Extra Long Box-Mattressed Beds

Tall people rest comfortably at Hotel Fort Shelby, for 100 of its 900 rooms and suites are equipped with box-mattressed beds, eight feet in length. All rooms with private bath—circulating ice water and tip-eliminating servidors.

Rooms $2 to $10.
Suites $6 to $25.

Three popular priced restaurants. Garage. Lobby Shops. Radio.

HOTEL Fort Shelby

MAYNARD D. SMITH
President

"AGLOW WITH FRIENDLINESS"
DETROIT

Strange Gaynor Robbery

JANET GAYNOR returned to the United States from Europe, some believe, earlier than planned. Actually, she was right on schedule. Janet wanted another couple of months in that Wisconsin resort where she spent last summer as "Miss Smith." Maybe she's "Miss Jones" there this year.

Meanwhile, Janet's Hollywood home was robbed, a most unusual robbery, for nothing was taken and everything disturbed was in orderly disarray. The potted plant, for instance, was upset on the floor so carefully that not a drop of dirt spilled out. The desk appeared to be the focus of attention. Could it be that someone was searching for papers to prove that recent absurd rumor that Janet, the former Mrs. Lydell Peck, has a three-year-old child?

Popularity

A NEW blonde actress from New York had her first experience with autograph seekers at a Hollywood preview. After furiously signing books for five minutes, she announced herself much pleased to be so well-known in Hollywood. She hasn't been told as yet that a practical-joking friend tipped off the autograph crowd that she was Mrs. John Dillinger!

Miriam Hopkins Goes Goldwyn

SAMUEL GOLDWYN seldom contracts established players, preferring to pick newcomers and build them to stardom. He has departed from his usual rule in the case of Miriam Hopkins. They are both to be congratulated. Wonder how Miriam and Anna Sten will enjoy being studio rivals?

Helping Out a Pal

TOM LENNON is "just a publicity man" at RKO. But he has written a splendid novel in "The Laughing Journey" and upon the occasion of Ann Harding's birthday made her a present of an advance copy. Ann called him the following day to tell him how much she enjoyed reading the book and found him in a seventh heaven of delight because he had just received permission to dramatize a scene from it for presentation on "Hollywood on the Air," RKO's Coast-to-Coast radio broadcast.

So what did Ann do? She offered to play the girl in the skit. And previously, Ann had turned down as much as seventy-five hundred dollars for commercial broadcasts. That's helping out a pal . . . The stunt, by the way, marked the first time a book had ever been previewed on the air.

These Movies

(*Continued from page 35*)

It may be a variation of "She Done Him Wrong," but the character of the heroine is as creamy-white as her hair.

Having learned by experiment that she dazzles most in the styles of the Nineties, Mae wears fluffy-ruffles again; also again, she is a burlesque queen, who draws as sharp glances from men as they draw sharp remarks from her. She starts out in St. Louis as the belle of a small-time music hall, gets ambitious, and drifts down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where she becomes queen of the lavish gambling resort, the Sensation House, and that soft slur of hers is right at home. Roger Pryor and Johnny Mack Brown both find her irresistible, but she gives each enough rope to hang himself with before she does her choosing. The well-known "battle of the sexes" devolves into a battle of wits, in which the female of the species never comes off second-best. But while she is still practically the whole show, her leading men have more chance to act than any of their predecessors. That is because the story has more plot than any of its predecessors. As a story, it won't change the destiny of nations, but it will amuse those nations where English is spoken.

ONE NIGHT OF LOVE —Columbia

Grace Moore Performs a Musical Miracle

THERE is only one thing wrong with "One Night of Love"—its trite, silly title; nothing else about it is trite or silly. In fact, it is a picture that works a miracle. It is a picture that at last brings grand opera to the masses in a way to make them like it. Its story is simple, with no false emotions, and it is persuasively told. And in the telling Grace Moore becomes a sensation—with Tullio Carminati only a pace behind her.

He is a voice teacher who discovers her in an Italian town, falls in love with both her and her voice, makes her his protégée. In a non-sinister way, he becomes a *Svengali* to her *Trilby*. Believing in him blindly, she tries to forget the normal impulses and pleasures of a young girl, shuts her door on the world, and sacrifices her youth to music. Once, answering the call of youth to youth, she listens to the love-story of Lyle Talbot—but she decides that she loves music more. Success and fame come at last, and she breaks with Carminati. Then, just as she seems about to fail in her greatest singing test and she realizes that without him she is nothing, he re-enters her life. It is a simple story, as I have said, but it is also an intensely absorbing one. It looks real; it is real. And Grace's voice, singing three operatic arias and glorifying the title-song of the picture, is such a voice as the screen has never given the world before. It isn't a golden voice; it's platinum. In addition, she is one singer who can act. Even the smooth, effortless Carminati cannot be more believable than she is.

Then, briefly, I might tell you that:

THE FOUNTAIN is a sensitive, faithful screen translation of Charles Morgan's novel of a woman torn between love and pity, with Ann Harding as the English wife of a German officer; Brian Aherne as a British officer interned in Holland; and Paul Lukas as the German who returns to her, wounded. Being a study of the intricate emotions of three intelligent people, it is long on moodiness and conversation, short on dramatic action. (RKO-Radio)

DAMES glorifies the American chorus girl and is a spectacle in the best Warner Brothers manner, which means that it has a good story, lavish and dazzling chorus numbers, catchy music, singing by Dick Powell, Ruby Keeler and Joan Blondell, and comedy by Hugh Herbert, Zasu Pitts and Guy Kibbee. You may be surfeited with spectacular musicals, but there is more comedy this time, to rescue you from ennui. (Warners)

ROMANCE IN THE RAIN is a neat, amusing little comedy about a harried publisher of lurid love tales who is inveigled into promoting a Cinderella contest, then a Prince Charming contest, with results that he doesn't want. Victor Moore, from Broadway, is a delight as the quavery-voiced publisher; and Roger Pryor, Heather Angel and Esther Ralston are all helpful. (Universal)

YOU BELONG TO ME finds Lee Tracy miscast as a clown who suffers and suffers, trying to deserve the affection of a little boy who idolizes him. The little boy—David Holt by name—will give Shirley Temple a run for h big money. (Paramount)

Verree, Verree Happy Now

(*Continued from page 36*)

tions. She started to cry again and then started laughing and crying by turns. Actually, she had been in Chicago just long enough to get her divorce from William O'Neal, a stage singer, who had not offered any opposition. The little woman back at the station had been her mother. It had, perhaps, been one of the darkest moments of her life.

All that day we exchanged stories. Mine doesn't warrant repetition. Verree's proves how much a woman must go through, before she finds what she wants. If Verree had been able to look into the future and realize that she was going to marry one of Hollywood's most sought-after stars, the prospect of returning might not have been such an unhappy one. Verree was going back to Hollywood to prove that she could make good. The studio had failed to renew her contract. In the short time that she had been out there, she had made very few friends. And among the men she had met, there was not one she felt worthy of giving a second thought.

Verree's case was typical of what can sometimes happen. After making a Broadway hit as one of the original gold-diggers in "The Greeks Had a Word for It," she had been paged insistently by Hollywood, promising great opportunity. And what happened? Famous for a knife-edged sense of humor and an ability to roll 'em in the aisles with her comedy, she was cast as a *femme fatale*. After a few such rôles, Verree's sense of humor almost became a thing of the past.

Was Going Back to Show 'Em

JUST before she left for Chicago, the studio notified Verree that her option would not be renewed. Rather, they didn't notify her, which is Hollywood's subtle way of letting a player know that she hasn't rung the bell. Verree was hurt to the quick. But she wasn't ready to let them think that they had her licked. After the little business of getting a divorce from the husband who had not made her happy, she was determined to face the cameras again—somewhere else.

The morning of the second day on the train, I met her at breakfast. The morning paper carried the news of the death of Sara Teasdale, famous poet and Verree's aunt. Verree had not seen her in some time, but had great respect for her writing. We talked of everything that morning and, as is usually the case, the conversation turned to Hollywood.

"In Hollywood, for the first time anywhere, I almost got the jitters," said Verree. "I didn't think, with all the gay stories written about the colorful life that one was sure to lead there, that I could ever be so lonesome. I met men—many of them very nice. But all they wanted to talk about was pictures and their work. Much to my surprise, many of them had never traveled and knew very little about what was going on in the world.

"I think Hollywood is a man's town. A woman hasn't a chance. If she hasn't a husband or a sweetheart, she can be the lonesomest person in the world. That is, unless she wants to add her name to the long list of single girls who are asked out by the same single men night after night. At first I accepted a lot of invitations. But I began to see the same faces every time and hear the same conversations. Gradually, I began to cut down. I had to. I couldn't believe that this was all that life had to offer in a place where there should be so many interesting people. Where were the cosmopolitan, stimulating people I had heard about?"

News That Stunned Her

THEN we got to talking about some of the mad things that newcomers discover when they arrive in the film city. Verree, who has a figure that any woman would envy, and carries the title of "one of Hollywood's best-dressed women," told about a certain supervisor, who called her into his office.

"He wanted to see the costumes I was going to wear in one of his pictures," said Verree. "I tried them on one by one, explaining why I had selected them for each particular scene and how I felt I could get the most out of them. Together with a famous designer, I had put a great deal of thought behind them. The supervisor just sat there and never said a word. After I got all through, I asked him what his reaction was. He said he didn't think I had any glamour. For the moment, I was stunned. It had nothing to do with what we were discussing. I thought he was kidding and then I realized that he was on the level."

Verree got off the train in Pasadena and I came on to Los Angeles. I didn't see her again for months. Then one day I walked on the Warner Brothers set where "Fashions of 1934" was in production. There, absolutely radiant in a dress of clinging gold, carrying a huge black ostrich fan, Verree was far from being the unhappy young woman I had seen on the train. Under the microphone she was recording a song. Up to now, Hollywood hadn't even been aware of her beautiful voice.

When she spied me, she came all the way across the stage and gave me a typical Teasdale meeting. She was bubbling over with life. She had never looked more beautiful. She was one of the most devastating beauties ever to reach the screen.

Menjou's Early Praise

"YOU'VE got to meet Adolphe," she said, and just then Menjou walked in. It was not difficult to see how they felt toward each other. As Verree went back to the camera, the world's most debonair actor told me: "She is the most stunning woman in Hollywood. There isn't another woman who can wear clothes as she can. Not only that, she is clever, sings divinely, and is one of the most intellectual women I have ever met." What greater compliment than this could be paid a woman by the discriminating Menjou?

The next time I saw Verree, it was at the Beverly-Wilshire Hotel. The papers had carried a story of her engagement to Menjou, who had recently been divorced from Kathryn Carver. Cameramen were hot on their trail. I managed to have a few words with her before something happened that almost broke up the party.

"Yes, Adolphe and I are engaged," she told me. "It was love at first sight. We met at a party given by the Frank Morgans—a party I almost didn't attend. Think what I might have missed! The minute he walked in, I knew that I had met someone who really had something to offer. But this isn't any Hollywood romance. We aren't a going through puppy-love. Both of us have been married before. Both of us know what is ahead of us. We are determined to have our happiness and have it only for ourselves. Every time we turn around, we run into a camera. We want them to leave us alone. We don't want our coming marriage to be splashed all over the front pages. We're much too serious and too much in love to take a chance of having it spoiled."

Just as she finished this last remark, there was a flash of light and a cameraman went tearing away with his camera. At first it

(*Continued on page 93*)

The Magic of *Maybelline* mascara

transforms your eyes into glowing pools of loveliness — instantly!

● Beautiful, expressive eyes are within the reach of every girl and woman in the simple magic of Maybelline mascara. Its magic touch will instantly reveal hitherto unsuspected beauty in *your* eyes, quickly and easily.

Women the world over have learned that Maybelline is the perfect mascara because it is absolutely harmless, positively non-smarting, and perfectly tear-proof. A few simple brush strokes of Maybelline to your lashes make them appear long, dark, and curling. Beauty-wise women appreciate, too, the fact that Maybelline is backed by the approval of Good Housekeeping Bureau and other leading authorities for its purity and effectiveness.

Encased in a beautiful red and gold vanity, it is priced at 75c at all leading toilet goods counters. Black, Brown and the new Blue. Accept only genuine Maybelline to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness. Try it today!

Do Not Bury Their Works With Them When Stars Pass Away

BEGS MOVIE CLASSIC READER

First Prize

When Stars Pass Away, Do Not Bury Their Works With Them

The custom of producers to call in all pictures of artists who have passed away, immediately storing them away, never to be shown again to the public, is to my mind unfair.

Now that Marie Dressler has left us and will be unable to make more pictures, why should the public be deprived of the privilege of seeing her pictures again?

This isn't the case with publishers of music by great composers. No one would think of forbidding the printing of songs like "Kiss Me Again" and "A Gypsy Love Song" because Victor Herbert is dead, and can compose no more songs, therefore, we must not make money further from his compositions.

Think of the art that would be lost to the world if we only looked at the works of living artists.

There are many old silent pictures made with period costuming by artists both dead and living that are works of art, and are representative of the living art of this generation. There's no reason why we should be denied the privilege of seeing their pictures after they are gone.

Harriet M. Capel, *Hollywood, Cal.*

Second Prize

Bette Davis and Leslie Howard Excellent in "Of Human Bondage"

"Of Human Bondage" will no doubt be considered one of the outstanding pictures of the year. In this dynamic, human story of a sensitive man under the almost hypnotic spell of a cheap, utterly heartless wench, both Leslie Howard and Bette Davis portray their characters in excellent fashion. The intangible spiritual quality which is the basis of *Philip's* character is admirably sustained throughout by Leslie Howard, even in the most dramatic moments of the picture. Miss Davis is almost too perfect as the unresponsive, mercenary *Mildred*.

The way *Philip* finally gains freedom from his bondage and peace for his soul, and finds comfort in a clean, wholesome love, is most encouraging to all who have similar problems to meet, for it proves the power of the spiritual nature to triumph over that which is sensual and demoralizing.

Let us have more of these powerful, moving dramas with a plot that is possible and a moral that is inspiring, and we will be well on our way to giving an intelligent public what it wants and deserves.

May Wight, *Kansas City, Mo.*

Third Prize

"Treasure Island" Can't Miss Being Box Office Success

Perhaps no other production could have caused so much evinced pleasure among male hearts both here and in English speaking nations everywhere as the production of "Treasure Island," that best work of the beloved writer, Robert Louis Stevenson. We, youngsters from eight to eighty, who were brought up on this literary classic, have been hungering for a talkie version of this most enchanting pirate tale for ages—and here we have it, and there is no torture of sitting thru a lot of lovey-dovey mush, either.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer has given us a treat and we won't forget it. And if "Treasure Island" doesn't prove to be one of the outstanding productions of the year, I'll be very much surprised.

With a splendid cast headed by Jackie Cooper as *Jim Hawkins* and our old favorite, Wally Beery as *Long John Silver*, plus fine support of the other major characters, it can't miss being a box office hit.

Ed Kraley, *Braddock, Penna.*

Honorable Mention

Films Like "Viva Villa" Make Us Understanding and Tolerant

We need more pictures like "Viva Villa" to make us think, and, thinking, become wise and tolerant. Most of us give so little thought to why these foreign children in our midst are sometimes unruly and disobedient; we become impatient because it seems so difficult to win their confidence and trust in our government. It takes a picture like "Viva Villa" to jerk us out of our complacency, to squeeze our hearts and make our throats ache for the little peoples of the earth—the workers who go on toiling dumbly for generations under a yoke, to go suddenly mad with rebellion against the whip—who do mad, bloody things in that violent first taste of liberty. Deep in the eyes of our foreign children are memories of sorrow and slavery. We need pictures like "Viva Villa" to interpret their deep, suspicious, evasive ways when we are doling out our charity and lighthearted friendliness.

The censors will doubtless cleanse all semblance of reality from "Viva Villa" and similar pictures but perhaps they will leave enough to make us go home kinder and a little more understanding of our foreign brothers.

Joy O'Hara, *Santa Rosa, Cal.*

(*Continued on page 94*)

Become a Critic—Win a Prize

Tell the movie world — through Movie Classic — what phase of the movies most interests you! Advance your ideas, appreciations and criticisms of the pictures and players. Each month, Movie Classic gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published. Keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We shall use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, Movie Classic, 1501 Broadway, New York City

Verree, Verree Happy Now

(*Continued from page 91*)

looked as if Menjou intended to tear him limb from limb. But when he finally caught him and lifted up the black cloth, it turned out to be Director Mervyn LeRoy. He had sneaked one of the cameras from the waiting boys, and had had his little joke.

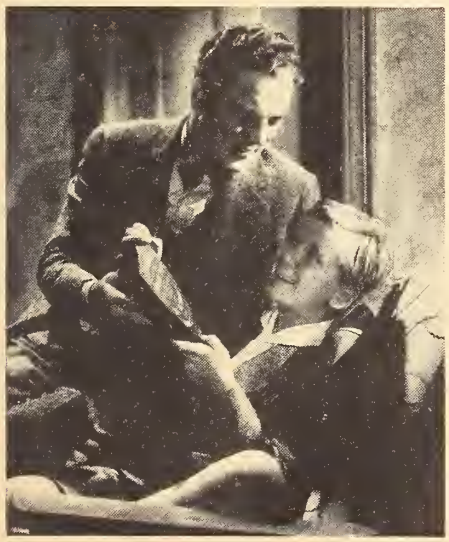
Never So Busy—Or So Happy

THE last time I saw Verree Teasdale, she was doing some finishing scenes for "The Firebird." (She had been recalled from a trousseau-shopping trip to New York for the leading rôle—a rôle that will mean stardom for her.)

"I've never been so busy in all my life—or so happy," she told me, breathlessly. "We're to be married soon, but we'd rather not give out the date. We want it to be as simple as possible and hope to avoid as much publicity as possible. Our new home is all finished. We've decorated it ourselves. No Hollywood decorators for us. We want it to reflect our individual tastes and personalities. We hope to live there and enjoy it. We want to have out a few close friends from time to time. But one thing is sure—no cameraman is ever going to set foot on the place. It belongs to us and when we stop acting before the cameras, we want to have our own little world for ourselves."

On August 25, a few days after the Menjou-Carver divorce was final, Verree and Adolphe were married. Adolphe was resplendent in tailored navy blue. Verree wore contrasting shades of purple, a velvet coat with beret to match, diamond bracelet, clips, engagement ring and band. Orchids to match her costume graced her shoulder. The ceremony took place in the private chambers of the Superior Court Judge. Menjou's mother and brother and Verree's manager made up the wedding party.

They had planned a honeymoon in Spain. With Europe seething with unrest, their destination had changed to Lake Louise in Canada. At the last minute, a motor trip through California sufficed. What more ideal place for a honeymoon could there be than their artistic new home in the Los Feliz hills? For next year they have bigger and better plans. Meanwhile, Warner Brothers are going to make a star of Verree, and Adolphe has more jobs offered him than he knows what to do with. It looks like the happy ending.



A scene from "Peck's Bad Boy," in which Thomas Meighan and Jackie Cooper play the rôles of father and son

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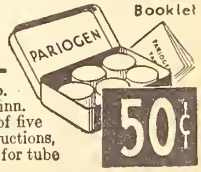

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Letters From Our Readers

(*Continued from page 92*)

Wants Brief Intermission Between Movie Subjects

I have a pet annoyance with the movies which I am eager to air. Although I am an ardent movie fan, this fault has interfered with my thorough enjoyment of many pictures. Most movie houses are now showing two features as well as many added attractions for a single admission and, no doubt, are pressed for time. But how often, alas, have I been moved to tears at some tragic ending, only to be compelled to witness a slapstick comedy immediately after. The tragedy loses effect and sometimes seems ridiculous; the comedy is half missed since one's eyes are blurred with tears, and one's thoughts full of sympathy and compassion.

Neither is it wise to show the Newsreel or "Coming Attractions" directly after a feature. The situation, the dramatic effect, the characters are blurred, and the audience is lost between two worlds and two atmospheres. If the managers would allow an intermission of only five minutes in a darkened theatre after features, I feel sure I would find increased enjoyment in the movie theatres. Do any of your readers agree with me?

FRANCES WEXLER, *Flushing, L. I.*

Suggests Parents Seeing Pictures Before Sending Children

While I am not in favor of certain pictures which the producers sometimes give us I must express my appreciation of the screen's wonderful improvement—the nation-wide entertainment it affords—with instruction and entertainment!

I confess that I find the unexpurgated stories and novels of to-day much more harmful in their influence than any movie I ever saw. It is my contention that if parents wish to prevent their children from seeing pictures of a salacious character they can easily do so by reading the screen publications which frankly and impartially review them all.

While I am being critical, I may as well say that I have noticed a few done-to-death touches which I'd like to see eliminated from the screen: for instance, the hurrying mother and child accosting the official who points the way to a necessary part of the building. Even that gem of pictures, "It Happened One Night," had its coarse suggestion in the "magnesia" woman.

This supposedly humorous touch always seems so unnecessary—so pointless!

L. W. CARTER, *Dalton, Ga.*

All Hail Columbia!

What masterpieces Columbia has been turning out! "Lady For A Day," "It Happened One Night" and now that invigorating, delightful musical play, "One Night Of Love"! The picture again introduces to the screen, Miss Grace Moore, a superb singer, who has unquestionably the finest singing voice ever heard from the screen.

To see this picture is to have a most exhilarating theater experience, the fascination of its music will linger long with you. Miss Moore gives dignity to the screen through her superior singing and charming stage presence. Here is something rare—a voice of true grand opera calibre, combined with a beauty of face and figure that satisfies the most critical eye. Imagine a *prima donna* able to appear in a scanty gymnasium suit and to be of such slight and perfect proportions as to please and not offend.

We welcome and applaud Grace Moore and congratulate Columbia for presenting to us such a completely satisfying star in a picture filled with gay, lighthearted entertainment.

KAY NEWTON, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

I went to see "Of Human Bondage" to thrill at the always superior acting of my favorite, Leslie Howard, and came out of the theatre with nothing but the performance of Bette Davis in my mind.

Hers was a magnificent performance of a very distasteful rôle, one which, I daresay, many an actress would have refused to play on account of being so unsympathetic.

To Bette Davis goes my heartiest praise for having the courage to essay this rôle, and playing it in all its cruelness, all its hate, all its sordidness. Not once did she allow the spectator to feel sympathy for *Mildred*. And that's just what Maugham intended when he wrote the story.

After a series of unimportant rôles, Bette Davis has emerged from "Of Human Bondage," a great actress, and a future star.

G. HENRICHSON, *Eureka, Cal.*

Frank Morgan Adds Sparkle to Dull Pictures

So long as Hollywood presents such a sterling actor as Frank Morgan it can have no fears that the public will remain away from the cinema palaces, regardless of what the film-cutting censors may do to our movies. He has excelled in every picture I have seen him in, but as the silly, foppish *Duke of Florence* in "The Affairs of Cellini," he has the best rôle in his movie career. Naturally, he makes the most of it, as he does with even mediocre rôles. May we see more of Frank Morgan, because his splendid characterizations add a sparkle to an otherwise dull show.

WILLIAM J. MATHEWS, *Chicago, Ill.*

One Star Who Remains Unaffected

Like thousands and thousands of others—suddenly I find myself seriously caught in the snares of hero, rather heroine, worship.

A comparative new-comer on the screen sold me—body and soul—at her first appearance. An entrancing person—radiating vitality—lovely to gaze upon—a devastating smile, and no-one has been able to fathom the limits of her acting ability. Am I keeping some-one guessing?

Let me try again. Here's the riddle. Who has oodles of short curly hair, an adorable "turned-up" nose, a little rosebud mouth with dainty little teeth shining through at every contagious grin? Of course, Shirley Temple.

Not in years have I found anyone as delightfully refreshing. With each new picture, I wonder if perhaps, her mother has ceased her constant vigilance—if Shirley has become suddenly all too conscious of her charms and talents? As yet the answer is decidedly in the negative, and I'm beginning to feel now that she will remain unspoiled indefinitely. Such unaffectedness in a world so full of pretense merits the highest praise.

MRS. J. R. GARRISON, *Knobnoster, Mo.*

Disney's Brain Children

Bring Grandma, Grandpa, the "teens," tiny-tots, and "in-be-tweens" to the new Disney Sillies—"Peculiar Penguins," "The Flying Mouse," and "The Wise Little Hen" and while you are inviting, include Mr. and Mrs. Censor. No matter how many little mules they conceal within their

...22, Newark, O.

Bring Back the Old Plots

Those good old museum pieces; "the paid off mortgage, the thwarted villain, and love's young dream come true" have been too long hanging on the musty walls of realism's dark closet. Let's bring them back into the light. Let's dust them off and restore them to their former glory.

To a generation whose amusement beat to a "ten, twent, thirt" rhythm, they are a long, lost love. And to a modern age, a new love because their theme song is universal.

To you hard-bitten realists, they may seem mere illusion, a magician's trumpery. But to the majority of us who make up the great movie public, they are the sugar in our coffee and the syrup on our pancakes. Just the right amount of sugar and the right consistency of syrup. Sweet but not sugary.

MRS. EARL T. DURBIN, *Detroit, Mich.*

Joan's Progress

An armful of orchids to Joan Crawford! or perhaps Joan would prefer gardenias. Nothing is too good for a star whose career is a fine record of the progress and success obtained through courage, hard work, and intelligence.

The improvement in her acting and the growth of her personality are so pronounced in "Sadie McKee" and "Chained" that I often wonder just how high a star Joan has set for her goal. She shows a far clearer and subtler sense of characterization than ever before, a wider and fuller range and, in the majority of the emotional scenes, such new restraint that her former intensity has almost disappeared. The old lovable but often too turbulent Joan is gone; she has achieved dignity and calm. In every scene she gives us a feeling of directness and purposeful honesty which in turn gives conviction even to trivial moments.

If Joan Crawford were given a first-rate picture, she would stir the enthusiasm, not only of her own following, but of the whole film-going public, and out of it would come that great performance towards which all her energies seem directed.

MARY JANSEN, *Minneapolis, Minn.*

Ann Harding and Norma Shearer Praised by Newfoundland Fan

At such a distance from the Movie World, it is rather difficult to give an opinion on the latest pictures, but from what we have the opportunity of seeing in this city, I contend that more pictures starring Ann Harding and Norma Shearer

...ided Me ... FAT!

I just love to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrugging their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Marmola—how it contains a natural corrective for abnormal obesity, known and recommended by physicians the world over.

It sounded so easy I just couldn't believe my ears! But I took Marmola exactly as directed—4 tablets a day—and imagine my astonishment to find myself actually getting thin! Without exercising, dieting, or draining my system with drastic purgatives!

Now I'm slender—feel fine.

* * *

If the thousands of women who have reduced the Marmola way were to take you into their confidence, you would probably be amazed how many would tell you experiences similar to that related above. Everything they ate "seemed to go to fat." Do you know why?

Physicians will tell women that abnormal obesity is caused by the lack of an important element which the body normally supplies. Marmola provides one such element in a perfectly natural way. Day by day it assists the body to function in the reduction of excess fat. As they get rid of excess fat they feel lighter, more alert, more energetic. **The excess fat simply slips away, revealing the trim and slender figure underneath.**

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Start today! You will soon experience Marmola's benefits. When you have gone far enough, stop taking Marmola. And you will bless the day when you first discovered this marvelous reducing agent!

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—Powdered Saxolite—

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

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This picture illustrates how Raquel Torres feels about those movie offers. They interest the new Mrs. Stephen Ames—but, with the mercury boiling in the thermometers, she would rather be under the sun than under the studio sun-arcs

would be received with open arms by the public and attract them more and more to the shows.

Their acting is so fine that it is not necessary for them to race around, make funny antics, or appear flighty, but they can always act the perfect lady with impunity. They show exquisite taste in clothes, which by their utter simplicity make them the acme of perfection. Also their diction is so pure and clear, that one could learn how to speak and deport oneself on occasions by taking a pattern from them.

Such a picture as "Smilin' Through," starring Norma Shearer, could not be criticised to its detriment even by those who are hardest to please and they make one long for more pictures with such high ideals.

F. L. G., *St Johns, N. F.*

Resents "Little Man" Being Blacklisted

On one of the first "black" lists of plays issued since the new furore for reform set in, I read "Little Man What Now?". Proscribing that beautiful and profoundly thoughtful masterpiece is not a step forward. Rather, it is an insult to the conscientious Mr. Frank Borzage, to Mr. Hans Fallada, to the stars and members of the cast, to the Laemmles, Sr. and Jr., who personally sponsor all Universal productions and finally to the taste and judgment of the millions whose enthusiastic acceptance of the book inspired this translation to the screen.

Now, while I'm thoroughly keen for decency on or off the screen, I'm just as keen against stupidity—on or off the screen. If this straw indicates the trend of the wind, we theater-goers are in for a disastrous hurricane. If this be decency—then let's bring back the pillory, the stocks and the ducking-stool and round out our cycle of retrogression.

THERESA PICHA, *St. Louis, Mo.*

Is Garbo on the Wane?

How often we see those words flung at Garbo, at the head of some columnist's page; or hear them spoken by some self-styled movie-critic. From the former, perhaps because columnists, too, must have their bread and butter; from the latter,—as with a classic: the lines are too closely written for beginners.

Whether Garbo be perplexed or baffled, stimulated or fascinated by the behavior of America's movie-theatre-going public, her interpretations remain strict, brilliant, precise, and accurate. In addition she offers an original contribution in her own inimitable charm.

True, some have tried to chase Garbo away with their verbal armaments; others have tried to crush her; some would like to smote her for the sake of having smote; others would like to touch her, simply for the sake of that touch. But no one can reach Garbo. She is intangible.

Movie actors will come and movie actors will go, but Garbo will go onward and upward. She is a monument to truth in her coherent and meaningful interpretation of any character which has been assigned to her.

N. MARK HANNA, *Colorado Springs, Col.*

Why Not Export Only Films We Can Be Proud Of?

Have visited my twentieth foreign country and as an ardent "movie fan," have attended the movies from Hong Kong to London.

We export our finest commodities to other lands and take a pride in the fact that American goods are the best in the world. Our fruits, our automobiles, cotton and steel.

Then why do we swamp the foreign markets with so many trashy films? We are proud of America and want other people to respect us and our mode of living—but how can they when they get the wrong impression of how we live?

Why not export more of our better pictures? We have so many of them. Let other nations see us at our best rather than at our worst.

We don't ship rotten oranges and worm-eaten raisins abroad. Then why not have the same pride in the better quality of films? A restricted quota on sexy and gangster films would also do much to raise our standards abroad.

Every other country in the world resents having her standards of living played down and I am positive the American people feel

the same way. We are proud of our country and want other nations to see why we are proud of America.

GRACE POTTS, *on the Pacific Ocean.*

Screen Stenographers Not True to Life

For the life of me, I can't understand how the producers expect us to believe some of the impossible tales being filmed to-day.

For instance, I've seen picture after picture wherein the heroine served in the capacity of stenographer or secretary as the case might be. In such rôles we see the star perfectly groomed, wearing gorgeous clothes (the average stenographer couldn't possibly afford), living in sumptuous apartments and climbing to the top in rapid and unbelievable strides. Yet, in the execution of her duties, we see her taking dictation at a "staggering" rate of about 300 words a minute and transcribing it at about 10, if the shot happens to be a close-up. (They taught typing where I went to school.) And in the end marries a millionaire. (That is a laugh!)

Now, I've been a stenographer for seven years and still haven't reached the "dizzy" heights. I strive constantly to keep my living expenses to a minimum (my quarters being a flat by the way), wear home-made dresses (really!), and have never even seen a millionaire. There are hundreds of others in the same boat.

Mind you, I don't mean to imply that such goings-on have any ill-effect on our morals. They don't. To those of us who are experienced, the idea is far too absurd but, being a clan of normally intelligent individuals past the Santa Claus age, we would like to see ourselves picturized as we really are just once in a while. For the sake of consistency, at least.

LOUISE V. WILLIAMS, *Richmond, Va.*

To the Director of "No Greater Glory"

I am ashamed to say that I paid no attention when your name appeared on the screen tonight, but may I figuratively shake your hand? You certainly understand children, or it wouldn't be possible for you to handle them as you have.

If we had a son old enough to understand movies, "No Greater Glory" is the one picture of all that I have seen that I should like him particularly to see.

MRS. VENUS INGLISH, *Omaha, Neb.*

Wrong Flag Used

Recently, when I saw the motion picture, "Operator 13," I noticed that, although the story was interesting, Miss Davies was her usual decorative self and the costumes and settings were well reproduced, the persons responsible for the picture slipped up on one point.

Perhaps it was not noticed by many, but more attention should be given to details and the producers of this picture should welcome criticism that is well meant.

Several times during the film, but most noticeably in the first shot, where they desire to show the dissension of the north and the south by drawing apart the flags, good bits of atmosphere are lost by so trifling a mistake as the use of the wrong flag.

May I add that anyone taking the trouble to refer to those times will find that the United States flag, used by the northern troops at the time of the Civil War, contained only 36 stars on its blue field and that the flag used in the picture, the present one, was not adopted until 1916?

(MISS) VALBORG HELENE STENHOLM, *Hempstead, L. I.*

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Marchand's is used to keep blonde hair from darkening—and to restore the youthful golden sheen to faded hair. Easy to use at home. No skill is required, yet beautiful results are assured.

Also Makes Arm and Leg Hair Invisible

The same reliable Marchand's makes dark excess hair INVISIBLE like the light unnoticeable down on the blonde's skin. This avoids shaving—you have no fear of regrowths at all because you do not cut or attempt to destroy the hair. Limbs look dainty and attractive, even thru the sheerest of stockings.

Ask Your Druggist or Get By Mail—Use Coupon

C. MARCHAND CO., MP 1134
251 W. 19th Street, N. Y. C.

45c enclosed (send coin or stamps). Please send me a regular bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash.

Your name.....

Address.....

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S TABLETS

The SAFE way to relieve periodic pain

No narcotics—No unpleasant after-effects

Chocolate Coated

Take these Tablets in time and you can probably escape the usual pain altogether because this medicine treats the cause of your trouble. Clinical tests prove that persistent use brings permanent relief.

Small Size . . 50 cents

If you have one single

GRAY HAIR

mail this coupon

Now—before others think of you as "older"—is the time to touch up those first gray streaks. Millions—both men and women—have discovered this way to color fading strands. Just combing clear liquid through hair brings color: black, brown, auburn, blonde. Entirely SAFE . . . Hair stays soft and lustrous. Get a bottle from your druggist on money back guarantee. Or send for Free Test.

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We'll send Complete Test Package Free. Snip lock from hair. Try first on this. See for yourself. No risk this way. Mail coupon for Free Test.

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3313 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.

Name.....
Street.....
City.....State.....
Color of your hair?.....

AMAZING VACUUM LIFT CREAM

RIDS YOU OF UGLY PIMPLES·WRINKLES BLACKHEADS·BLEMISHES

CORRECTS BY AUTOMATICALLY LIFTING FACE MUSCLES

New York's fashionable beautician and dermatologist catering to society women offers her private formula to maintain and protect your beauty. No one wants to kiss an ugly, pimply, wrinkly face . . . unsightly blackheads and blemishes need no longer drive you to despair. Newly discovered sensational VACUUM Lift Cream quickly corrects stubborn skin troubles by automatically lifting and masseuring the face muscles . . . an absolutely new principle applied to a cream . . . you will be amazed when you look in mirror and see how, after a few applications of VACUUM LIFT CREAM, wrinkles, pimples, blackheads and other blemishes vanish. Your face will be clear, velvety and alluring.

Now you may try a regular $3 treatment for **only $1.** Send $1 direct or pay postman plus postage. **Money back if not delighted.**
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SCREEN SCHOOL

Major picture companies are searching for new talent centering activities around their New York "testing" studios. Several students have recently received movie contracts. Auditions secured for tests; work before cameras. Opportunities to act in "theatre Stock Co." Write for Booklet "U1."

HARRISON LEWIS SCREEN STUDIOS
"New York's Oldest Screen School." Steinway Hall, New York, N. Y.

REDUCE FAT! AMAZING NEW WAY!

No teas, dope, chemicals, dangerous drugs, strenuous exercises or starvation diet. Made from a secret herbal plant extract. Tried and tested by untold numbers with miraculous, amazing results. Praised by thousands. Designed to make you lose as much as 5 pounds a week by taking our new pleasant double action Anti-Fat tablets 3 times a day. Fat is dangerous to the heart and general health. **Guaranteed** to reduce if directions are followed. Quick, safe and harmless. The fat just disappears. Also used to prevent fat. Try these magic tablets at our risk. Just mail $1.00 for 1 month's supply. REDUCE NOW. Trial Supply 25c. Don't delay.
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Women, girls, men with gray, faded, streaked hair. **Shampoo and color your hair at the same time** with new French discovery **"SHAMPO-KOLOR,"** takes few minutes, leaves hair soft, glossy, natural. Permits permanent wave and curl. **Free Booklet, Monsieur L. P. Valligny, Dep.21, 254 W. 31 St., New York**

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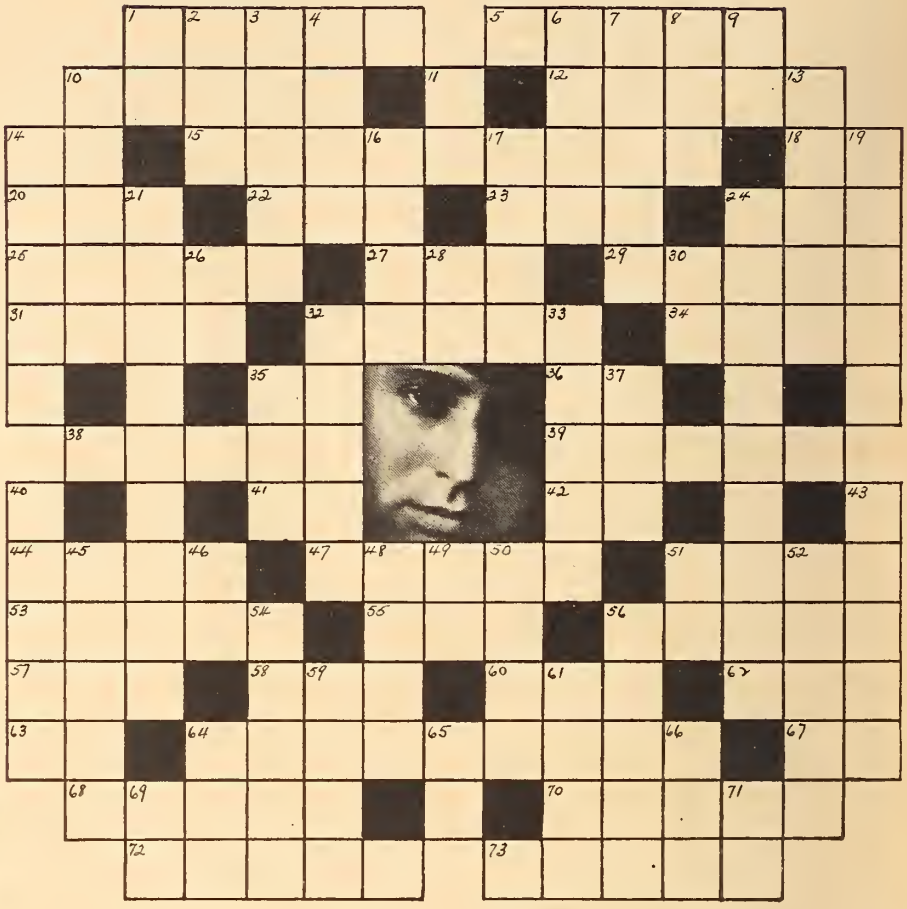
For Moviegoers to Puzzle Over

By L. ROY RUSSELL



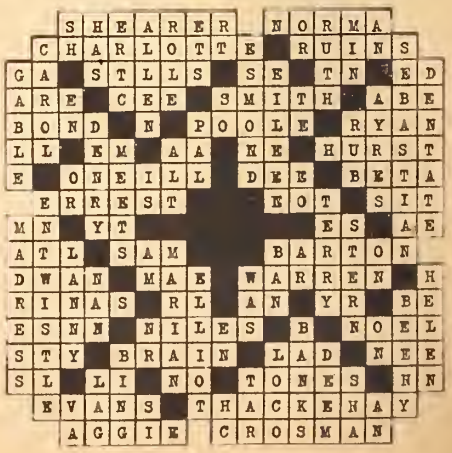
HORIZONTAL

1. Last name of the star in the center
5. *Reynolds* in "Dancing Man"
10. A creed
12. *Nicky* in "Shoot the Works"
14. "She Loves — Not"
15. *Billy Bones* in "Treasure Island"
18. Vivienne's initials
20. "P—y Days"
22. *Pat Rockland* in "Let's Talk It Over"
23. "— We Civilized"
24. He's married to Bebe Daniels
25. Graduated circular plates
27. Eagle
29. *Frank Cousins* in "The Girl from Missouri"
31. Sandra Shaw's husband
32. *Bertha* in "Side Streets"
34. Combining form: broad
35. *Lammachen* in "Little Man, What Now?" (init.)
36. *Lucky Wilson* in "Hide-Out" (init.)
38. *Hedda Nilsson* in "Servant's Entrance"
39. An old-time screen favorite
41. "— More Women"
42. "Romance — the Rain"
44. Recently deceased character player
47. "—— Scandals"
51. First name of the star in the center
53. Shortening of Miss Mackaill's first name
55. Retired screen cowboy
56. An English landed estate
57. Avenues (abbr.)
58. Francis Lederer had to — blubber in "Man of Two Worlds"
60. Daughter of a well-known English comedian
62. Solicitor General's Office (abbr.)
63. "All of —"
64. Goof's wife in "The Fountain"
67. Nugent's initials
68. *Clare* in "One More River"
70. *Olga* in "Return of the Terror"
72. Old-time screen cowboys used this to get their man
73. Near (poetic)

VERTICAL

1. Reported engaged to Virginia Pine (init.)
2. Initials of the famous Antarctic explorer
3. *O'Brien* in "Crime Without Passion"
4. Myrna Loy's role in "The Thin Man"
6. "Double —"
7. Both a Helen and an Irene have this last name (poss.)
8. Cliff Edwards is known as Ukelele —
9. Symbol for nickel
10. A girl's name
11. *Jack Forrester* in "Whom the Gods Destroy" (init.)
13. Joan Blondell is awaiting a blessed ——
14. *Lady Mary Fielding* in "Grand Canary"
16. A spool of film
17. She plays motherly roles
19. Her first name is Sally
21. She played *Mary Lane* in "Only Yesterday" (poss.)
24. Eleanor's last name (poss.)
26. *Lola Field* in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back" (init.)
28. Eddie Dowling's home state (abbr.)
30. London's initials
32. *Jessica Wells* in "The Man with Two Faces"
33. *Johnny* in "Viva Villa"
35. "— In White"
37. "The Thin —"
40. "— Satan"
43. *Inspector Parr* in "The Notorious Sophie Lang"
45. "I —— You Wednesday"
46. Home state of Robert Ames (abbr.)
48. *Richard Field* in "Chained"
49. Home state of Jack Oakie (abbr.)
50. Among
51. Court of Appeals (abbr.)
52. *Charlie* in "Romance in the Rain"
54. Brings forth young; as sheep
56. A stroke in billiards
59. Associate of the Royal Academy of Surgeons (abbr.)
61. Her first name is Priscilla
64. Cry of a sheep
65. "— Marriage Ties"
66. Station (abbr.)
69. Ivan's initials
71. "For Love — Money"

Solution to Last Month's Puzzle



"It went with me on my honeymoon in '73

"And I remember placing a cake among my trousseau things. It is so fragrant and delightful! I think Cashmere Bouquet is the finest soap that was ever made."

MOST FRAGRANT..MOST PRIZED OF SOAPS

Cashmere Bouquet

NOW ONLY 10¢ *the former 25¢ size*

MANY have bought it as a "guest soap"...as a soap for rare and special occasions . . . often to put among the linens to make them sweet and fragrant.

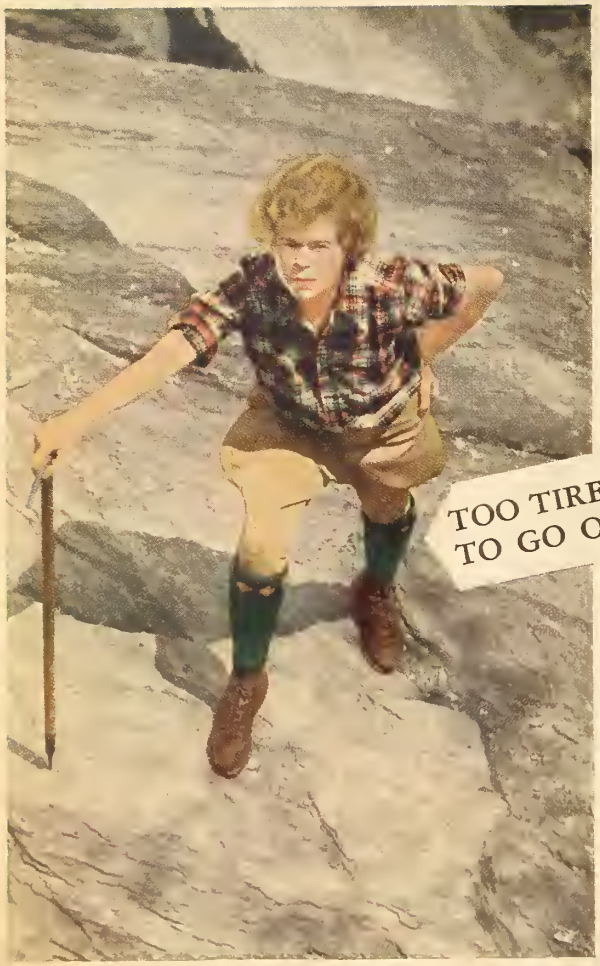
Generations of women have entrusted the loveliness of their complexions to its gentle care ...And to all these women the name Cashmere Bouquet has always meant something exquisite...the daintiest and finest of all fine soaps.

Soap experts know why this is so. They know how pure its choice ingredients are. How rare and costly its perfume. How hard-milled and long-lasting each creamy cake is.

And now—*every* woman can enjoy the delightful fragrance of Cashmere Bouquet . . . the complexion benefits that only a soap so fine can give!

For today Cashmere Bouquet —the same size cake, the same supremely high quality soap that has sold for generations at 25 cents a cake—actually costs no more than many soaps of ordinary quality.

At only 10 cents a cake, you will surely want to buy at least three cakes. Make a note to get them—today!



SHE HAS SCALED 90 MAJOR PEAKS! Slender, but a marvel of endurance and energy, Miss Georgia Engelhard says: "When people tell me of being tired out, or lacking 'pep,' I don't know of better advice to give than, 'Get a lift with a Camel.'"

YOU'LL ENJOY

this thrilling response in your flow of energy!

Miss Georgia Engelhard, champion woman mountain climber, knows what it is to need energy... quickly. In light of the recent scientific confirmation of the "energizing effect" in Camels, note what Miss Engelhard says:

"Mountain climbing is great sport, but it taxes your stamina to the limit. Plenty of times up there above the timber line, within a short climb of the goal, I have thought, 'I can't go another step.' Then I call a halt and smoke a Camel.

"It has been proved true over and over that a Camel picks me up in just a few minutes and gives me the energy to push on."

There is a thrilling sense of well-being in smoking a Camel and feeling a quick, delightful increase in your flow of energy.

You'll *like* Camel's matchless blend of costlier tobaccos. Mild—but never flat or "sweetish"—never tiresome in taste. You'll feel like smoking more. And with Camels, you will find that steady smoking does not jangle the nerves.

CAMEL'S
Costlier Tobaccos never get on your Nerves

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand.

"Get a LIFT with a Camel!"

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BIGGER . . . BETTER . . . BUT STILL 10 CENTS

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MOVIE CLASSIC

COMBINED WITH

SCREEN STAR STORIES

PERIODICAL

DECEMBER

10 CENTS

HOW JOAN CRAWFORD KEEPS HER MEN FRIENDS INTERESTED

JEAN PARKER by MARLAND STONE

"That was the *worst* headache...

... what a relief! A few minutes ago, I could have screamed when I thought of playing bridge tonight. Now, I feel fine! If I'd only known before that Bromo-Seltzer was as quick as that!"

"Lucky for us it is so quick. We've just time to make the party. Dad's used Bromo-Seltzer ever since I can remember. Calls it 'the old reliable.'"

Known as a balanced relief for the following headaches:

Overwork or fatigue headache.

Morning-after headache following over-indulgence.

Headache due to lowered blood alkali.

Headache due to sea, train or air sickness.

Headache of the common cold.

Headache associated with fullness after eating, drowsiness, discomfort, distress.

Headache at trying time of month.

Neuralgia and other pains of nerve origin.

WHAT BROMO-SELTZER'S 5 MEDICINAL INGREDIENTS DO

Suppose you have never taken a Bromo-Seltzer before. Naturally you want to know exactly what it does. Let's make one and see.

You simply fill a glass half full of water then put in a teaspoonful of Bromo-Seltzer. Instantly Bromo-Seltzer effervesces. The taste is pleasant. You can drink it immediately, or wait a second until the fizz subsides, if you prefer.

Notice the difference now between single-ingredient remedies that merely kill pain and Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced relief containing five medicinal ingredients.

Each ingredient in Bromo-Seltzer has a special purpose.

Thanks to one your headache is quickly relieved. Another helps to relax and gently soothe you. If you have gas on the stomach, that too is promptly relieved. And all the while, the citric salts in Bromo-Seltzer are being absorbed by the blood. Your alkaline reserve, which is so necessary for freshness and well-being, is built up. Before you know it, you feel like your usual self again. Dependable Bromo-Seltzer not only has relieved the pain of your headache but has also helped to relieve the *after-effects*.

For over 40 years, Bromo-Seltzer has been a standby in the home. Reliable . . . pleasant . . . and prompt, it contains no narcotics and doesn't upset the stomach. Five convenient sizes. Or you can get a dose at any soda-fountain. Remember to look for the *complete* name . . . Bromo-Seltzer.

Listen to The Bromo-Seltzer Revue, WJZ and NBC Network, Friday, 8:30—9 P. M., E. S. T.—9:30-10:00 P. C. Time

BROMO-SELTZER

Isn't it a SHAME!

THE RHYTHMS SHE COAXES FROM A BABY-GRAND—BUT OH, HER TERRIBLE TEETH!

If Judy isn't a genius, it isn't because she doesn't create rhythms that bring the young crowd "ganging" 'round! But—there's a "but" about Judy!

And Judy is dazzling in a costume play! She's clever—she's pretty—and she's a grand little actress! But the "but" about Judy spoils many a big moment.

Men like Judy's music—and the whole town turns out when Judy's in a play! But nobody ever proposes to Judy. For the "but" about Judy is her teeth.

Judy sometimes wonders why her teeth look so grayish—so dingy and ugly. She doesn't know that "pink tooth brush" is often the root of this trouble!

If Judy will ask her dentist, he'll advise her to clean her teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste—and, each time, to massage extra Ipana into her tender, bleeding gums.

By the time Ipana and massage have brought brilliancy back to Judy's teeth and smile—she'll find that romance was just hiding behind the piano—all this while!

Avoid "Pink Tooth Brush" with Ipana and Massage!

IF you have been a "Judy"—and have let "pink tooth brush" go on and on—and if your teeth have grown more and more dingy and ugly—get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste (before another day goes by!)

Clean your teeth with Ipana. It is a splendid, modern tooth paste which cleans not only the surfaces of the teeth, but deep into every little crevice—gently, thoroughly. Your entire mouth feels refreshed!

But—care for your gums with Ipana, too. Each time, massage a little extra Ipana into your lazy, tender gums. The ziratol in Ipana plus massage helps speed circulation, aids in toning the gums and in bringing back necessary firmness.

Modern foods, so soft, so creamy, fail to exercise the gums. For this reason, your gums tend to lose their vigor. Sometimes they bleed a little. "Pink tooth brush" may dull your teeth—it may even endanger your teeth! It may lead to gum troubles as serious as gingivitis or Vincent's disease. But Ipana and massage will help keep your gums firm, and your teeth sparkling!

TUNE IN "TOWN HALL TONIGHT"—HEAR THE IPANA TROUBADOURS WED. EVES.—WEAF AND ASSOCIATED N. B. C. STATIONS

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. II-124
73 West Street, New York, N. Y.

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Kindly send me a trial tube of IPANA TOOTH PASTE. Enclosed is a 3¢ stamp to cover partly the cost of packing and mailing.

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City..... *State*.....

GARBO

"THE PAINTED VEIL"

with HERBERT MARSHALL · GEORGE BRENT

Warner Oland • Jean Hersholt • Katharine Alexander

Directed by RICHARD BOLESLAWSKI • *Produced by* HUNT STROMBERG

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

This is the Garbo whose flame fires the world! *This* is the STAR who enthralls love-hungry hearts! Not in all her past successes whether in silent or talking pictures has she been so exciting on the screen as now in this story of a smouldering love, of high adventure, of tenderness that yields tears. *This* is *your* Garbo, the Star of exquisite mystery and provocative romance!

Based on the novel by W. SOMERSET MAUGHAM

NOV -9 1934
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EDITED IN HOLLYWOOD AND NEW YORK

MOVIE CLASSIC

COMBINED WITH

SCREEN STAR STORIES

VOL. 7, No. 4
DECEMBER, 1934

JOAN CRAWFORD Never Loses a Friend

Joan Crawford hos become fomous on the screen not only for her beouty ond her personolity, but for the intense sincerity of her octing. It hos won her millions, of friends all over the world. And she doesn't limit her sincerity to her acting. It is just os evident in her privote life . . .

She is irresistibly ottroctive to a voriety of men. Moreover, she holds their interest. They moy bow ot her oltar to pay romontic homoge, but when they find that their hopes ore doomed to extinction, they still remain—to be her friends for life.

How does she convert odoration into enduring comrodeship? The secret is reveoled a few poges farther on, in one of the greotest Crowford stories ever told.

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COVER DRAWING OF JEAN PARKER BY MARLAND STONE

DOROTHY CALHOUN, Hollywood Editor

STANLEY V. GIBSON, Publisher

HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

LAURENCE REID, Editor

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Why Sylvia Sidney Has Never Been To A Hollywood Party

And Other Intimate Hollywood Gossip

By Jack Grant

Sylvia Sidney—whose hobby is drawing—doesn't go to big parties, or give them, for this very simple reason: "I just can't afford to waste my energy in trying to be a social light. All the energy I have, I need for my work"

ONE of her friends gave me the tip: "Ask Sylvia Sidney why she is the one star in Hollywood who has practically no social life. You never see her name 'Among those present' in accounts of Hollywood soirées. There must be a reason. Ask her why. It might make a story."

I did and it does.

"The answer is easily given," Sylvia said. "You don't read my name in the society columns because I have never been to a Hollywood party. Society, simply because it is society, doesn't interest me at all. I have a number of friends in Hollywood whom I see often. I visit them and they visit me. But we don't give parties with guest lists for publication.

"I seldom receive invitations these days from those who do entertain lavishly. Possibly I have offended them by continually sending regrets. I haven't meant to offend, but I just can't afford to waste my energy in trying to be a social light. I mean this literally. All the energy I have, I need to conserve entirely for my work.

"Like most girls of my size, I have ambitions far beyond my strength. Every morning, I awaken with seemingly boundless energy. I plan my day—and it is always a very full day. I refuse to admit to myself that my plans are overly ambitious, refuse to countenance the thought that I may be planning not wisely, but too well. It is only when fatigue overtakes me that I am forced to concede my defeat and to postpone my dreams of accomplishment until the morrow. That appears to be the sum total of my life—a series of tomorrows and tomorrows.

"When I'm working on a picture, of course, there can be no postponements. I must do a day's work on the day it was planned to be done, seizing each possible moment for rest to stave off exhaustion.

"I dislike the necessity of explaining all of this. But I dislike even more the false impressions some people have of what they term my 'exclusiveness.' I have no wish to be exclusive. I would like to be in the thick of everything that is worth-while, but I can't be. My will to do and my lack of power to do it are at continual war. The fate that decreed me such a limited strength was unkind."

And this is Sylvia Sidney's answer to why she has never been to a Hollywood party. And it is also a new and revealing light upon the character of Paramount's diminutive star, who, by the way, is now making "Behold My Wife."

Sixty Homes for a Dollar

JEANETTE MacDONALD has at last gratified a desire she has had ever since she came to Hollywood. She has gone on a sight-seeing tour of the homes of the stars, personally conducted by one of the numerous "For Hire" guides who know all and see all. It started this way:

Jeanette's sister came out for a visit and the Sunday before her return to Philadelphia, (*Continued on page 8*)

Newlyweds Pat Paterson and Charles Boyer will soon be smiling like this again. He's due back from picture work abroad

Grand FUN..Beautiful GIRLS..Dazzling SCENES in EDDIE CANTOR'S New Hit "KID MILLIONS"

Pardon my (Ann) Sothern accent!

It's Eddie! Going harem-scarem in the harem!

Eddie gets a heart Merman for Ethel!

Eddie sings a. look-at-hymn to Block and Sully

The gorgeous Goldwyn Girls in a scene from the all-Technicolor ice-cream fantasy!

Is Eddie's face black! As he goes-to-town with "Mandy" . . . Irving Berlin's melody masterpiece!

Just a big dame hunter! Out for bigger and bedouins!

EDDIE CANTOR *in Samuel Goldwyn's production of* "KID MILLIONS"

with ANN SOTHERN · ETHEL MERMAN
BLOCK and SULLY · THE GOLDWYN GIRLS
Released thru UNITED ARTISTS

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

(*Continued from page 6*)

the family sat over a late luncheon in the sheltered patio of their Beverly Hills house. The quiet of the Sunday afternoon was suddenly shattered by a voice shouting through a megaphone, "And on your right is the home of Edward G. Robinson, star of many horror pictures, including 'Dracula' and 'Frankenstein.'"

Robinson is Jeanette's next-door neighbor. "Wonder what he will say about us?" she said. She didn't have long to wait. "The next house," he

Max Reinhardt's great spectacle, "The Miracle," is coming to the screen—and Jean Muir will play the part of *The Nun*

shouted, "is the property of Corinne Griffith, now being rented by Chico Marx."

Jeanette, who has a sense of humor, needed no further encouragement. She organized the party then and there. Dressing in their oldest clothes they started in search of a Hollywood guide, and driving a four-year-old car. Mrs. MacDonald and Robert Ritchie (Jeanette's fiancé-manager) were in the front seat, Jeanette and her sister in the rumble. As a last-minute precaution against recognition, Jeanette borrowed her mother's glasses. She couldn't see a thing through them and her mother couldn't see without them. But they were out to listen, not to see.

The boy they picked up as guide was a young college lad whose sign advertised "Sixty Homes of Stars for a Dollar." All the silly questions they asked and all the amazing replies he gave would fill a book. They were posing as typical tourists and their impersonations were perfect.

Toward the end of the trip, they were driven down their own street. The guide, better informed than the first one they heard, pointed out their home accurately. Jeanette insisted upon stopping because her "very favorite movie star was Jeanette MacDonald." She tried to get all the information she could, but their guide didn't claim to know much about Miss MacDonald off the screen.

It was then that Jeanette conceived her wildest idea. She proposed ringing "Miss MacDonald's" door-bell and asking her for a picture. In vain, the guide tried to dissuade her. When the butler opened the door, Jeanette put on quite an act of getting into the house. Seeming at last to force her way in, she found a photograph, autographed it to herself and came out proudly bearing it. She says she will never forget the expression on the guide's face.

The actor who won the coveted rôle of Katharine Hepburn's idealistic hero in "The Little Minister" is young John Beal. And you and he will both hear Katharine sing

Jeanette MacDonald's merriment in "The Merry Widow" is no masquerade. Read about her real-life sense of humor

Later, however, she may have cause to regret her prank. Maybe this professional guide will be encouraged to bring a whole parade of folks to ring her bell. He might even change his sign to read "Sixty Homes of Stars and an Autographed Picture of Jeanette MacDonald for a Dollar."

French as She Is Spoke

RALPH BELLAMY, just returned from Europe (he made a picture in England), tells of an amusing experience in Paris. He planned to give a party to the press and, accompanied by John Cromwell, the director, he set out to buy the necessary libations. Now, Cromwell speaks no French and Bellamy shouldn't. He didn't know the words for anything except brandy and Cointreau. So he decided on Side-Cars. (*Continued on page 12*)

CARL LAEMMLE Presents

"NIGHT LIFE OF THE GODS"

For the Love *of* Mique!

MYTHOLOGY opens up and spills all the Greek gods and goddesses on Modern Broadway. Imagine Neptune, Venus, Mercury, Adonis, Apollo, Diana, Bacchus, Hercules swarming into a fashionable night club and stampeding the high-hats and low necks of today. That's the picture.

It is a hilarious novelty comedy [from the book by Thorne Smith] fantastic and odd—so unusual and so well directed by LOWELL SHERMAN that the whole world will love it.

Produced by Carl Laemmle, Jr.

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MOVIE CLASSIC Reader Names Six Best Directors

FIRST PRIZE

Six Directors Who Can Always Be Depended Upon

When I shop for pictures, the director is paramount, regardless of the star billed.

There are six directors who overshadow even their most glittering movie puppets. They infuse the best that is mental and physical appeal in the stars who are fortunate enough to be under their directorial wand.

Foremost is Frank Capra. His directorial personality is the human every-day appeal of the man in the street. How his pictures strike home is best realized by "It Happened One Night" and "Lady For a Day."

Directorially speaking, Ernst Lubitsch is as colorful and exotic as Greta Garbo. His is the power to mold an unsophisticated American player into a subtle, insinuating, provocative character.

Clarence Brown brings out the best points of an established star's histrionics. Garbo and Crawford have benefited by his directorial methods.

Cecil B. DeMille is the answer to the prayers of the ugly duckling stars. I believe he has the power to transform plain ZaSu Pitts into a golden cocoon. His rich, tapestry dramas are the delight of fans who lead humdrum, every-day existence.

Frank Borzage appeals to the sentiment. His directorial powers of reeking out balefuls of tears, even out of the case-hardened movie-goers, is proof that the cinema world loves a good cry.

Last, but not least, W. S. Van Dyke. Versatility is his first name. He is at home directing jungle pictures, melodramas, mystery and sex pictures. Who could forget "Eskimo," "Tarzan," "Manhattan Melodrama" and "The Thin Man"?

GEORGE A. ABBATE, *Utica, N. Y.*

SECOND PRIZE

Screen Version of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" Superior to Stage Production

What perfect, flawless entertainment "The Barretts of Wimpole Street" provides! To give us this truly great picture its producers must have marshalled their most brilliant talent, for here we find a grand cast, directorial genius and a high order of production ability. The result is a picture masterpiece.

Norma Shearer for once is not Norma Shearer, but *Elizabeth Barrett*, a charming, sensitive, beautiful and intelligent woman of forceful character, but poetic soul.

The meeting of the two poets, as portrayed by Miss Shearer and Fredric March, is an exquisite scene, as fine as anything of a like nature that the writer has seen on any screen.

It was breathtaking, fascinating, and dynamic. One does not miss Katharine Cornell and Basil Rathbone of the stage "Barretts" in having these two fine players in the cinema version. In fact, with Charles Laughton in his masterful portrayal of the tyrant father and other members of the cast giving performances that measured up to the high standard set by the principals I would say the screen play is superior to the stage production.

MRS. CATHARINE N., *Minneapolis, Minn.*

Become a Critic—Win a Prize

Tell the movie world — through MOVIE CLASSIC — what phase of the movies most interests you! Advance your ideas, appreciations and criticisms of the pictures and players. Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published. Keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We shall use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City

THIRD PRIZE

"The Thin Man" Has Enough Material for Three Fine Films

After having seen "Thin Man" at every theater in town (from the 40c ones to the "10c any seat, any time"), I've come to the conclusion that the order of the day should be more and thinner men!

The dialogue was so brilliant, so racy, and above all so human; the love story between the gorgeous Loy and the debonair Powell so unusual, in that it depicted love *after* marriage; and the murder story so tense and well worked out that it kept the audience gasping.

The scene at the dinner-table where Powell unravelled the baffling mystery was, to put it mildly, suspense incarnate.

"Thin Man" really had material for three excellent pictures—the love story—the comedy—the murder—, but combined in *one* picture it adds up to superlative entertainment.

"Thin Man" gets my vote for the best picture of this year or any year.

BETTY HOLLOWAY, *Glendale, Calif.*

Honorable Mention

Garbo Still Reigns

With all the controversy waged about the throne tottering, with the handicap of making a beautiful but not particularly spectacular picture, with a battle on as to whether there will be a new contract, thru it all Garbo is still the Queen.

Garbo, contrary to other actress's publicity, is still unsurpassed in heavy dramatic emotional rôles. She has that Dusé quality of becoming the very character she impersonates, that vibrant quality that brings a shadow to life.

Garbo is also one of the best business women in the industry. She has built up for herself a fine fortune, she has deliberately created a veil of mystery which even the

debunking processes and the many copies have not lessened.

Garbo is certainly one of the few beautiful women on the screen to-day. She can and has worn some of the most impossible of costumes and makeup and still gives the illusion of beauty. Her beauty is of a warm vibrant perfection.

Garbo is still the Queen. Garbo will never be forgotten.

FRANCIS MARTIN, *Berkeley, Calif.*

Players Are Often Miscast

The strange and mysterious motives behind the average Hollywood casting have long been a source of wonderment to me. Actors, for example, famed for prowess in, let us say, dancing, are instead required to be comedians, singers, or, in fact, anything but what their particular talent calls for.

Two very good exponents of this common fault are Patsy Kelly and John Boles. Patsy has been every star's pal, but has had few chances to display her remarkable dancing ability. The golden-voiced Boles hasn't warbled a note for some time.

Another instance of miscasting is the persistence of the producers in casting such uncollegiate types as Bing Crosby and Jack Oakie in campus rôles.

While I am registering complaints I also want to point out another fallacy of movie moguls which tends to make pictures border on the ridiculous and that is the practice of clothing the players in attire which has no relation to the parts being interpreted. It is errors such as these that keep movies from attaining greater reality.

PHYLLIS WEBBER, *Springfield, Mass.*

Wants Will Rogers In a Different Type of Picture

Have the movie producers ever taken into consideration the fact that we movie fans would like to see a different type of Will Rogers picture? Oh yes! We know they're good and guarantee the best of entertainment, but, with one or two exceptions, the plot is always the same. Outside of a few new jokes and several laughs, we are seeing the same movie.

Must he always have a daughter or son whom he trys to help and we know will come out all right in the end? Must the wife always have higher ideas and make a monkey out of him only to return in the finish and admit she's wrong? These points recall: "So This is London," "State Fair," "Lightnin'," "Mr. Skitch," "Handy Andy," and others.

Why not create a new story and introduce a new Rogers which would make a picture we would want to see again.

FRANCES BEATTY, *Smartville, Calif.*

More Fitting Titles Wanted

The only quarrel we have with Grace Moore's great picture concerns the title. Why not call it "One Night of Music"? With one eye, or both eyes, on the box office, the producers called it "One Night of Love."

If you knew nothing at all about Miss Moore's picture except its title, you would probably suspect it to be the standard brand, featuring close-ups of catch-as-you-can boudoir scenes. We are happy to report that those who went to "One Night of Love" with any such hopes were disappointed. "One Night of Love" is a thrilling picture, but the thrills are perfectly proper ones. Miss Moore's magnificent voice provides enough entertainment for any one night.

Give us MOORE and better titles.

M. K. R., *Chattanooga, Tenn.*

Women Must Avoid Harsh Laxatives

THE feminine sex must be particularly careful in the choice of a laxative.

Women should avoid a laxative that is too strong—that shocks the system—that weakens. They should avoid laxatives that are offered as cure-alls—treatments for a thousand ills. A laxative is intended for one purpose only—to relieve constipation.

Ex-Lax is offered for just what it is—a gentle, effective laxative.

Ex-Lax is effective—but it is mild. It acts gently yet thoroughly. It works over-night without over-action.

Ex-Lax will not form a habit—you take it just when you need a laxative. You don't have to keep on increasing the dose to get results.

For 28 years, Ex-Lax has had the confidence of doctors, nurses, druggists and the general public alike, because it is everything a laxative ought to be.

Children like to take Ex-Lax because they love its delicious chocolate flavor. Grown-ups, too, prefer to take Ex-Lax because they have found it thoroughly effective—without the disagreeable after-effects of harsh, nasty-tasting laxatives.

At all drug stores—in 10c and 25c boxes.

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS!

Get genuine Ex-Lax—spelled E-X-L-A-X—to make sure of getting Ex-Lax results.

Keep "regular" with

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

Lili Damita is now in England, making "Brewster's Millions"; fiancé Hugo Brassie is in Australia; but they have a wedding date in Hollywood "before New Year's"

(*Continued from page 8*)

But the lemon or lime juice was still to be obtained.

As everyone who has ever been abroad knows, fresh fruit is at a terrific premium on the Continent. Despairing of finding fresh limes or lemons, Ralph decided to ask for extracts. He thought he was phrasing his request very well and the startled expressions that came over the faces of the French clerks he mistook for their lack of knowledge of fruit juice extracts.

Only after he returned to the hotel and recited his difficulty to Mrs. Bellamy, who speaks French like a native, did he learn the horrible truth. Literally translated, his request had been for "gasoline from nail files."

Mr. SternBERG to You

JOSEF VON STERNBERG is in the headlines again on two counts, both of his own devising. He has posted an offer of $100,000, payable to anyone who can prove that his name was ever Joe Stern. He admits adding the "von" when he was an assistant director on a picture that was thought to need "class" such as a "von" might give it. This is the same story reported many months ago by this department. But the Joe Stern rumor irks Mr. von Sternberg no end. He declares his name was always Sternberg and defies anyone to prove differently, defies such a person a hundred thousand dollars' worth.

The second story that gained headlines for von Sternberg recounts how he joined the cameramen's union, thereby having the right to add the initials A. S. C. (American Society of Cinematographers) to his name. His new picture, therefore, may have screen credits which read "A Josef von Sternberg Production—Directed by Josef von Sternberg — Photographed by Josef von Sternberg."

Incidentally, he has announced that he and Marlene Dietrich are ending their professional association as director and star with their present picture, "Caprice Espagnole." The reason: "in order to give Miss Dietrich the benefit of varied types of direction." Meanwhile, of course, he will be achieving directorial variety by directing varied types of stars. Marlene's director-husband, Rudolph Sieber, a frequent commuter from Europe, is not returning to the "old country" this time. Having a Hollywood studio position now, he faces no more separations from Marlene and their small daughter, Maria (whom you saw in "Scarlet Empress").

Tough Luck Pictures

HOLLYWOOD always has one hard-luck picture in work. The season's champion so far has been "The Captain Hates the Sea," filmed on an old sailing vessel, on which cramped quarters and rough weather frayed everybody's nerves — with many retakes necessary. And no sooner was "The Captain" in port at last than the tidal wave of hard luck moved out to Fox where Jesse Lasky is producing "Helldorado." The production, finally under way after a delay due to casting difficulties, was halted when a mysterious eye ailment hit the troupe. Richard Arlen, Director James Cruze and several others suffered from something to which doctors are unable to give a name. Their eyes simply closed up tight and they were unable to open them.

Joan Does It Right

JOAN CRAWFORD'S new dressing rooms, decorated for her by William (Interior Decorator-on-the-side) Haines, were finished, and all that remained was for Joan to transfer her personal belongings. This she went to do, making an appointment with the wardrobe department for an hour later.

Two hours passed and the fitters began to wonder about Joan. Finally someone went to her new place to check up. There was Joan, a towel bound around her hair, down on hands and knees, scrubbing the floor.

"Sorry if (*Continued on page 14*)

Richard Dix, who has been honeymooning, is getting to work again in "West of the Pecos"—the most ambitious Western of the season—with Martha Sleeper as his heroine. It was as a Westerner, in "Cimarron," that he made his greatest hit

LESSONS IN LOVELINESS

This is the first of a series of "Lessons in Loveliness" by Nell Vinick, definitely recognized as New York's favorite beauty adviser. For eight years, her tri-weekly beauty talks—also called "Lessons in Loveliness"—have been featured on Station WOR, New York. It is her idea that *every woman*, by attention and correct care, can bring out her hidden beauty, herself, *at home*. To the countless thousands who already know Miss Vinick, she needs no introduction. To others, it will be a revelation to learn how simple and successfully she solves beauty problems.—*Editor*.

BY Nell Vinick

I RECEIVE so many letters from girls with round faces who yearn for oval faces—and just as many with oval faces, wishing theirs were round. So many girls bewail the fact that their eyes are too small or their mouths are too large, or there's this or that the matter with the shape of their features (so *they* think) . . .

What was it Milton wrote...? "Blame not Nature—she hath done her part; do *Thou* but yours" . . . which is just another way of saying that it is silly to be discontented with your features, because *any* girl, in fairly good health, can get the reputation of being beautiful—can *make* herself look beautiful—IF she will definitely and sincerely set out to do so.

Miriam made herself beautiful

. . . . and so did Ginger

And, as glorious proofs of this statement, you have such stars as Ginger Rogers, Miriam Hopkins and many others, who have willingly revealed that they started out as downright plain or the traditional "ugly ducklings."

You can do the same, if you really set out to do so—and *stick to it*, day in and day out. . . .

With the formal social season and holiday party dates close at hand, let's have this "Lesson in Loveliness" on Make-Up, because make-up is the quickest way to add delicate warmth and vitality to your skin, a more appealing expression to your eyes—in other words, to make YOUR beauty *quickly noticeable*.

You understand, of course, that make-up for personal or social use must necessarily be different from make-up for the movies. . . .

For personal make-up, first of all comes the powder-base. The powder-base should be a delicate cream for dry, sensitive skin—or a corrective lotion for the oily or open-pore type of skin.

Cream rouge (also called paste rouge) goes on immediately after the powder base and BEFORE face powder. DRY rouge goes on AFTER face powder. . . . I advocate cream rouge because, if it is a good brand, it will look much more natural, and stay on much longer without fading, than dry rouge. ...The chief purpose of dry rouge is for hasty renewal of color at odd moments.

Here are three important rules for applying rouge:

Rule No. 1: Keep your rouge ABOVE the lip-line. By that, I mean that the rouge on your cheeks should never be lower on your face than the lip-line—or else it will give a dragged-down, aged look.

Rule No. 2: NEVER, never get your rouge inside the smile curve. . . . When you smile, there is a distinct curving line from the nose down to the lips—that's the smile-curve. . . . Remember to keep your rouge OUTSIDE that curve.

Rule No. 3: Always apply rouge (or any make-up) in the light in which you will be seen. . . . When you dress in the morning, apply your make-up in natural daylight. If you should put on your make-up under electric light, make it a point to carry your hand-mirror over to the window and see what you look like in daylight. That's the way others will see you. . . .

You'd suppose, wouldn't you, that no one needs to be told how to use face powder? But what I observe more often than not prompts me to tell you that powder should not be rubbed on. PUFF it on all over your face, with quick little dabs, and then "sweep it down" gently with either a powder-brush or what is just as good—a clean, dry piece of absorbent cotton. If you do your face powdering that way, you'll get a lovelier, more velvety effect.

Carry Tissues with You

HERE'S another tip: If your nose—or face—needs powdering during the day or evening, don't just bring out your powder puff and dab it right on. ALWAYS wipe your face or nose gently with (*Continued on page 71*)

Intimate Hollywood Gossip

Gloria Swanson has two leading men in her promising "comeback" picture, "Music in the Air." One is an old friend—John Boles—whose first screen rôle was opposite her. The other is Douglass Montgomery, making friends with her above

(*Continued from page 12*)

I'm late," she said, smiling happily. "I've turned scrubwoman because I want to be sure the job is done right. And I find I'm enjoying it and having a grand time, so I've lost track of time." And yet some people try to say Joan has gone high-hat!

Otto's Embarrassing Moment

SPEAKING of unexpected stories, there is the tale of the time Otto Kruger, arriving late for the theatre, drove his big car into a parking lot and, because the attendant was busy, parked it himself. After the final-act curtain, he returned to the lot, but couldn't find the car. Thinking it stolen, he raised a hue-and-cry for the manager of the lot. The manager was able to explain—with great pride. Kruger, by mistake, had parked in a second-hand automobile sales agency. They sold the car for him during his absence.

Autograph, Please

THE autograph-hunters of Hollywood (distantly related to the head hunters of the South Seas) have a new dodge. They now go armed with little rolled up pellets of paper upon which are their names and addresses. Holding their autograph books in one hand and the paper pellets in the other, they offer the film star a choice—an autograph now or an autographed photo to be sent to them later.

Out-Staring Astaire

EVERY month there is at least one new autograph anecdote. I particularly like this one. Fred Astaire, still very new to Hollywood, was trapped by a crowd of youngsters as he was leaving the NBC broadcasting studio on the RKO lot. Fred was busily signing books when he remembered that someone had told him that youngsters could frequently be put to rout by suddenly asking them if they really knew their victim's name. He tried it and was successful in embarrassing all but one little girl. She stared up at him as she said, "Of course, I know who you are. You're Fred Allen. I hear you on the radio."

Phyllis Seiler, from the stage, gets her film start as one of the "glorified" in "The Great Ziegfeld." And why not?

Short Short Story

WE quote verbatim from a classified advertisement in a local paper: "Job Wanted: Young man, clean cut, honest, A1 refs., chauffeur, handy man, waiter, dishwasher, or actor."

Boys Will Be Boys

THE year's wildest bet was made by Roscoe Karns and Al Hall, Paramount director, on the outcome of the World Series. Rabid baseball fans both, Karns favored the Detroit Tigers, while Hall was a St. Louis Cardinals rooter. Their wager allowed the winner to throw six baseballs at the home of the loser, breaking as many windows as he could.

Grace Moore, reaping royalties from "One Night of Love," is lending her voice to radio, waiting for a new screen story

Ginger Turns Playwright

MAE WEST writes her own stories, dialogue and songs; Elissa Landi writes novels and has been known to turn out songs; Jean Harlow has just written a novel, which will be looked over by literary agents for the movies. Ginger Rogers is revealed as an author-beauty. She concocted a musical comedy—complete with plot, music and lyrics, calls it "Three to Go," and plans to produce it on the stage, unless the movies insist on it first.

3 trying moments conquered!

How WONDERSOFT KOTEX gives women freedom never before dreamed of

Ice-skating is Vigorous!

● But the modern girl can enjoy sports without discomfort. Wondersoft Kotex never ropes or pulls; it keeps readjusting itself because of the special center—unlike other pads.

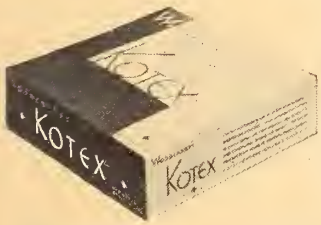
Bridge takes concentration

● At the bridge-table, she used to squirm and fidget on *those* days. But Wondersoft Kotex stays dry at the edges, stays soft for hours. No chafing or harsh rubbing because sides are covered with filmy cotton.

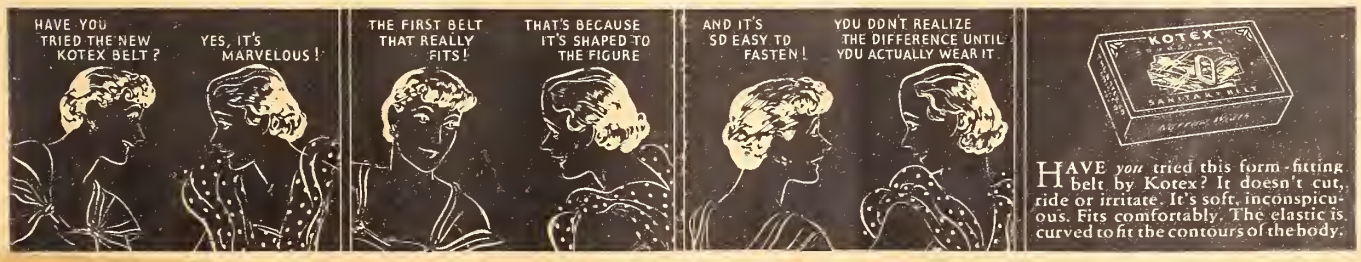
A filmy, daring frock

● The kind of frock she wouldn't have dared to wear yesterday; so sheer, so light in color. But she is sure of absolute protection to both dress and lingerie, when she wears Wondersoft Kotex. The special center absorbs safely; the sides stay dry. And not a single tell-tale line shows.

● Too bad all women don't know the special patented advantages found only in Wondersoft Kotex. Wear it on either side, of course. Buy it in that smart new box that doesn't look like a sanitary napkin package. All stores have it—and you pay the same price for either Super or regular size. In emergency, find Kotex in West cabinets in ladies' restrooms.



One Woman Tells Another About This New Comfort



HAVE *you* tried this form-fitting belt by Kotex? It doesn't cut, ride or irritate. It's soft, inconspicuous. Fits comfortably. The elastic is curved to fit the contours of the body.

TENSE FIRST NIGHT . . .

A True Hollywood Short, Short Story

BY JACK GRANT

Illustrated by ELDON KELLEY

SHE made her stage début in England when she was only sixteen, but as this is a true story, not just a Hollywood success story, it must be recorded that her first two years in the theatre were not greeted by overwhelming triumphs. She toured the British Isles with traveling repertory players and did a rôle or two in London. But nothing really outstanding.

The main trouble was that she looked so very young, no older than her years. Everywhere she went to apply for larger rôles, she was told, "Go 'way and get some experience."

"How am I going to get experience," she finally asked an agent in exasperation, "unless I have the opportunity? Suppose you tell me where to 'go 'way.' I'm willing to take anything."

The agent, more amused than impressed, suggested a second lead in a repertory company headed for India and China. He expected the young applicant to refuse the offer and was more than a little surprised at her ready acceptance. Nor could she be dissuaded by stories of the dangers and hardships of such a tour.

The troupe numbered only eight players, performing a total of seven plays. For the most part, they played one-night stands. When they traveled by railroad, their car was their hotel. But more often, they went from town to town by automobile and even by horseback, often living in tents. In lowland towns, they sweltered in breathless heat. In the mountain regions, they were frozen half to death. They played many places that did not even boast a theatre. Barrack rooms, barns and stores were often turned into makeshift playhouses. But they always gave a show.

The leading lady fell ill of fever in India. The second lead, having understudied her, was to take her place. Suppose the scene of her triumph *was* only a tiny village in the wilds of India. Suppose her audience *was* only a handful of English settlers. Suppose her stage *was* hardly more than a platform in a tin-roofed barracks. Nevertheless, tonight she was to be the star!

Monkeys chattered at her as she walked to the theatre. She hardly heard them, although ordinarily monkeys were the bane of her existence in this wild country. They were forever stealing make-up and everything else in sight from the dressing-rooms unless she was careful to close all the windows. And it was so hard to remember to close windows in such heat. But what did she care about monkeys now? Tonight she was to be the star!

At the theatre, she was told, "There may be trouble tonight. A native was caught sneaking into the English settlement right after dark with a bomb. Last year several whites were killed in a native uprising. And trouble is brewing again."

Disquieting news this, particularly upon the eve of one's first starring opportunity—a new cause for stage fright. But she determined to pretend that nothing had happened.

The first act was almost safely over when—*Bam!* The rafters of the make-shift theatre shook with the noise. The actor, with whom she was playing a tender love scene whispered tensely, "The natives must have attacked."

"I know," she replied, with equal tenseness. "But we'll have to carry on."

And carry on they did, although they had to shout their most intimate lines to be heard over the racket, now almost continuous. They could see the company manager nervously pacing behind the wings, walking faster with each loud *Bam!* Finally, they saw someone stop to speak to him and the manager started toward the stage.

"Here he comes," said the girl. "I guess he is going to stop the show. Maybe the natives are getting closer. Maybe the building's afire."

"Ladies and gentleman," the manager shouted to the audience, "it is impossible to continue the play with all this noise going on. If you will be patient for a few moments, we'll try to chase away the monkeys that are throwing cocoanuts on the tin roof."

This is just one of the many strange experiences that made Heather Angel a trouper, a veteran trouper, despite her youth. And now that Heather is under long-term contract to Universal Studios in Hollywood, she can laugh at the apprenticeship she served, playing one-night stands in India—thousands of miles from the "civilized security" of Oxford, where she was born, and where she and Ralph Forbes, newly married, may go on their honeymoon . . .

Not all of the hardships she endured on that long trip had comic endings, as did this episode of monkey business. Yet it would be well to consider that the ordeal that Heather Angel underwent in playing her first leading rôle was none the less terrifying because the tumult turned out to be caused by cocoanuts, instead of bursting bombs. If you had ever heard cocoanuts being thrown on a tin roof, you would have believed them to be bombs, too.

Marks two spots most important to every lamp user

Poor lamps are current wasters, just as poor carburetors are "gas hogs." In addition, they may add to your true cost of light by blackening prematurely or by burning out too soon. All three, or any one of these inefficient lamp characteristics, add nothing to the initial cost of your lamps but they all add to the COST OF YOUR LIGHT.

The best way to be sure of getting low cost light is to look for the mark of a manufacturer you can trust. The General Electric monogram is such a mark. When you buy a lamp bearing this mark, you can be sure not only of a lamp that is reasonable to buy, but one that is economical to use . . . a lamp that can be relied upon to give you ALL the light you pay for. *Long nights are ahead. Fill every socket with fresh lamps and, as an added precaution, keep a carton of spares on the kitchen shelf.* General Electric Company, Nela Park, Cleveland, Ohio.

GENERAL ELECTRIC
MAZDA LAMPS

The Natives of Spitzbergen PERSPIRE *on* ICE . . . *yet Seldom Catch Cold*

UP from the mine pits, dripping with perspiration after a day of the hardest kind of labor, the men of Spitzbergen travel miles over icy glaciers, arriving home with their shirts frozen to their backs. Yet they seldom catch cold. Only when the supply ship arrives in the spring does this malady attack them. Then hundreds are stricken.

A review of such cold epidemics led scientific men eventually to the belief that colds were caused by germs, not by exposure, wet feet, or drafts on the neck, although these may be contributing causes. But only recently have they come close to the truth as to the source of this common affliction. They now declare it to be a virus.

Of all the germs known to Science, none is more mysterious, more baffling, and elusive. No one has ever seen the filtrable virus. No filter yet devised has been able to trap it. It can neither be weighed nor measured. Yet it exists and causes damage estimated at $450,000,000 annually. Only by such destructive results can its presence be established.

Our leading scientists, using this virus withdrawn from the nose of a cold sufferer and made into a serum, have been able to produce the sufferer's cold in many other men. Apes, too, have responded in precisely the same way.

Under every-day conditions, the virus enters the mouth, nose, and throat. Unless overcome by natural or medicinal forces, it is likely to cause a cold. The "secondary invaders" such as the pneumococcus, streptococcus, and influenza germs which so often accompany the virus, frequently complicate and aggravate the original cold.

Fight germs with Listerine

Clearly, the places to fight both invisible virus and visible germs are the mouth and throat, warm fertile breeding grounds that welcome all bacteria. The cleaner and more sanitary you keep them, the less chance germs and infection have of developing, leading authorities declare.

Many go so far as to say that the daily use of an antiseptic mouth wash, provided it is safe, will prevent much of the sickness so common in the mouth, nose, and throat, and urge the instruction of children from their earliest years in the disinfection of these cavities.

For this purpose, Listerine has been considered ideal for more than 50 years, by the medical profession and the laity. Non-poisonous and possessing adequate power to kill germs, Listerine is so safe that *it will not harm the most delicate tissue.* At the same time its taste is delightful.

Numerous tests conducted by our staff of bacteriologists, chemists, and doctors, and checked by independent laboratory technicians, reveal Listerine's power against the common cold. Twice-a-day users of Listerine, it was shown, caught *fewer* colds and *less severe* colds than those who did not use it. Enthusiastic users have testified to similar results in unsolicited letters to this company. Why not make a habit of gargling with Listerine every morning and every night? LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

For Colds and Sore Throat.. LISTERINE..*The Safe Antiseptic*

A Poem, Herself...

Gloria Stuart, who has just published a volume of verse, is a grouping of beautiful lines, herself. Versed in the art of light comedy, also, she is in "Maybe It's Love"

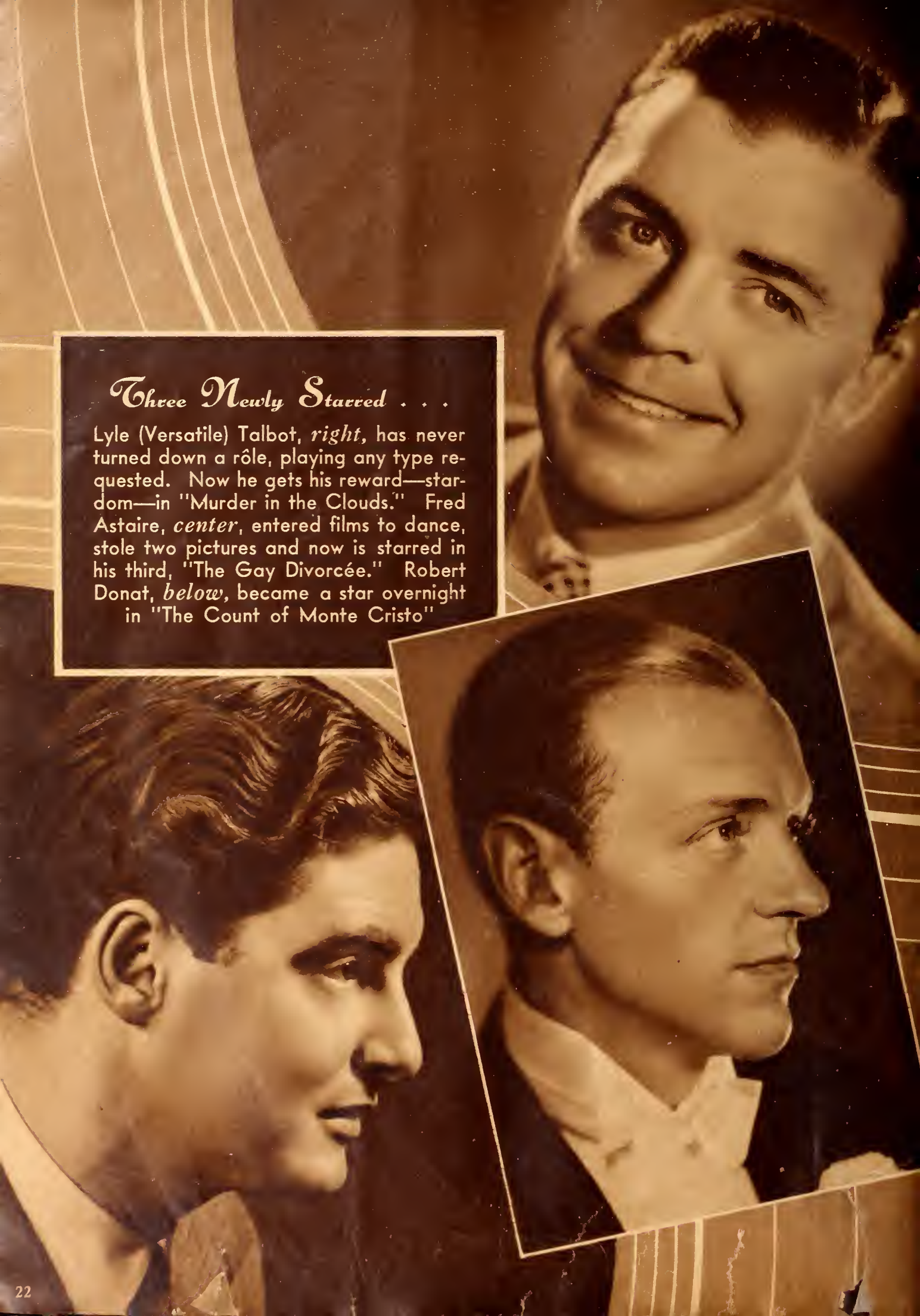
Harmony Without Words

In "Come On, Marines," Richard Arlen and Ida Lupino first matched smiles. And on close inspection in "Ready for Love," it's hard to tell which is happier to be with the other again. Looking at them, who'd think that they would ever part—Dick to make "Helldorado," Ida to vacation in England?

Their rôles in "The Richest Girl in the World" did things for both Miriam Hopkins and Joel McCrea, teamed for the first time. As the masquerading millionairess, Miriam proved herself one of the screen's most gifted comediennes. Now she'll do "Becky Sharp." Joel will be Marlene Dietrich's hero in "Caprice Espagnole"

Lucky in Screen Love

Carole Lombard—newly loaned by Paramount to Columbia, where she made such a hit in "20th Century"—has the rôle of a fan dancer in "Lady by Choice" and Roger Pryor for her most ardent admirer. And it looks like a big break not only for Carole, but for Roger, fresh from his winning of the West in "Belle of the Nineties"



Three Newly Starred . . .

Lyle (Versatile) Talbot, *right,* has never turned down a rôle, playing any type requested. Now he gets his reward—stardom—in "Murder in the Clouds." Fred Astaire, *center*, entered films to dance, stole two pictures and now is starred in his third, "The Gay Divorcée." Robert Donat, *below,* became a star overnight in "The Count of Monte Cristo"

Three Due for Stardom . . .

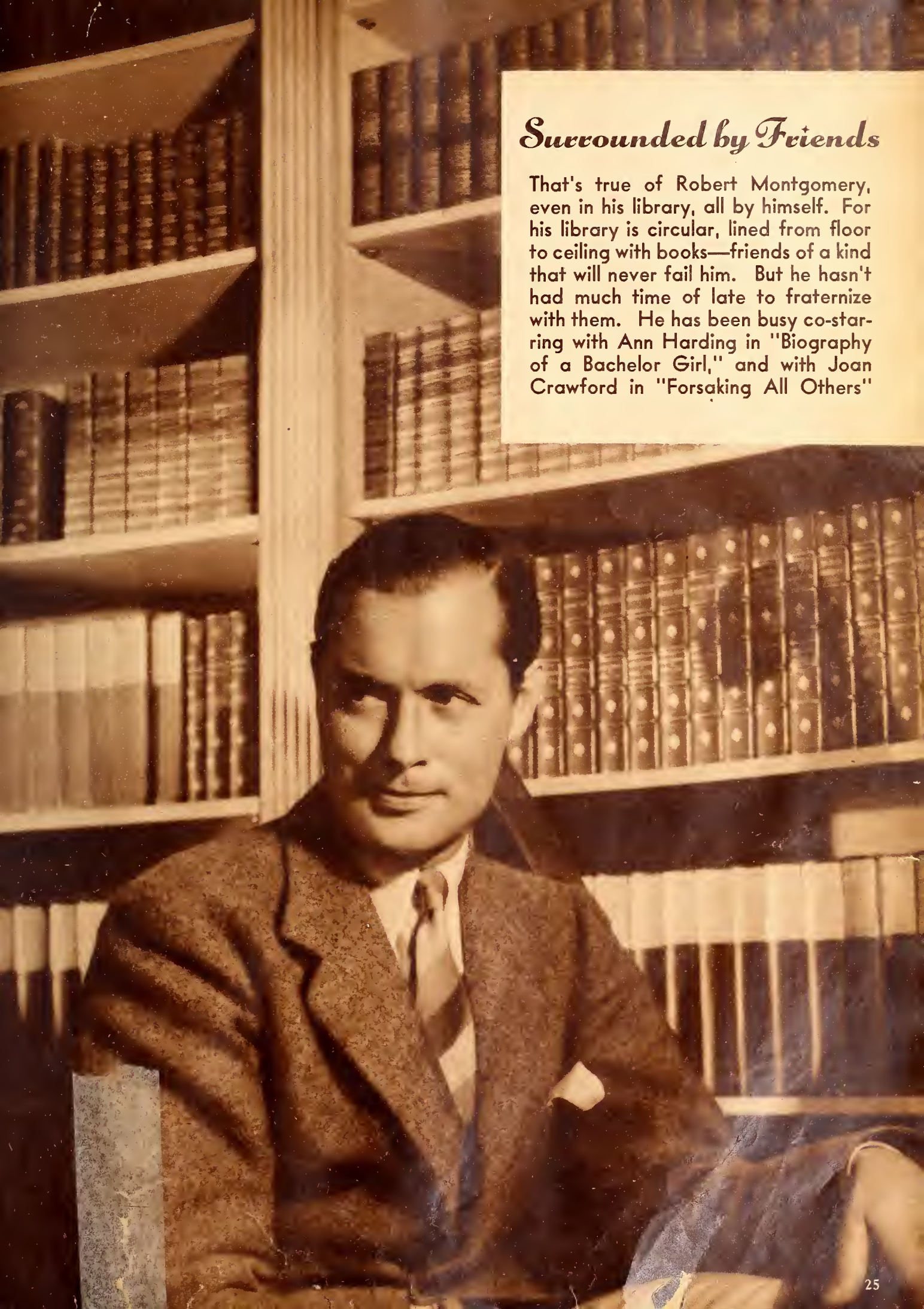
When a girl gets a title rôle in her first film, stardom is ahead. And Ketti Gallian, *left,* French "find," starts out in the title rôle of "Marie Galante." Elizabeth Allan, *center,* has been given so many memorable rôles (the latest is *Dora* in "David Copperfield") that she'll soon be given stardom. Patricia Ellis, *below,* is with James Cagney in "A Perfect Week-End"

Voguish Victorian . .

She may be gowned in the style of a past era, but they're predicting a great future for Jane Wyatt (below). So they made her Henry Hull's leading lady in "Great Expectations," by Charles Dickens. She's a former stage actress and Junior Leaguer—and a potential rival of Margaret Sullavan

Pretty Pioneer . .

Gail Patrick (above) was burying her beauty in law books when the movies found her. And she is still studying—because she still has the ambition to be first woman governor of Alabama. A girl with pioneering ideas—that's Gail. So why shouldn't she act the part in "Wagon Wheels"?



Surrounded by Friends

That's true of Robert Montgomery, even in his library, all by himself. For his library is circular, lined from floor to ceiling with books—friends of a kind that will never fail him. But he hasn't had much time of late to fraternize with them. He has been busy co-starring with Ann Harding in "Biography of a Bachelor Girl," and with Joan Crawford in "Forsaking All Others"

Shirley Temple has had huge personal-appearance offers, but she's staying right in Hollywood. For films are fun — especially, films like "Bright Eyes," with James Dunn and Alice Faye. And when she isn't playing in a scene, she can play between scenes — with a coloring book or teddy bear and camera

It's All Play to Shirley

PRINTED IN U. S. A.

MOVIE CLASSIC
COMBINED WITH
SCREEN STAR STORIES

"I thought everybody realized that," she adds. "Audiences laugh at my gals as much as I do—and you ought to see the letters I get . . . ."

BY WILLIAM F. FRENCH

"It's All in Fun," Says MAE WEST

"AS *Lady Lou* and *Tira* and *Ruby Carter*, I've been playing a part—not giving a thumb-nail sketch of Mae West, herself," suddenly declared Paramount's ace actress-playwright, half-turning on the settee to face me. "I thought everybody realized that. If I happened to do a good job of it, that doesn't mean I couldn't have done something else equally as well, does it? And it shouldn't mean that in private life I have to be like these gals in the pictures, should it?

"If it should, then we ought to start running every time we see a horror star walking down the street. On the screen, they aren't fit playmates for any of us. If we are supposed to be what we play, then Johnny Weissmuller can't be civilized, and Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy need guardians, and Harold Lloyd needs glasses, and somebody ought to send Charlie Chaplin a pair of suspenders.

"Those stars aren't just acting natural when you see them on the screen. They are playing parts. And so am I. The main difference is that I generally write what I play."

Which is Mae's way of telling us that she doesn't just walk out of real life onto the screen—and, also, that if she wasn't playing the parts she is, she would probably be doing as good a job as a different screen type. Unlike Topsy, *Lady Lou*, of "She Done Him Wrong" fame, didn't just "growed." And neither did she just happen to "c'm up 'n' see" Mae West.

Take Mae's word for it; she didn't just strut out on the stage and give the theatre *Diamond Lil*—under which name our own *Lady Lou* was originally presented to Broadway. *Lil*, or *Lou*, was (*Continued on page 70*)

How JOAN CRAWFORD Keeps Her Men Friends INTERESTED

By SONIA LEE

JOAN CRAWFORD has learned a secret that few women ever learn. She has discovered how to transmute the adoration that men lay at her feet into tenuous, abiding friendship. Her home is a court. Within it, regularly, gather the men who once have admired Joan Crawford as a woman and have come to admire her in new terms—in terms of comradeship, of understanding. They have formed a spiritual alliance with her.

This Joan of the searching eyes—this Joan who is constantly seeking for an unknown, undefined something that she feels life should hold for her—has found one thing that few women ever find, particularly if they are glamourous and famous: masculine friendships that know no self-seeking, that do not change with the changing years or changing fortunes.

Joan is not a woman's woman. She doesn't know the devious routes which women take to accomplish their ambitions. Hers is a man's way. It's the difficult way, and the shortest way. She doesn't lend herself to feminine intrigue, but to masculine straightforwardness.

And because Joan has never found temperamental kinship with any of the women she has known, she has, of necessity, turned to the men who have entered her life, who understand the many-faceted personality that she is.

Varied in character, in profession and in position are the men to whom Joan Crawford is a compelling magnet. There is Franchot Tone, who is admittedly in love with Joan, yet whose love has the flavor of a lasting friendship. If Joan and Franchot were never to see each other again, their interest in each other would not cease. There is Lynn Riggs, a quiet, unassuming, brilliant writer. There is Jerry Asher, whom Joan first met when he was a member of the publicity staff of her studio, and who to-day is becoming one of the most earnest chroniclers of the Hollywood scene. Others who have been in Joan's court and who to-day remain her steadfast admirers, her staunchest friends, are Alexander Kirkland, Ricardo Cortez, and Robert Young.

Even Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has been metamorphosed from a husband into a friend. They parted with expressions of mutual regard. When Joan and Doug were no longer in love, there still remained that sincere affection that is the basis of friendship.

When Doug returned to Hollywood last spring after his first sojourn in England, Joan was the first person he telephoned, and to her he undoubtedly confided the state of his heart in relation to Gertrude Lawrence, the British star whose name has been romantically and constantly linked with his. His first evening in town, he hurried out to her house—which had been his also—and Joan showed him over the house, pointing out changes, bringing in the new puppies of his dog, and introducing him fondly to a newer friend, Franchot Tone, with whom he got along very

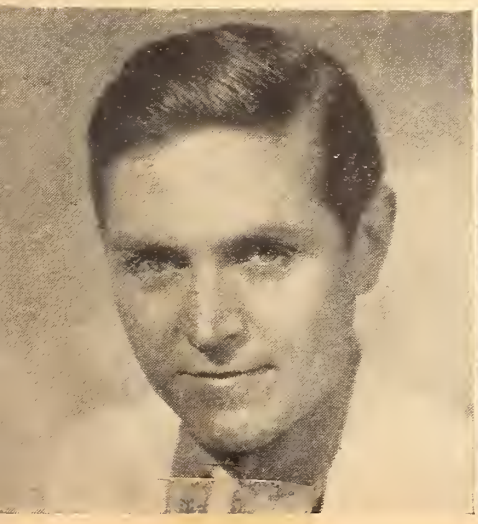
Famous as both a beauty and an actress, Joan uses no feminine arts to intrigue admirers. Every glamourous woman has admirers. But few have what Joan has—friends who are her friends for life

well. Love had died—but friendship, possibly as important, remained.

Still Friends Ten Years Later

NEITHER distance nor time lessens the staunch interest of men who have had the privilege of knowing Joan. To this day, an old school-day suitor writes to her every few weeks. It has been all of ten years since Joan Crawford and this chap went places arm in arm. His letters are not the letters of a perennial suitor—or of a man in love who has recovered from it—but, rather, of a man who understands the worth of a woman as a personality. He writes her about himself, about his progress, about his thoughts, of all those small interests that knit two people together. And he tells her about the shadowy Joan Crawford he sees on the screen. He analyzes her performances. And Joan has only gratitude for the sincerity of his interest.

Joan is a girl whose every feature, whose every movement, whose every mood betray her femininity. Her nature has all the sensitivities of a woman who reacts spontaneously to the beauty of flowers, to the softness of silk. Yet, singularly enough, she meets men on their own (*Continued on page 67*)



To each one of her court, Joan gives the understanding that his individual nature needs. That is the secret of her friendships with (left to right) Robert Young, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., Franchot Tone, Alexander Kirkland and Ricardo Cortez

Have YOU Got the Makings

Six famous funsters tell you what it takes to be a comic

BY GLADYS HALL

WHAT *does* it take to be a comic? What are the ingredients that go into the making of a famous clown? Nearly everybody who is "the life of the party" suspects that he is a comedian and that all the world should be his stage. Let it be said to one of us "Aren't you a sketch, though?" and we are ready for the motley mantle of Mirth to descend upon us. But do these parlor pranks signify that we could be paid comedians?

We have all read about what it takes to become a dramatic actor, a trapeze artist, a prima donna. There have been "schools" of Bernhardts and Booths. Circus performers train their young to carry on after them as aerialists, lion tamers or whatever the hereditary talent happens to be. Singers practise endlessly. The one form of Art we never hear much about, and know very little about, is the Comic. Are comedians "born" or are they "made"? What must an individual have to be a comedian? What does it take? I decided to canvass the caper-cutters and find out.

I asked W. C. Fields first of all. And W. C., with his blue eyes shrewd and thoughtful, said, "I can speak only for myself, of course. Comedians are more individual than any other group of performers. No one comedian is like any other comedian—did you ever think of that? Take Chaplin and Lloyd and Durante and Ruggles and myself, among others. We haven't one trait in common. We are totally dissimilar types, in every way. It's the same with the women—there's nothing similar about Zasu Pitts and, say, Mary Boland, Edna May Oliver, Louise Fazenda and the others.

Mary Boland (above): "You must laugh from within" . . . Charlie Ruggles (center): "You must know what makes the other fellow laugh" . . . Jimmy Durante (left): "Supposin' I wasn't rich? Could I be funny like I am now?"

Funnier Without Funds

"THERE are certain definite formulas for invoking tears—but there is no definite formula for invoking laughter. And so I can only speak for myself. My recipe for being a comedian is this: 'Never have much money.' I know whereof I speak: I once made a lot of money, and I almost fell off the screen and stayed off, as a result. It wasn't until I went broke again that I got back.

"There are two reasons for money's being a handicap to mirth. First, no person can have spontaneous sympathy for the man or woman who is wealthy. There is something about wealth that coats the human heart and makes laughter ring with a metallic sound. There was nothing funny about Midas, you know. He was tragic. And if a comedian doesn't excite your sympathy, you don't laugh at him. You may not have realized this, but it's the truth. Think of Chaplin and Holloway and Butterworth—you really laugh at us all with your mouth twisted with sympathy. It's a fact, or it is for me, that if an audience sits back and remembers that the funny fellow on the stage or screen has a fortune salted away, he has to work a million times harder to convince them that he's funny.

"Secondly, and most importantly, when a comedian acquires money, he acquires dignity along with it. Dignity is fatal to didoes. He gets the capitalistic paunch and the capitalistic 'er-hum' sort of personality. He cuts coupons, instead of capers. My point is that a comedian

# of a COMEDIAN?

should feel as much as possible like the poor monkey who cuts monkey-shines for the peanut that may be flung his way. That's the way *I* feel!"

Everything's Funny to Mary

MARY BOLAND said, with That Giggle of hers, "My dear, the only thing you *must have* to be a comedian is the ability to laugh at everything, everything in the world. If I may say so, I have that ability. I can laugh at death and disaster, at fire and famine, at bankruptcy and affluence, at you and—at myself.

"I was born this way. I laughed at my mother and father when I was a child—and thus escaped most of the punishments I doubtless deserved. Because what can anyone do against perpetual laughter? And, anyway, they had to laugh with me. I laughed at my teachers in school. I laughed in church. I giggled no matter where I was, no matter what befell me, and there were seldom any consequences, because there can't be serious consequences in the teeth of tittering.

"Of course, you have to have a certain technique of your craft. You can't go about laughing immoderately on stage or screen, at the wrong moments. Timing is the important element in professional comedy.

W. C. Fields (right): "My recipe is this: 'Never have much money'" . . . Jack Oakie (center): "Don't think you are funny—let the other fellow think it" . . . Louise Fazenda (below): "All funny women are clowns with aching hearts"

"Learning how to make your point is another necessity. There is, for instance, one special comedy line, let us say, that carries the big punch. You must know just which word it is in that line that will deliver the punch and you have to know how to put that word over. It takes months, and sometimes years, to sense the psychological moment, the deft inflection. I am constantly telling myself funny stories and saying over funny lines to see if I can make *myself* laugh! That's the acid test of any comedy.

"But leaving the dry mechanics of the job out of the discussion, you have to be laughing at yourself and within yourself in order to have others laugh with you. You simply must have a jolly disposition. This is not just a requirement, or an asset; it is the basic necessity. You have to feel that the world is a circus, with popcorn and pink lemonade being passed with every act.

"Laughter is the most contagious thing in the world. You can see others cry, you know, and you do not necessarily cry with them unless you happen to share their sorrow. But you can seldom hear anyone burst into a roar of laughter or give a series of silly giggles without going off yourself. If a comedian has laughter bubbling like a spring from within, it will 'take.' But it has to come from within.

"A comedian should not be married. At least, a comedienne should not. I have never been married. I wouldn't take the risk. There would be too much danger that my husband might not think me funny at all. And if my laughs should fall flat at home, I would lose confidence in myself. Besides, I've laughed at everything for too long. I've laughed myself right away from the altar on more than one occasion. The solemnity of it all has been too much for me. I've laughed at love, I've laughed at proposals of marriage . . . it does strike me funny to see men down on their knees, proposing. Yes, I've laughed myself right out of the things that make the lives of most women, but I've laughed myself right onto the stage and screen. And I even think *that's* funny and so, apparently, does my public. Long may we laugh!"

Schnozzola Thrives on Coupons

JIMMY DURANTE looked at me askance—over his schnozzle—when I asked him what he considered the makings of a comedian. And when (*Continued on page 68*)

He'll Make Movies That Will Live

Acme

MAX REINHARDT, greatest living master of theatrical production, comes to Hollywood—and thereby hangs an augury of great changes in films. He has just produced the greatest spectacle in theatrical history. And Ernst Lubitsch predicts that when Reinhardt brings it to the screen, it will still be exhibited "long after Hollywood is forgotten"

BY HARRY T. BRUNDIDGE

MAX REINHARDT came to Hollywood—and Hollywood came to the "Little Professor." Recognized the world over as the foremost living authority of theatrical production, Reinhardt came to Hollywood to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl, and never in all the history of the stage or screen, has there been such a spectacle.

The kindly little Austrian was fêted and acclaimed by all Hollywood. Up to the time he produced the Shakespearian fantasy, he had failed to impress his genius upon the picture producers. It was whispered that "Reinhardt is too great for pictures."

Then, overnight, the old maestro was deluged with offers. Every studio in California, it seemed, wanted him. But Warner Brothers won out and his initial job, as a producer-supervisor, will be his old favorite, "A Midsummer Night's Dream." Reinhardt's old German friend, Director William Dieterle, will handle the camera angles. One thing seems certain: Mickey Rooney will be cast as *Puck*.

With Reinhardt signed, all Hollywood is speculating as to the future. Will his coming prove revolutionary? Will there be a wave of spectacular productions? Will religion, at last, find a place in the motion picture drama? I believe the answer to each question is "Yes."

Impressed By Stupendous Crowds

THERE were tears in the eyes of the old master—"The Little Professor" to his intimates—when I found him in the wings, backstage in the Bowl, where he was waiting for me. He was awed by the vast throng of twenty-one thousand people, now moving slowly out of this perfect theatre, canopied by the stars and en-walled by the eternal hills, after viewing Reinhardt's gorgeous and prankish production. He stood there, this little genius who had sacrificed everything except honor in leaving Hitler's Germany, shedding tears of joy.

"A thousand times and more have I produced 'The Dream,'" he told me, as he wrung my hand. "All over the world I have produced it, but never, NEVER has there been anything like this. Never such actors, never such a stage, never such lighting, never such crowds. I watch, as these many thousands depart, but these old eyes do not believe. Man, my largest previous audience for a performance of 'The Dream' was three thousand!

"For months I have been trying to convince myself that the lyricism and poetry of Shakespeare would find an eager audience. Now I am convinced there is a tremendous public for it, on stage or screen. It was expected that the stars of pictures, the producers and the socially elect,

(*Continued on page 63*)

Portraits by Dick Whittington

Top, J. L. Warner, of Warner Brothers, signs a genius — Max Reinhardt (standing). *Above,* Mickey Rooney as *Puck. Right,* Walter Connolly as *Bottom.* They thrilled Reinhardt in "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; he thrilled 21,000 people

K. O. Rahmn

Our MARY Becomes Queen of the Air!

Mary Pickford, the most famous woman in the world already, takes to the radio, and not only adds to her fame, but finds a new interest in life. And here she tells her future plans—on the air, stage and screen. They may amaze you!

By KATHARINE HARTLEY

"WE take great pleasure in presenting Mary Pickford and her company! Ladies and gentlemen, the best-known woman in the world is on the air!" Thus the NBC announcer introduced Mary Pickford—America's Sweetheart, the First Lady of the Films—while listeners throughout the country gathered closer to their radios. Until that moment, she had been only a shadow on the screen—but in the next fraction of a second her voice would be heard in millions of homes. What a thrill!

And if you think it was an occasion for you, I wonder what you think it was for Mary Pickford?

I talked with her the day after her first broadcast, out at Pickfair, and she was radiant and enthusiastic—flushed and happy with her success in her newest experiment. There were a thousand questions flooding my mind. What were her plans for the future? Didn't she feel that this was a turning point in her life? What was she going to do about the stage play she had planned? Did this mean she would give up pictures?

"How do you feel about being the new Queen of the Air?" I asked first. "What is there about it that is most important to you?"

"I think it is being able to reach millions of people who have probably never seen me before." And then, because I looked surprised that there should be *anybody* who had never seen Mary Pickford, she said, "Oh, yes, think of the thousands of sick people who have been confined to their beds for years—and think of all the *blind* people in the world that I talked to last (*Continued on page 62*)

Top, Mary Pickford and John Mack Brown rehearse for her second dramatic broadcast —a condensed version of "Coquette"

By Larry Reid

THESE

Jeanette MacDonald, of the golden voice, just can't elude smiling Maurice Chevalier in the merriest version yet of "The Merry Widow"

Gary Cooper has some unhappy moments in "Now and Forever" —and so do Carole Lombard and Shirley Temple, who steals another picture

When "The Count of Monte Cristo" began, Robert Donat and Elissa Landi were to be co-featured. When it was finished, he was starred

THE MERRY WIDOW—M-G-M

Chevalier, MacDonald, Lubitsch—All at Their Best

THIS time, on the screen, the merriest operetta of them all IS an operetta—crowded with mischievous, mad comedy, glamourous with girls and romance, lilting with the original, haunting Lehar music, and having Maurice Chevalier and Jeanette MacDonald for its light-hearted stars and Ernst Lubitsch as its director. It is the biggest picture, in every way, that Maurice and Jeanette have made, but the real star, I suspect, is the unseen, but always-felt Herr Lubitsch. Those sly little Lubitsch touches, the merry Lubitsch mood, the Lubitsch sparkle and tempo are what make it imperative to put aside all memories of the silent version and see the new one.

The story has been altered a bit, and the alterations add to the zestfulness of the occasion. All the romance is still there, but it has the glamourous, gay unreality of fantasy, the comic-opera touch. It is love-with-a-smile. The golden-voiced Jeanette is a gayer *Sonia* than I remember ever seeing before; Maurice is a blither *Prince Danilo;* and Edward Everett Horton, as the *Ambassador*, Una Merkel as the *Queen*, and George Barbier as the *King*, imitating no one before them, are all inimitable.

The plot, revolving around mistaken identity or, rather, unawareness of identity, is right up the Lubitsch alley. *Sonia*, who holds more than half the money of a mythical kingdom, is outraged by the advances of a bold blade (who doesn't know who she is, since she is masked) and leaves the country. The *King*, vowing death for the villain if ever detected, seeks a cavalier to go to Paris and win her, bringing her back. He picks *Danilo* (who, of course, is the aforementioned culprit). The scene then shifts to Paris, where he meets a vision named *Fifi* (*Sonia*, masquerading), who doesn't know his identity. *Fifi* and "The Merry Widow Waltz" put him in a romantic ecstasy, from which he is rudely awakened by the discovery that he was literally intoxicated and has probably lost her. (This is one of the best scenes in the picture.) Then *Fifi* learns who he is, and he discovers who she is, and to a dungeon he must go. But, this being a comic opera, he doesn't stay there. It's a tonic for anyone, of any age, of any nationality.

NOW AND FOREVER—Paramount

Shirley Temple Cries—and Steals Another Picture

IN "Baby, Take a Bow," Shirley Temple was a cute urchin who made a new man of her ex-convict father and then, with her innocent playfulness, almost sent him back to prison. In "Now and Forever," she is a cute urchin who almost makes a new man of her suave-swindler father, but, with her innocent playfulness, aids his easy way of living. It is a tear-jerker, a bit to the sordid side, as well as to the sentimental, with some well-distributed thrills and laughs, and with Shirley breaking hearts right and left in her crying scenes.

The man she calls "Daddy" this time is Gary Cooper, smooth confidence man, whose operations extend from China through the United States to the Riviera. Sharing his nerve-racking and not-so-easy existence is Carole Lombard, beautiful, poised and his second wife.

REVIEWS OF THE

MOVIES

Suddenly realizing that he has a child by his first wife, he suddenly develops a touch of father-love. Such a touch, in fact, that when the child's grandfather offers him a small fortune if he will give up all rights to her, he refuses. But the hold of the old life is too strong upon him; he can't escape it now. And that means that the little girl is an innocent victim of his moral decay. Somewhere in this, there is a sermon. But of the three stars, Shirley is the only one for whom the story presents a real build-up.

THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO—United Artists

A Great Old Story—and a New Great Star

TWO talkie versions of pictures in which John Gilbert made great hits in silent days make their appearance this month—and are again successes. One is "The Merry Widow"; the other is "The Count of Monte Cristo," which does the same thing for Robert Donat, from England, that the first version did for Gilbert—making him a star overnight.

When Dumas wrote "The Count of Monte Cristo," it was a great story, and it's still a great story. That's the important part. The best of actors can't do much with a weak story. Dumas' tale has a colorful background, drama, romance, suspense, adventure. And in its newest screen transcription, every one of them is developed to the utmost. It's a long picture, but you aren't aware of the fact until you come out of the theatre and discover the time that has elapsed.

Victim of intrigue and the inhumanity of his fellowmen, *Edmond Dantes* is thrown into a dismal dungeon, becomes a forgotten man. Sharing his fate is a priest, who is tunneling his way to freedom by infinitesimal bits, who educates *Dantes*, and who tells him of a fabulous fortune hidden on the island of Monte Cristo. For years, they inch their way toward freedom, and then, just as they are about to escape, the priest dies. *Dantes* sews himself in his dead friend's burial sack, is thrown into the sea, picked up by some smugglers, finds his way to the island. Armed with wealth and power, he sets out to avenge himself on the three men responsible for his living death in the dungeon. A mystery man, he gives no one but the woman he had loved (Elissa Landi) a clue to his identity. As his own agent of justice, he knows bitter triumph, at last finds happiness.

WE LIVE AGAIN—United Artists

Anna Sten Proves She Is a Star

"WE Live Again"—which Tolstoy wrote as "Resurrection" and which the movies have made before, under his title—is another great story, never more appropriately told than now, when justice for the downtrodden is a world cry. And no one has ever told the story more skilfully, more effectively than Anna Sten, who cements her rights to stardom in this, her second American picture, with Fredric March as her co-star. She is definitely one of the great of Hollywood.

This time, she wears no glamourously luxurious gowns. She does not have a seductive rôle. You are not conscious of photographic (*Continued on page 82*)

In "We Live Again"—once "Resurrection"—Anna Sten ends any possible worries about her future. Fredric March is her soldier-lover

Will Rogers leaves the modern scene to its own devices, and goes back to the 1890's, in "Judge Priest"—which has everything you might want

Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire have a new dance ("The Continental") and some good, clean and continuous fun in "The Gay Divorcée"

CURRENT PICTURES

Broadway's Greatest Actor Comes to the Screen

HENRY HULL is more than an actor; he is a magician of make-believe—a genius at turning illusion into reality—and a publicity avoider. He will bring a new kind of hero to the screen—and this tells *how* and *why!*

By ELSIE RAND

THERE'S a reason why Henry Hull is called Broadway's best actor and why he is the greatest movie acquisition of the year, with his Hollywood début—in Charles Dickens' "Great Expectations"—impatiently awaited. He borrows the technique of the profession for which he was trained and applies it to the profession which he has chosen.

He is a tradition on Broadway. He has been in more successive hits, in more long-run productions, than any other star. He has turned "sure failures" into sensational successes. The movie-going world, unless all the prophets are wrong, will soon share Broadway's awe of the man. It will see his extraordinary, uncanny ability to present illusion as reality. It will want that ability explained. This is the explanation:

Henry Hull depends on his mind, not his moods, to interpret a rôle, to breathe life into it. When he accepts a rôle, he immediately begins laborious research into the background and thought processes and emotional characteristics of the man whom he must make believable. For four months, he studied his rôle of *Jeeter Lester* in "Tobacco Road"—the play about the poor whites of the South that several producers rejected before it was finally hesitantly presented and enjoyed such startling, phenomenal success on Broadway that it will now be converted into a picture. He read every bit of literature extant about the downtrodden and dispirited, talked to those familiar with the lives of the men of the tobacco roads, until his every thought, his every reaction, his every movement automatically became true and natural to *Jeeter Lester*.

It is Henry Hull's belief that what he is as a man is unimportant. It is this submergence of self, this complete denial of his own foibles and idiosyncrasies, that has given value—and reality—to his characterizations. He doesn't depend on the spell-binding quality of personality; he relies on the individual qualities inherent in each individual rôle. With him, "the play's the thing." His studio employers, respecting the sureness of his touch, have given him *carte blanche* to interpret his rôles as he sees fit—without direction. If any other actor in screen history has been given that privilege, it's news to Hollywood.

Finds Challenge in a Camera

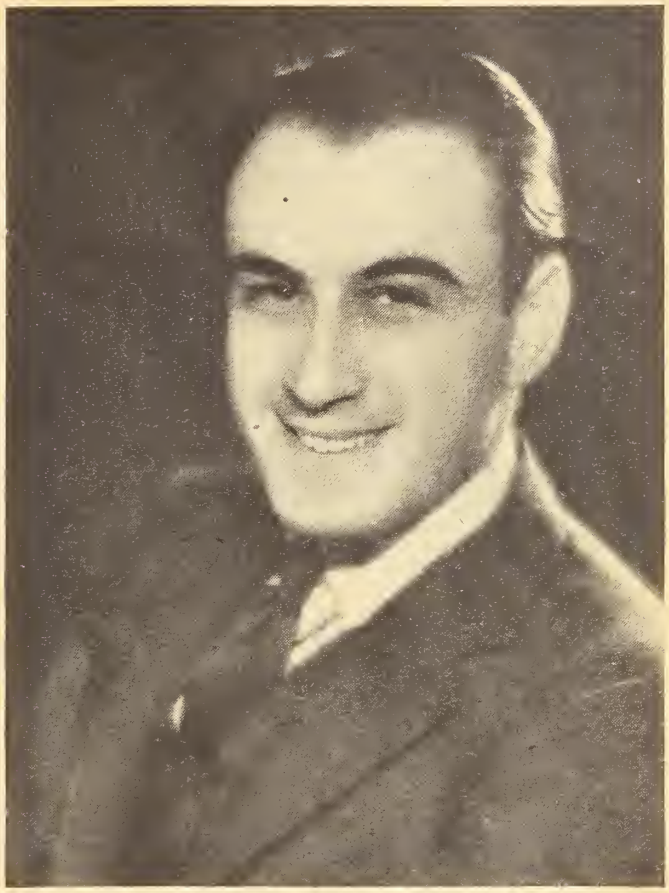
CONTRARY to stage-actor custom, he considers the camera a greater test of acting art than the footlights. It has been the mode for Broadway actors to assume a slightly superior air to the galloping tintypes when movie money has enticed them to Hollywood. But Henry Hull says:

"You can't hypnotize the camera. You *can* hypnotize an audience to the point where they forget your art and react to voice and gesture. In the theatre, there is a mob psychology in operation, helping you to put over a scene. But the camera is completely indifferent to hypnotism. You must fall back on sheer technique, and pray to the gods that your scene is effective. (*Continued on page 72*)

"We Would Have Married—"

Thus reveals CAROLE LOMBARD, in this dramatic, poignant interview—her first and only interview—about her love for tragic RUSS COLUMBO, his love for her, their mutual premonitions of tragedy . . .

By SONIA LEE



LAST month, MOVIE CLASSIC told the story of the tragic death of twenty-six-year-old Russ Columbo, screen and radio favorite—killed by the accidental discharge of an antique pistol, thought unloaded. But there is still another poignant story to be told—the story of Carole Lombard, the girl he loved and hoped to marry, who had a strange premonition of tragedy. It is told by Miss Lombard, herself—exclusively to MOVIE CLASSIC—*Editor.*

FOR three weeks before that tragic accident in the home of his closest friend, death had its finger on Russ Columbo. For three weeks, he and Carole Lombard encountered portents, a shadowy something which they could not define, but which laid the mark of fear on them!

These two were bound not only by ties of mutual devotion, but by a curious mental sympathy as well. There was little that affected one that did not affect the other. They knew that something vital, something irrevocable was on the books of life for them.

It began and ended in a curious chain of circumstances. In an amazing interview, Carole revealed to me not only the never-told-before story of her romance with Russ, but also the history of those three terrifying weeks.

"Russ and I loved one another," she told me. "Eventually, I believe, we would have married. How soon, I don't know. His love for me was of the kind that comes very rarely to any woman. I never expected to have such worship, such idolatry, such sweetness from any man.

"He told you once that his love for me was the most important thing in his life. I really believe it was paramount in his thoughts; it even dwarfed his desire for fame and recognition. He was completely content to sit of an evening and just watch me—without saying a word, without moving. He had no life apart from me. He was lost if we were not together."

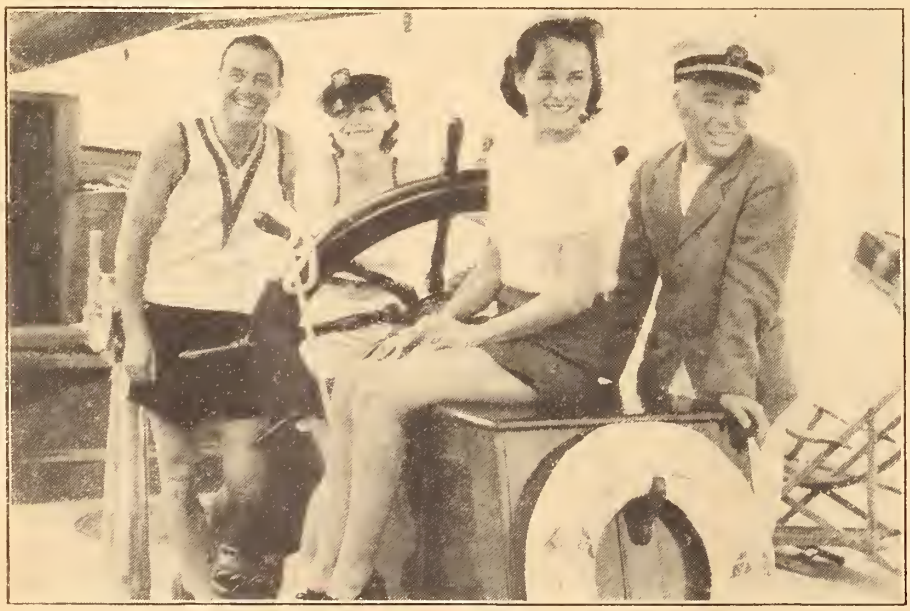
What Delayed Their Wedding

"IT was this very adoration that delayed our marriage. When Russ would ask me: 'When will you marry me?' I would always answer: 'Pretty soon.' I was not afraid that marriage would in any way define or modify or intensify my love for him; I was afraid that marriage might stultify him with contentment. And I wanted him to accomplish great things, to take his place on the screen as an important actor. (*Continued on page 66*)

MOVIE CLASSIC TABLOID NEWS SECTION

THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS

The whole movie colony is paying homage to Max Reinhardt (see page 32). One party at which the great producer met some of the movies' greatest names was that of director Rouben Mamoulian, seen above (left) with Jeanette MacDonald, Anna Sten and director Josef von Sternberg. Contrary to gossip, the two directors are good friends



Acme

Yachting is one sport that is never out of season in California. Here you see (left to right) Franklin Ardell, Norma Shearer, Paulette Goddard and Charlie Chaplin aboard Joseph Schenck's palatial yacht, *Invader*. You'll soon see Paulette and Charlie together in his new comedy

Wide World

Wedding bells in the near future are predicted for Roger Pryor and Ann Sothern —whose smiles don't deny it

CONNIE PLANS "SECOND HONEYMOON" WITH HENRI

Constance Bennett and the Marquis de la Falaise Fool the "Divorce" Gossips—Have Dramatic Reunion in Paris, Where She Spends Her Vacation Nursing Him Through Dangerous Illness

By JOAN STANDISH

IN any other town in the world, if a husband went away on a long, arduous business trip, leaving his wife at home, not even the neighbors would whisper divorce rumors. But when the Marquis de la Falaise (who happens to be a producer) left Hollywood last January to make a film in the Far East, all the restaurant-gossipers in town had it settled that he and Constance Bennett had parted forever. But Henri and Connie have fooled them—and, as the hero and heroine of a suspenseful and romantic little drama, have got cheers from the crowded gallery.

When Connie began to talk of a trip to France in June, the wiseacres wisely nodded. Of course! A Paris divorce! But Connie, busy on a picture, postponed the Paris trip. Then Hollywood heard that Henri was on his way home—by way of Europe. "They will probably pass each other on the ocean," one newspaper gossiper commented. They proved that, as a prophet, he was a poor guesser. And this is how they did it:

With the final retakes on "Outcast Lady" completed, Connie quietly boarded a plane for the East, arriving in New York in time to catch a fast ship by a last-minute gangplank dash, and, a bit out of

"Staying That Way"

breath, telling reporters that she was going abroad to meet her husband, who was returning from the Far East. And, she emphatically added, she wasn't getting a divorce; he wasn't getting a divorce; and, so far as she knew, no one was getting—or even thinking of getting—a divorce. Together, she and her husband would take a short vacation tour of Europe, then return to Hollywood. She invited ship-news men to meet them when they arrived.

When she was within one day of landing at Havre, she received a radiogram, telling her that the Marquis had been taken to the American Hospital in Paris, dangerously ill. His long stay in the jungles of Indo-China had resulted in a complication of malaria, intestinal trouble and a nervous breakdown, which went hard with him. For a week after her arrival, Connie saw nothing of Paris except the interior of his hospital room; she was at his side constantly. As he began to convalesce, she confided to friends that they were planning a second honeymoon." . . .

"People apparently do not like to read about others who are happily married," says the Marquis de la Falaise, commenting on "rift" rumors about Constance Bennett and himself. "But we are—and we are staying that way"

When it became apparent that his complete recovery would be a matter of several months, Connie immediately cast aside all plans for a European vacation tour. She wanted to get Henri back to California and its sunshine. But before they sailed, he wanted her to enjoy a little of the gaiety of the capital that she loves so well. So, on their last night in Paris, Connie and the Marquis, very thin and pale, together with his brother and wife, went to dine at a fashionable restaurant.

As they embarked together, they posed for pictures. To a photographer commenting that they didn't look like a couple on the verge of separation, Henri is reported to have said, "I don't know that anything—even pictures like this—can quash these silly divorce rumors. People apparently do not like to read about others who are happily married. But we are—and we're staying that way."

When they arrived in the United States, they rushed West immediately—to the tonic air of Lake Arrowhead, being accompanied across the country by a trained nurse. Even now the Marquis is far from well. He will have to rest many months before he is again the hale, athletic figure Hollywood knows. Connie's new home, now being finished in Bel-Air, will be the scene of their "second honeymoon," and close friends say that their future plans do not include other long absences by the Marquis to produce travel films. . . .

Meanwhile, his film, made at such cost to his health, is about to be released in America and will give Americans a chance to see his picture-making talents, heretofore identified with the production of foreign versions of Hollywood films. It will demonstrate his long-felt ambition—and his great ability—to be film-famous, himself.

POLA NEGRI RETURNS, BUYS VALENTINO HOME

Polish Star Acquires Long-Empty Falcon Lair, and Will Live Among Memories of Her Romance with Tragic Rudolph—Sets Aside One Room as a Valentino Memorial

Nealson Smith

Falcon Lair, hilltop home of Rudolph Valentino, has been untenanted—except by wind and rain—for the greater part of the eight years since his death. The romantic and superstitious tell of ghostly footsteps in its halls . . .

BY ANN SLATER

BACK from Parisian triumphs, back from pictures in France, plays in New York, and literary work comes Pola Negri, as glamourous as ever—the only actress with the grand manner left in these prosaic days. She had been back in Hollywood only one week when she electrified the town by two announcements. One—that she was to play *George Sand* in "The Life of Chopin." The other—that she was buying Falcon Lair, the lonely mansion Rudolph Valentino built for his wife, Natacha Rambova, high on a mountain top overlooking the terrain from Beverly Hills to the sea.

"It has been one of the big dreams of my life to live in the home of Rudolph," Pola says in that dramatic voice of hers, but with very real tears in her dark eyes, "and now within a month the home will belong to us—Rudolph and me. We shall be happy, living there . . ."

For many years Falcon Lair has been untenanted. Natacha never lived there. Before it was finished, she and the Latin star were separated. But to Pola Negri it is filled with memories, memories of that brief, wonderful romance with Valentino, which death alone interrupted. Every rose-bush had been tended by the two of them together. Through the big, magnificently furnished rooms they had strolled, making plans for changes when they were married. In the gardens, Rudolph had taken miles of motion picture film of Pola, walking under the trees; and his brother, Alberto, had photographed them both in love scenes intended for no eyes but their own.

"I know Rudolph will be happy that the home where we planned to live after our marriage will soon be ours again," says Pola. "Its atmosphere is hallowed by the spirit of the man I love so much."

She is planning to set one room—the library—apart from the rest as a sort of memorial to Rudolph Valentino, where those who remember him may come to see and touch things that belonged to him. She has just purchased all of Valentino's library, many of the books priceless antiques, first editions, autographed by their authors, and she is having them set back on the shelves that have been dusty so long. She has bought a few of his collection of etchings and paintings, and a beautiful console table, and she is searching for other pieces to restore the room to its old dignity.

"It has been one of the big dreams of my life to live in the home of Rudolph. We shall be happy, living there . . ."

"In this room is a little secret door," Pola explains. "It could be entered without disturbing the rest of the household. Now the public may enter by that door."

While waiting for the legal formalities of the transfer of title to the house (now held by a bank), Pola is going over the place with decorators, planning to modernize it in making the extensive repairs necessary after such a long tenancy by the wind and rain. Except for a short while, when the Harry Careys rented it, Falcon Lair has been empty for eight years. Legend has whispered that ghostly footsteps have been heard there, and has suggested that perhaps the master of the house still walked its halls.

"I know Rudolph will be happy that the home where we planned to live after our marriage will soon be ours again"

In the caretaker's cottage behind Falcon Lair now live Alberto Valentino, his wife and son, Jean, who is studying to be an engineer, despite a marked resemblance to the dead star.

Pola dined with them the first evening she was in Hollywood. "I almost wept," she says, "remembering the dinners in the old days—in the grand manner. And then, suddenly, it was the grand manner again—"

Left, Dr. Robert Cornish and his assistants watch for life to return to the dead dog. A camera and microphone caught every detail of the miracle

NEW FILM SHOWS MODERN MIRACLE

Producer Frenke Builds Picture, "Life Returns," Around Scientist Who Made Dead Animal Live

By RAYMOND PALMER

DR. EUGENE FRENKE, director-husband of the glamourous Soviet star, Anna Sten, has just completed the filming in Hollywood of what will probably be the most amazing picture of the year. As a matter of fact, it might well be termed the most amazing picture of all time, for in it is seen the actual performing of what is called the only miracle since Jesus returned from the dead.

In this picture is shown the restoring of life to a dead dog. It is not camera trickery or make-believe stuff, but is the actual performing by Dr. Robert E. Cornish, noted California scientist, of the famous experiment of last April 13, when he took a dog that had been dead for eight minutes and by his uncanny scientific ability restored the spark of life in that dog, which is now living a second time and has returned to an absolutely normal physical condition.

The story of how Dr. Cornish's experiment reached the films is almost as intriguing as the experiment itself. Dr. Frenke, interested for years in resuscitation, went to Berkeley as soon as the news was flashed in the press that Dr. Cornish had achieved what science has been striving to do throughout the ages. And then he discovered that a motion picture record had been made of the life-restoring operation. There was even more than a photographic record. Every word that was spoken during that experiment was faithfully recorded on a sound track.

Dr. Frenke's imagination was fired by it all, and a story idea flashed through his mind. He had visions of a great film, built around Dr. Cornish, which would not only be tremendously dramatic entertainment, but would carry the scientific message to the world, and would provide Dr. Cornish, a man of modest financial means, with money to go on to the goal he is striving for—the restoring of life to human beings.

He finally succeeded in persuading Dr. Cornish to let him make his film of the operation a part of a motion picture. And every penny that Dr. Cornish will get from the picture will go into the work of developing his formula for the bringing back to life of men and women who have died from gas poisoning and other causes that do not destroy the tissues of the brain.

Universal Pictures accepted the proposition of Dr. Frenke, and he and James Hogan wrote a story based on the actual life of Dr. Cornish. It is the story of a doctor who gives up everything in life that most men hold dear in order to perfect a life-restoring fluid. It is a story packed with tense, human drama, climaxed by the life-restoring scene. Its title is "Life Returns."

The greatest secrecy surrounded the making of the picture. Dr. Frenke directed it. L. L. Ostrow produced it. No one on the Universal lot, with the exception of those engaged in its making, knew what was taking place on Stage 16. Onslow Stevens, Lois Wilson, George Breakston and Valerie Hobson are in the featured rôles, with Dr. Cornish starred. But all of them merely smiled when questioned about their work.

Now it is revealed that you actually see Dr. Cornish breathing oxygen into the dead dog's mouth from his own. You see him injecting his miracle-working fluid into the dog's spine. And as he and his assistants work with the precision of machines, you hear their tense voices as each reports reactions he has noted.

And then comes the thrilling moment when one of the assistants cries, "He is breathing," and you see the dead dog suddenly stir; gasp—then start a throaty growl that grows into a series of electrifying barks. You see the only restoring of life since Jesus was on earth.

Some day, as a result of Dr. Cornish's experiments, humans may be brought back to life. Above, a scene from the picture, "Life Returns," showing George Breakston, with "his" dog, watching Dr. Cornish in his laboratory

SINCLAIR PLANS MOVIES MADE BY THE UNEMPLOYED

Famous Novelist, Running for Governor on EPIC ("End Poverty in California") Program, Promises to Put California in Film Business, If Elected—Studios May Leave Hollywood, Say Some

By GRANT JACKSON

"STUDIOS May Leave Hollywood If Sinclair Is Elected"—this and similar headlines have been appearing in newspapers throughout the country in recent weeks. Just exactly what do they mean? Simply that the election of a Governor of the State of California has, for the first time, involved the motion picture industry. For some of the spokesmen of the industry assert that if Upton Sinclair is elected, the film industry may leave California.

Sinclair, the author of many novels ("The Jungle," "Oil," "Boston," etc.) is also the author of the EPIC (End Poverty in California) plan. In his campaign pamphlet, "I, Governor of California," he sets forth brilliantly his idea of ending poverty by putting everyone to work. But, according to some of the movie industry leaders, it is a highly visionary and impractical scheme.

He has announced that, if elected, he will put the State government into the motion picture business—not to make money, but to provide employment to jobless movie workers. They, like all other unemployed, will be put to work at the occupation they know best. Farmers, under the EPIC plan, work on farms; factory workers, in factories; movie people, in the movies. The State will take over all the vacant studios and reopen them for production—all of the theatres now closed for lack of business will be used to show such pictures. ("After our people have seen the pictures that we shall make, we will be glad to release them generally, if anyone cares to have them.")

A system of collective bargaining and interchange of necessary commodities will solve the question of poverty, and work for everyone will definitely end unemployment. This is the basis of the EPIC plan, which also calls for a high State income tax and various industry taxes—on the theory that while a greater division of wealth might work great hardships on capital, it would benefit labor.

The free exhibition of pictures in competition with commercially produced films, according to industry leaders, is a minor worry. But this taxation matter, both personal and industrial, is something else again.

A Hollywood trade paper announced that Universal, Columbia, United Artists, M-G-M and Paramount might move to New York. Carl Laemmle, head of Universal, hastened to say: "Please deny . . . that Universal will move its studios out of California if Upton Sinclair is elected Governor, because there is not a word of truth in it. Never in all my years in motion pictures have I . . . ever cared a rap who was or was not Governor so far as business is concerned." Harry Cohn, head of Columbia, also denied any intentions of moving.

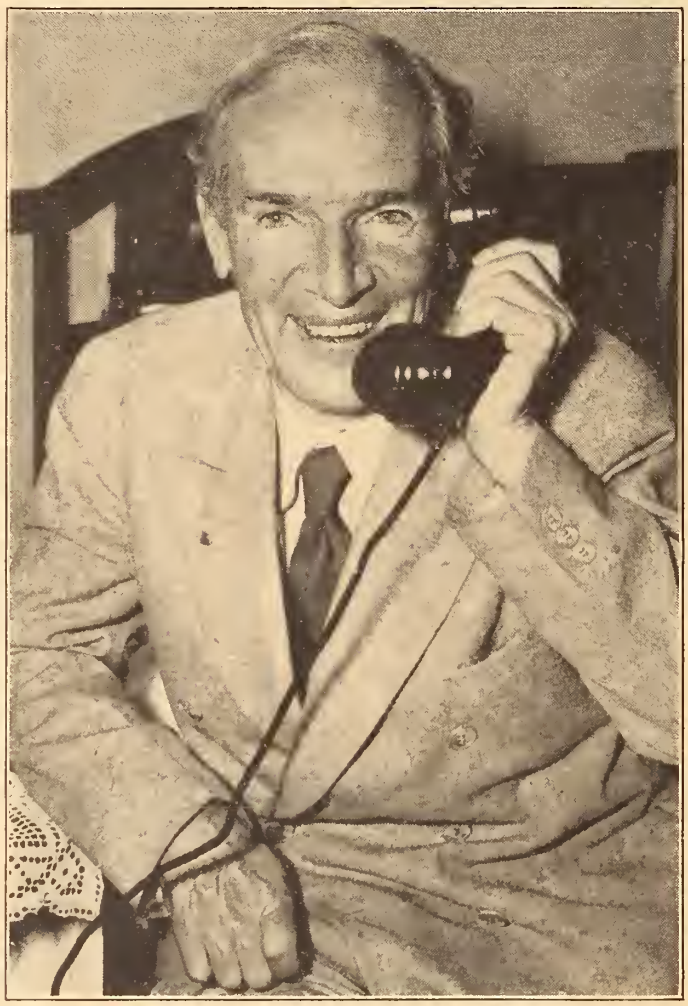
However, the executive head of one large studio says, "Sinclair's election will end California's dominance of motion picture production. Most of the industry will be forced to move to another state. Certainly, this studio contemplates withdrawing immediately, if Mr. Sinclair is the winner." And the production head of another studio has stated, "The election of Upton Sinclair will drive the film industry from California—to New York, Florida or London. It will have to move for its own protection, as it will not be able to exist under his taxation."

Film companies have an estimated investment of more than a hundred million dollars in real estate, buildings and equipment in Hollywood. Regularly employed here annually, exclusive of "extras," are some twenty-eight thousand people. The approximate annual payroll is seventy-five million dollars. Can or will such a healthy business be moved bodily from Hollywood? That remains to be seen . . .

With new developments in film-making, sunlight is no longer necessary for good cinematography. Films can be made anywhere. But the cost of transporting two hundred and fifty allied crafts somewhere else would be staggering. And then there are the private investments in homes and real estate—$200,000,000 worth.

Sinclair's candidacy has drawn more international attention than any State election in America in recent years. His EPIC plan is widely endorsed and just as widely criticized. In any event, the interested eyes of the world will be turned toward California on Election Day. You, too, should watch the results, for perhaps they may change the whole future of Hollywood.

WOULD OPEN CLOSED STUDIOS



Acme

BY YOUR LEAVE

"Ellen—do you like me?" he began tentatively when they returned from the dance.

- *From the* RKO-Radio Picture
- *Directed by* Lloyd Corrigan
- *Based on the* Stage Play by Gladys Hulbert and Emma Wells
- *Fictionized by* Ethel M. Pomeroy

Frank Morgan..... *Henry Smith*
Genevieve Tobin..... *Ellen Smith*
Gene Lockhart..... *Skeets*
Margaret Hamilton..... *Whiffen*
Neil Hamilton..... *David Mackenzie*
Betty Grable..... *Frances Gretchell*
Glen Anders..... *Freddy Clark*
Marian Nixon..... *Andree*
Lona Andre..... *Miss Purcell*
Charles Ray..... *Leonard*

AT forty-two Henry Smith made a startling discovery—life was slipping past! The lengthening shadows of age were reaching enviously toward him! Age. . . . Horrifying thought! At forty-two you weren't old. . . . At forty-two life was just beginning! He looked earnestly into mirrors and wondered if he were no longer attractive to women. Not that that ever had bothered him before. Hitherto life for him had revolved about two passions—his wife, Ellen, and his business. Now he was discovering a new interest—himself! At forty-two one ought to live. . . . At forty-two adventure beckoned. . . . He felt at once eager and unhappy.

It was Frances Gretchell, a young neighbor of the Smiths, who intensified the unhappiness. Henry had known Frances since she was so high. Now, suddenly, she was seventeen, and a bewilderingly lovely young woman. Henry had asked her to save him a dance at the Country Club costume party that night.

"I'll save a waltz for you, Mr. Smith," Frances agreed cheerfully. "I love the way your generation waltzes!"

"Children certainly can be cruel," Henry commented mournfully, when Frances had gone.

"Well, you asked for it!" That was Whiffen, the Smith family servant, coming in with a drink for Henry. He glared at her.

"Ellen, something's got to be done," Henry burst out when she had gone. "I'm in a rut—you mother

WITH MIDDLE AGE CREEPING UP, HENRY, LONG HAPPILY MARRIED, FINDS DESIRE FOR A FINAL FLING WITH YOUTH IRRESISTIBLE AND PROPOSES A MARITAL VACATION TO ELLEN

the very last straw—to be sent to bed by Whiffen!

"Good night!" Whiffen then retorted, gruffly imitating his voice. She flounced away.

"Let's each of us go away for a week," Henry pleaded, before his courage should ooze away. "We each take four hundred dollars—and no questions asked when it's all over."

Ellen looked at him with a doubting look in her eyes. "Would you stick to that—no questions?"

"You mean you will do it? Oh, darling!"

"What if I should find I preferred staying away?"

Henry brightened. "The whole situation would be fraught with danger!"

"You say that almost gleefully!" Ellen studied him curiously. "What should

me—Whiffen grandmothers me! I've got to—to live! I'm inhibited, Ellen," he muttered. "Terrible things happen to inhibited men—they mumble to themselves! I've got to begin living—all over again!"

Ellen flashed him a casual, tender smile, and went into her room to lay out her costume for the dance. But Henry continued to think—long thoughts. There was that vacation they were planning to take together. . . . There were those tiles they were planning to buy for the bathroom—cherry and gray — very expensive. . . . Suppose they put that money with their vacation money—that would be eight hundred dollars — four hundred dollars apiece. . . .

He brought up the subject again, when they returned home from the dance.

"Ellen—do you like me?" he began.

"I love you, darling." Ellen put away the tray of sandwiches Whiffen had left out for them. Straightened up the room.

Henry looked at her sadly. "How very casually you say that," he complained. "Are we too familiar to each other? I never worry about losing you any more," he mused.

"Aren't you glad," She plumped up the sofa pillows.

"I don't think so . . ."

"Darling! You mean you are tired of me?"

"Nonsense!" He rose. Sighed. "I will always love you—but—I need to have my ego restored. . . . I need a new slant on things. . . . Ellen—I need a vacation. I want to go away—alone."

Ellen gasped, "Henry!"

"Don't get sentimental," he begged. "Ellen, we need a basis of comparison. If I kissed another girl, I would probably remember how much sweeter it is to kiss you. Don't you understand?"

No longer did Ellen Smith busy herself with deft little touches about the room. Thoughtfully she gazed at her husband. "It seems to me that I understand too well," she said at last.

"Didn't you ever wish you were single?" Henry pursued.

"Why don't you go to bed—let a body sleep!" In her prim nightgown Whiffen stood in the arched doorway, glaring at him.

"Good night!" Henry exclaimed savagely. It was

Henry makes suitable preparations to entertain his rented lady-of-the-evening, while Freddie deftly arranges for her with the Hostess Bureau

we tell Whiffen?"

"Nothing," Henry said firmly. "It would be a joy to keep her curious! She could keep us posted through the office. We could call up there every day or so. . . . Is it settled?"

"All right — it's settled." Ellen stood very straight, her blue eyes level.

"That's fine!" Henry beamed. "Now let's put out the cat and go to bed."

"You go to bed," Ellen responded. "I'm going to stay up a while. You're ahead of me in your planning."

Contentedly Henry went. For a long time he lay in his bed, making vague, indefinite, alluring plans. At last happily he fell asleep, a smile on his face.

For a long time Ellen sat in the living-room before the fading embers of the fire. It was as if she were seeing the long years of her life with Henry crumble into a chill, grey ash before her unhappy eyes. What did a woman do in such a situation? You read such stories constantly. . . . But now it was new, strange, frightening. . . . When at last she rose and went to her room, there were traces of tears on her face.

"Why don't you do what he's doin'?" Whiffen suggested suddenly one evening, when Henry had

been gone a couple of days. She had been watching her mistress with very grave concern, trying to interject herself into the growing silences.

"What is he doing?" Ellen asked vaguely.

"I don't know . . ." Whiffen gazed at her. "But I'd do it, just the same!"

For a moment Ellen looked at her thoughtfully. For her these two days had been interminable—strange, blank, and without meaning. What was Henry doing? Suddenly she drew herself up. Dried her eyes. "I think, perhaps—" she said, "yes—maybe I will . . ."

For Henry the beginning of his marital holiday was inauspicious. He had begun by inviting his pretty secretary, Miss Purcell, to the theatre. Miss Purcell had accepted eagerly—for herself, and her unsuspected husband, Leonard! Failing on that score, Henry had sought out the

Above, Whiffen, the self-important family servant, voices her strong disapproval of the Smiths' proposed vacation-on-the-loose

University Club. There he had fallen in with a young man called "Skeets," who, apparently permanently inebriated, had hailed Henry as a fellow alumnus of Harvard, although Henry had graduated from Cornell. However, Skeets proclaimed that he knew Gloria Dawn of the Varieties. He would get Gloria, and Gloria would bring along a friend for Henry, and they would go to a show, a night club . . .

It sounded vastly intriguing to Henry. He was all a-dither for the date. But once again disappointment dogged his steps. Merle, Gloria's friend, found Henry "an old fuss-budget"—although happily Henry did not discover that immediately. He had left the group to call a taxi, when he ran into Miss Purcell and Leonard. Of course they had to stop and tell him how much they had enjoyed the show to which he had treated them. They were in New York just for the day, they told him. Henry explained that he was in town because of his great interest in helping talented little dancers to get along in the show business. It sounded impressive, Henry thought. He enlarged upon it, describing Merle's clever dance in the Varieties.

"She is entirely dependent on me for advice and information," he proclaimed proudly. "I must join them now—they are waiting for me."

He turned—to see Gloria, Skeets and Merle gaily driving off in a taxi, without him.

Morosely he went back to the University Club. Forty-two. . . . And who wanted him. But he couldn't give up yet. . . . What should he do now?

Suddenly a voice hailed him. Freddie Clark, a neighbor of the Smiths in Larch-Hills, had come in. Henry didn't think a great deal of Freddie. He was always spreading flowery compliments at Ellen's feet. True, they had known him always. It didn't mean anything to Ellen. . . . But . . . Henry sighed. Besides, Freddie wasn't married. . . . He could do anything he wanted to . . .

Freddie regarded him curiously. Questioned him deftly. At last, casually, he inquired whether Henry would like a lady's company that evening.

Henry brightened. "Yes, I certainly would—though I'm paralyzed to hear myself say so!" he admitted feebly.

"Just a minute . . ." Freddie sat thinking. "Where's Ellen?"

"I told her to come to town, too," Henry explained.

"Is she to enjoy the same freedom?"

"Women don't need the same kind of reassurance that we men do," Henry hedged.

"Aren't you taking quite a risk—with Ellen?" Freddie suggested, after a moment.

"A risk is better than the state I had reached," Henry asserted.

"Well—these things can always be arranged." Freddie rose and went to the phone book. After some study he called up "*Hostess Incorporated.*" "A friend of mine, here all alone," Freddie said smoothly into the receiver, as one who frequently had attended to such matters, "would like to have a diverting companion for dinner, the theatre and dancing."

"For Heaven's sake!" Henry gasped, paling.

But Freddie continued to talk over the phone, making arrangements. "What hotel are you stopping at?" he asked Henry.

"The Royale . . ."

"The Royale," Freddie said into the phone. "All right. Send her over." Then, smiling, he accompanied the dithering Henry back to his hotel suite. "*M-m-m-m,*" he commented drily as they entered.

"This place certainly reeks of rendezvous, Henry!"

Henry looked disturbed. "You—you think it's all right?"

"In a pinch, yes. . . . How's your smoking-jacket?"

Henry rushed into his bedroom to ascertain. While he fumbled with his bags, Freddie shamelessly called up Whiffen. Demanded to know Ellen's whereabouts.

"I ain't supposed to tell anyone, Mr. Clark," Whiffen shouted over the phone. "She's stopping at The Winston. . . . *Uh-uh.*"

"Thank you for your directions about the Mrs.," Freddie said, as Henry came back into the room. "You're an angel in the most amazing disguise!"

Henry held up his jacket for Freddie's inspection. But he looked at Freddie thoughtfully. "A Mrs.," he said. "Dangerous business, Freddie. . . . If you get in any trouble over it, lemme know. I'll help—"

"That would be too broad-minded of you, Henry," Freddie smiled. "Well—prepare, Henry, for your guest. . . . Champagne, flowers, and—" he looked at Henry's smoking-jacket, "you should have a *silk* smoking-jacket, Henry." He started toward the door.

"Don't go—please!" Henry entreated him in sudden fright.

"You'll be all right," Freddie said nonchalantly, and went out, leaving Henry with the feeling of going alone into desperate danger.

Flowers . . . Champagne . . . Silk smoking-jacket. . . . Henry telephoned the bell-captain, the florist, the men's shop in the hotel—mixing up his orders till he himself scarcely knew what he wanted. Like a distracted fly he buzzed about the room. He plumped up the pillows on the divan. He squashed down the pillows. He tried out the divan. He emptied the ash trays. A ring at his door nearly sent him into a collapse. But it was only a bellboy with an enormous wreath!

"Florist says this is the best he can do," the bellboy explained, setting down the wreath.

Another bell. Another near collapse. This time it was the waiter with a table and the champagne.

Followed a tailor with a silk smoking-jacket. "We haven't a royal blue, sir," the tailor said. "But this cerise is very popular."

Frantically Henry got rid of them all. Frantically seized his hat. He must escape from this place, before *she* came!

But at the elevator door he met her. Panicky and embarrassed he stammered out a question. Yes—it was *She!* Still more panicky, he seized her arm. Thrust her into the elevator. "Ah—er—shall we go for a drive." he suggested. And she agreed.

Hesitantly he stole a look at her, trying to recover his poise. She was beautiful—and very young! He caught his breath. Looked at her sharply. She, too, was trying to appear at ease, trying to appear worldly-wise and sophisticated. But she, like himself, was a novice at this game, Henry felt sure. He'd bet she never had gone out like this before!

They sat stiffly in the seat of the taxicab.

"Er—you look nice . . ." Henry said. "If you don't mind my saying so."

"Mind?" She looked at him earnestly. "It's imperative to me that you do say so!"

"Yes. . . .Yes, indeed . . ."

"You're a little self-conscious," the girl said pleasantly, after a moment. "It's perfectly understandable. I am, myself."

"That's too bad," Henry managed.

"But I want you to know that my only desire is for your entertainment. My name is Andree. . . . Well—really, it isn't Andree, but I chose it for its *flair.* It's easy to say and seems more intimate than my own."

"It's a nice name," he said brightly.

"Do you want to tell me yours?"

"Henry—Henry Smith." He offered her his card.

Andree studied it curiously. "Larch-Hills," she murmured. "I'll send you a Christmas card. . . . Oh—you're in the insurance business. . . ."

That gave Henry a lead. He discoursed volubly on the insurance business. Facts and figures rolled fluently from his tongue.

At last the taxi driver interrupted the flow. "Shall I drive around the park again?" he inquired.

"Sure," Henry said quickly.

But Andree put in: "No—drive down to Fifty-ninth Street, to *Walter and Charlie's.*" She turned to Henry. "Aren't you hungry?"

"Oh—of course—if you are," he agreed.

She snuggled a little closer. "And a little drink?" she suggested. "And a little dance?"

Henry felt his face grow warm. "You bet!" he said, embarrassed.

Having neither plans nor desires, Ellen's first day in town was neither thrilling nor disappointing. She window-shopped. Gazed somewhat longingly at a smartly modelled frock. Then, remembering the bathroom tiles, she passed by.

As she turned away from the intriguing window she came face to face with an old school-mate, who had long been living in the city. "Laura!" she cried, overjoyed to see a friendly face in town.

"Ellen!" They embraced each other. Exchanged a flurry of questions and replies. Henry, Ellen explained hastily to her, was away on a business trip.

"You must lunch with me at my hotel, my dear," Laura insisted. "With me and David Mackenzie, the explorer."

Henry recounts the high-lights of his spree but Ellen remains non-committal about hers

"You don't mean *our* David Mackenzie is *the* David Mackenzie——"

"Home Town Boy makes good on three continents," Laura said. "Come on."

It was exciting, seeing David again. Ellen was conscious of a little thrill as he looked at her admiringly. She wished she had bought that frock. . . . She hadn't seen David since she was married. He was here on a lecture tour. It was stimulating, talking with him, hearing of his travels, his exciting adventures. He asked her to come to his lecture that afternoon—"though I'll probably bore you," he admitted modestly.

Ellen would not promise to come. "I have an engagement," she lied. "But perhaps I can break it. I'll telephone. . . ." She stole away and phoned to Whiffen.

No, Whiffen reported, Mr. Smith hadn't phoned. She had called the office, and they hadn't seen "hide nor hair" of him.

Somewhat doubtfully Ellen left the phone booth. Then her face brightened. She would go to David's lecture.

She was glad she had. Afterward they talked together till an impatient movement from the janitor, waiting to lock up, reminded them that everyone else long since had left. David urged her to go to dinner with him. Afterward he would show her the small yacht, on which, in a few days, he was to sail for further adventuring in far countries.

"No—thanks. I'm sorry," Ellen said hesitantly.

"Why not?" he urged. "I'm at the Waldorf. It would be very proper."

"I can't. . . . It's sweet of you to ask me. . . ."

He looked at her earnestly. "I shan't see you again, then."

"No. . . . When do you sail?"

"Day after tomorrow."

"Well—I'm so glad I—heard you—before you left," Ellen said at last, awkwardly.

"So am I—sure you can't——"

"Goodbye. . . ." She held out her hand.

"Goodbye," he said regretfully. And stood, looking after her, as she walked swiftly away.

In her room at the hotel she called Whiffen again.

"Are you sure?" she asked incredulously, as Whiffen gave her the same message. "You called the office? . . . And he hasn't phoned home at all? . . ." With a sigh, she hung up. Then, resolutely, she jiggled the hook again. "Operator? Get me David Mackenzie, at the Waldorf."

A knock at the door startled her. "Come in," she called casually Then looked up, amazed, as Freddie Clark strolled in, beaming at her. "How did you find me?" she asked.

"Very difficult," Freddie burbled. "Very sleuthy and clever. More I cannot divulge!"

"Now as to *why*?" Ellen probed.

"Well—I gathered you were—er—vacationing. . . . I was shaken by the memory of your charms. . . . I wondered——"

"You're sure Henry didn't send you?"

"Oh, good heavens, no!" Freddie grinned happily.

"I thought maybe he'd worry about my being lonesome." Ellen sighed. He hadn't worried! He hadn't cared what she did! And what was he doing now? She bit her lips. "Freddie—you must go," she said, after a moment, as he surveyed her smilingly. "I have an appointment with—a tailor. . . . And I must go out to buy—some toothpaste."

"Shriekingly untrue," Freddie commented.

"I hoped it would sound so!" She giggled.

"Just one thing—are you, by any chance, being a brave little woman?"

"You have guessed it! Though eaten with despair and awash with tears, I am carrying on."

"Ellen, please have dinner with me."

"I can't—and you really must go now."

"I shall lurk in the hall," he threatened.

"Do, dear—I would love it!"

Impressively he kissed her hand. "Goodbye, Ellen," he said. Then, as the phone rang, "Shall I answer it?"

"No!" she seized it from him. "Hello. . . . Oh, just a moment—" she turned. "Freddie—will you leave the room—quietly?"

"At this psychological moment? Never!"

Ellen turned back to the phone. "Hello," she said again. "This is Mrs. Smith—Ellen. . . ."

"My—my," Freddie murmured mockingly.

"Curse you, Freddie!" She flashed him a furious glance. Then, trying to overcome her embarrassment, she spoke to David Mackenzie. "Will you—that is—may we keep that engagement you proposed?"

His voice came eagerly over the phone. "Of course! It will be tremendous!"

She gave him the name of her hotel, and he promised to call for her. Then determinedly she faced Freddie. "Goodbye, Freddie," she said firmly. "Come and see us some time."

"You haven't fooled me, you know." He shook his head.

"I haven't even fooled myself!"

He grinned at her. "Goodbye, darling—and congratulations."

When he was gone, at last, Ellen felt suddenly unsure of herself. Then, with a shrug, she opened her little memorandum book. Drew a pencil line through the notation: "*Tiles*." Then, going to the phone, she called the modiste's shop.

Henry grew more and more uneasy about Andree. . . . He didn't like "*Walter and Charlie's*." When they arrived at the door, he heard Skeets' voice lifted in song. Hastily he proposed that they go to his hotel suite instead. He didn't feel like dancing, he declared.

Andree was docile. But in the suite her eyes fell on the bottle of champagne. "I need it," she explained. "Something quite lovely happens to me, when I drink. I am freed."

"You seem quite free to me," Henry muttered, pouring the wine. Nervously he ordered dinner sent up to the suite. What would they do now? He couldn't think of anything he hadn't told her about the insurance business!

Andree sat on the divan, leaning back with half-closed eyes. "Are you unhappily married, Henry?" she asked suddenly. "I am so terribly anxious to help you. Sit down by me—put your head in my lap."

He perched uneasily on an arm of the divan. (*Continued on page* 75)

"I don't want the evening to end," David said "You're so lovely, Ellen . . . . You glow."

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

PIP stood in Joe Gargery's little cottage and stared with awed amazement at Mr. Jaggers. Some unknown benefactor had endowed him with a fortune! He stared at Joe, whose bewildered eyes met his dumbly. It couldn't be real—and yet the lawyer's words seemed still to echo startlingly, incredibly through the small room . . .

"You mean—" Pip stammered incredulously, at last, "I'm to—to leave Cooling?"

"You are to go to London," Jaggers stated pompously, "to be educated as a gentleman. In a word, as a young fellow of great expectations."

Pip gasped. Overcome, Joe sank down in a chair.

"Who—who sent you here, sir?" Pip ventured, his blue eyes wide with wonder.

"The name of your benefactor remains a secret, until that benefactor chooses to reveal it." Jaggers carefully avoided saying "he," or "she." "If you have any suspicion, keep it to yourself. Is that understood?"

"Ye-yes, sir," Pip managed. Who could it be? he wondered. Miss Havisham? Who else? It must be she! When he was a small boy the eccentric spinster had sent for him to come to the big estate where she lived in morbid seclusion, to be a playmate for her ward, Estella. There, for the first time, Pip really glimpsed a more gracious way of life — and ever since secretly had cherished in his heart the longing to be a gentleman. Because of Estella. . . . And now . . .

Pip tried to think clearly. No longer to be apprenticed to his kind brother-in-law, Joe Gargery, in the smithy. . . . No longer to be tormented by his ill-tempered sister, who had "brought him up by hand" and a hard hand, too!—ever since his father and mother lay in the churchyard. . . . No longer to visit the churchyard, to confide his troubles and his longings to those who slept in the moss-covered graves . . .

A picture rose in his mind. . . . A snowy Christmas eve. . . . The horrifying, escaped convict, Magwitch, who had risen startlingly from among the tumbled, time-worn stones. . . . Pip had fled home to fetch the demanded food and the file to sever the leg-iron. . . . Joe had saved him a beating, when the loss of the pork pie had been discovered. . . . The convict had been caught, afterward—fighting desperately with another escaped prisoner, Compeyson—willing to be taken again, rather than to allow his hated enemy to escape to freedom. . . . Pip had wept, pityingly, when they seized Magwitch, and the convict had looked at him with profound gratitude.

Jaggers was still speaking. He was offering Joe money for the loss of his apprentice's services. Joe was hotly repudiating the offer.

"If you think as how money could make compensation to me for the loss of the little child what come to the forge—and ever the best of friends—" Joe choked.

They had been friends. . . . Often Joe had stood between him and his sister's wrath. Pip rushed to put his arm about his brother-in-law. He felt Joe's shoulders shake. "We'll go on being the best of friends, Joe," he asserted passionately.

But already the small, familiar room looked strange to him. . . . The only life he ever had known mysteriously seemed ended. . . His very identity seemed subtly to have altered, as the lawyer spoke. He—Pip—to be rich. . . To be a gentleman. . . . He thought of Estella. . . . Perhaps, now, Estella would be more kind to him. . . . Beautiful Estella. . . . Cold, cruel Estella. . . . Pip's heart turned over strangely, remembering. . . . But Estella wouldn't be in London. . . . She, too, had grown up now. . . . She had gone to Paris, to a finishing-school. Pip had seen her, the day she left, when the coach had stopped at the smithy's. . . .

"It's

From among the tombstones the convict arose demanding that Pip fetch food and a file to sever his leg-irons

Often Joe had stood between Pip and his sister's wrath

OVER PIP AND ESTELLA HOVERED TWO VERY STRANGE SHADOWS—THAT OF THE AGED AND MORBID RECLUSE, MISS HAVISHAM, AND, QUITE UNKNOWN, THAT OF THE HORRIFYING CONVICT, MAGWITCH

your last chance—" the lawyer was saying.

Joe rubbed his eyes with his hairy wrist. He rose. "Last chance for what?" his voice rumbled menacingly.

"To take the present I was instructed to offer you, for——"

"Get out!" Joe roared. "I mean to say that what I say I stand or fall by!"

Jaggers put on his hat. He turned to Pip. "If you want to be a gentleman, the sooner you leave this house, the better!" And the door banged behind him.

Even so, Pip thought, the door had sharply closed upon his old life. And now the new life began, flowing swiftly into a new routine.

Feeling somewhat strange and awkward in the resplendent clothes which Jaggers had provided for him, Pip wistfully said goodbye to Joe. . . . Goodbye to his sister, no longer formidable in her wheel chair, to which she had been confined since Joe's half-wit helper, Orlick, had struck her down in a mad rage at her searing scorn of his stupidity. . . . Goodbye to Biddy, the sweet country girl who had come to care for Mrs. Joe, and had been a friend and companion to Pip. . . . And then, with Jaggers, he went to take his leave of Miss Havisham.

She summoned him to her room. "How fine you look, Pip," she said, touching his brave new suit with her crutch, as if it were the wand with which she, as his fairy godmother, had so transformed him.

Pip gazed at her intently. "I have come into good fortune, Miss Havisham," he said hesitantly. "And—I am so grateful for it!" He missed the strange, malicious gleam in her eyes as she smiled at him.

"I have heard about it, Pip, from Mr. Jaggers. . . . So you are adopted by a rich person?"

"Yes, Miss Havisham."

"Not named?"

"No, Miss Havisham."

"Well—be good. Deserve it. And abide by Mr. Jaggers' instructions." With a look of mocking triumph she stretched out her hand. "Goodbye, Pip."

As the coach moved down the street of the little village which had been his whole world, Pip looked back wistfully. There had been tears in Joe's eyes. . . . But he had waved gaily; lustily he had shouted: "Goodbye, Pip!"

But the thrilling, unaccustomed journey revived Pip's drooping spirits. As the ribbon of road unwound before them, he watched eagerly, his head whirling with happy dreams. London confused and alarmed him somewhat, with its vastness, its strangeness and con-

- Adapted from the Universal Picture
- Directed by Stuart Walker
- Based on the novel by Charles Dickens
- Fictionized by M. D. Malcolm

Henry Hull.....Magwitch
Phillips Holmes.....Pip
Jane Wyatt.....Estella
Florence Reed.....Miss Havisham
[illegible]n Hale.....Joe Gargery
[illegible]aela Ottiano.....Mrs. Joe
[illegible]ncis L. Sullivan.....Jaggers
[illegible]lter Armitage....Herbert Pocket
[illegible]rry Cording.....Orlick
[illegible]rge Barraud.....Compeyson
[illegible]ilip Dakin....Bentley Drummle
[illegible]ddy.....Valerie Hobson

fusion. But soon they were settled in a room at the Inn, and Jaggers was introducing him to a youth of his own age.

"This is Herbert Pocket," the lawyer said. "You are to share bachelor rooms with him. His father is to be your tutor."

Pip stared. Herbert Pocket! Surely this was the boy who once had visited Miss Havisham, when they were children—a relative of hers.

Young Pocket stared, too. "Bless me!" he exclaimed. "You are the boy I fought with at Miss Havisham's!"

"And you are the young pugilist who challenged me!"

Both laughed delightedly with the recognition.

Pip found it hard to believe that he really was going to London!

"I have come into good fortune, Miss Havisham," Pip said

"All the better, since you know each other," Jaggers commented drily. "I have to get back to Court. I want you both to dine with me at my house, this day week." He held out his hand to Pip. "Come to my office whenever you need money. Of course you'll go wrong somehow—but that's no fault of mine." With a nod to Herbert, he hurried off.

Relieved of his presence, the two youths laughed again, remembering their encounter.

"That was before Miss Havisham decided to become your benefactress, wasn't it?" Herbert said.

Pip looked serious. "I've been forbidden to inquire the source of my good fortune," he said.

"All right," Herbert grinned. "You won't ask me—and I won't ask you—but we'll both know it!"

They got on famously together. Pip confided to Herbert his nervousness, his ignorance of the behaviour befitting a gentleman, and Herbert tactfully took advantage of occasions to teach Pip proper manners.

They spoke of Estella, for whose favor they had fought so long ago, and again Pip felt that strange throb in his heart when Herbert assured him that without doubt Miss Havisham intended him for Estella.

"It's wonderful of you not to begrudge me my luck, Herbert," Pip declared admiringly, "and above all not to begrudge me Estella."

"*Pooh!*" Herbert waved his cigar grandly. "I consider I've had an escape."

"An escape?" Pip looked shocked.

"Estella," Herbert explained, "has been brought up by Miss Havisham to reap revenge on all the male sex."

"But why?" Pip was bewildered.

"She fell in love with an adventurer. . . . He induced her to put a great part of her fortune in his name. Then, on the wedding day, he wrote her that he already had a wife—that he never had wanted anything of her but her money."

"Poor woman!" Pip nodded thoughtfully. "But what about Estella?"

"Miss Havisham adopted her, soon after this."

"Who were Estella's parents?"

"No one knows—and no one cares." Herbert shrugged. "She is an heiress now."

At dinner at Jaggers' home, Pip managed to conduct himself without obvious embarrassment. It would have been a pleasant occasion, save that Pip took an intense dislike to another young man who was present. And Bentley Drummle, fashionably dressed and arrogant, since he was the son of a baronet, displayed open contempt for the young blacksmith who would be a gentleman. But Pip managed to maintain his composure. Jaggers' housekeeper, Molly, was a strange creature, Pip thought, gypsy-like, and with an air of wildness. Pip noted her powerful wrists, her scarred hands, and shivered. However did Jaggers come to have such a woman as his housekeeper, he wondered. He hoped that he would not have to go there often—though Jaggers was his legal guardian, and Miss Havisham's lawyer. He sighed. It would take him a long time to become a gentleman, Pip feared.

But one day a letter came from Estella, filling him with a heady excitement. She was coming to London. . . . She wanted him to meet her. . . . He scarcely could contain his eagerness as he waited in the falling snow for the arrival of the coach. At first he thought she had not come, and his heart contracted sharply. Then. . . . But this handsome, fashionably dressed young woman, her face half hidden in a great collar of fur. . . . Could it be?

"Estella!" he cried, hesitantly. Then: "I didn't recognize you!"

"Pip! I wouldn't have known you, either—it's nearly three years . . ."

"And you're a woman now." Awed, he took her slim, small hand in his.

"And you're a *gentleman!*"

Pip led her into the Inn, and there, at a table set cosily before the fire, they had tea together. Pip devoured her with his eyes. How beautiful Estella was! How he worshiped her. . . . He searched her eyes eagerly, in the hope of discovering in them some answering emotion, but she only smiled coolly back.

"I'm so glad that you wrote me to meet you!" He sighed rapturously.

"It wasn't my idea—it was Miss Havisham's," Estella said.

Pip smiled ruefully. "How could she part with you, so soon after your return from Paris?" he asked.

"She has her plans for me." Estella poured out the tea. "I'm to live with a lady in Richmond, who will introduce me to society."

"You won't care for them—" Pip looked at her with an access of jealousy. "You'll be just a butterfly—and a flirt!"

"Why not?" Estella sipped her tea. "That's what I was brought up for."

"The worst of it is—you'll like it!" Pip sprang up. He stood, leaning disconsolately against the mantel.

"Your manners are not so much improved as I had thought."

"No . . ." He looked chagrined. "The veneer is very thin. . . . The blacksmith shows through."

Estella rose and came toward him. Softly she laid her hand on his arm. "You are vastly changed for the better, Pip," she murmured.

Encouraged, he seized her hand and kissed it.

She smiled. "Do you kiss my hand in the same spirit in which I once let you kiss my cheek—a spirit of contradiction?"

"If I say 'yes'—may I kiss your cheek again?" He drew her suddenly close as, with cruel calm, she lifted her cheek for his kiss. "Estella!" he pleaded desperately. "Give me your lips! Give me your heart——"

"Will you never take warning?" Estella drew away. "I have no heart."

"That's not true!"

"Oh, I have a heart to be stabbed in, or shot in—if it ceased to beat, I'd die. . . . But there's no softness in it—no sympathy, no sentiment—no such nonsense."

"I won't believe you!" Pip declared stoutly.

"For your own good—believe me."

"I know better," he insisted. "You're afraid of love—because you have been taught to fear it."

Reluctantly, at last, he helped her into the carriage which was to take her to her chaperone's. Then slowly, thoughtfully, he returned to the rooms he shared with Herbert. Longing to unburden his heart, he confided in Herbert.

"I knew it. . . ." Herbert spoke placidly. "But there's no doubt that Miss Havisham intends you to be Estella's husband. I wouldn't worry, old fellow. . . ." He sighed. "I wish I stood as close to matrimony as you do. . . ."

Amazed, Pip begged for Herbert's confidence. He, too, was in love, Herbert told him. Her name was Clare. . . . But he couldn't dream of marriage till he could find some way of establishing himself in business.

Pip looked at him thoughtfully. A longing to help Herbert, who had been such a good friend to him, grew warm in his heart. He must find some way. . . .

Time slipped by. . . . And, since Miss Havisham wished it, he often saw Estella. Together they rode horseback in Hyde Park. How ravishing Estella looked, Pip thought ecstatically, in her long riding-habit and plumed hat. . . . How adorable—and how invariably cold! Together they went punting on the Thames—and to Pip the lovely river, the water-lilies and the swans, were but a frame for Estella. . . . Together they danced at pleasant parties given for Estella by her chaperone. . . . Together—yet never together! Always separated by a wall of Miss Havisham's building, the steely wall of hostility to any tender emotion, which held them hopelessly apart.

Jealously Pip watched her with other men who eagerly sought her favors. Especially was he jealous of Bentley Drummle, who, with his habitual arrogance, became more and more frequently her esquire. It seemed to Pip that Estella, who lured on other men merely to laugh at their eventual discomfiture, was less openly hostile to Drummle. He was heir to a title. . . . She the heiress to a great fortune. . . . What more natural alliance? And yet—Pip thought hotly—what more revoltingly unnatural, since love entered not at all into it!

One evening, as they danced together, he drew her aside to the embrasure of a curving window. He must talk with her—plead with her. . . .

"If I don't pretend," Pip thought, "I shall be his murderer!"

"It's death!" Magwitch said. "Caution is necessary, Pip!"

Estella gazed at him curiously. "You look happy tonight, Pip," she mused.

He smiled. He was happy. . . . He had just passed his twenty-first birthday. Jaggers had come to him, giving him a check for five hundred pounds, which, he assured him, was to be his annual income until his benefactor should choose to be revealed. Pip's first act had been to arrange with Jaggers that, without knowing the source of the fund, enough money should be set aside to establish Herbert in business, so that he and Clare might marry. . . . Joe had come to visit him—dear Joe! Pip longed to do something for him, but there was nothing he could do.

(*Continued on page 76*)

The Movies Capture JOE PENNER...

And the duck that lays the Golden Eggs

MEET Joe Penner, the exponent of good, clean waggery, who has made America duck-conscious, has taught a nation new vocal acrobatics, and has become the most imitated man in forty-eight amused States. Housewives, serving more duck dinners, tease their husbands with "Wanna buy a duck?" Husbands, confronted with bills they didn't expect, adopt the Penner baffled bleat, "Don't ever *do* that!" And youngsters—well, the envy of any neighborhood is the one who can drop his tongue half-way down his throat and gurgle, "Yo, yo, yo."

Why? Well, largely because Joe Penner is a guy worth imitating. And that goes double in real life. His zany antics on the radio—his perpetual presence on the victim's end of a joke, his ludicrous, indignant inflections, his outlandish chortle—can't hide the bashful, sensitive Joe.

Hollywood didn't have any comedian who was mimicked the way this shy, funny fellow is—so it raided radio and got him. He gave the air waves something new, and he'll give the screen something new—because he's a different kind of fellow in real life. Here's the proof!

By THORNTON SARGENT

Hollywood, which welcomed him with the clamor and acclaim that befit a radio star of his vast popularity, doesn't know what to make of him. It was prepared for a cocky, self-assured comic and found, instead, a retiring chap who said, "I want to start in pictures at the bottom and work up." But, of course, Hollywood doesn't know Joe Penner from 'way back. It doesn't know the rebuffs, the disappointments and the heart-breaks that he has received in the course of his career. And a man who can come through it like Joe Penner—well, take it from me, he deserves the golden eggs that his duck has laid.

He hasn't tried to forget those early heartaches in a burst of ostentation. He may still wear his heart on his sleeve and a shy grin on his face, but he doesn't flaunt his success. Except for a slightly bigger waistline and a much bigger reputation, the Joe Penner I saw the other day at the Paramount Studios (where he is making his movie début at the top of the cast of "College Rhythm") was the same Joe Penner I knew years ago—with pink cheeks, a huge cigar sticking out of the corner of his mouth, and a head that bobbed up and down with embarrassment.

They Can Spot Him Already

"COME on, let's go where we can talk," he muttered, and we headed for a little café across the street. Half-way across, our progress was halted by an army of youngsters. They screamed. They yelled. "Mr. Penner . . . Mr. Penner . . . let me have your autograph . . . sign this . . . send me a picture," resounded the chorus as they fought to get near him.

Now how did they recognize Joe Penner—without his turned-down hat, his grotesque suit, and without a spoken word? P[illegible] from his short subjects. Perhaps from his [illegible] personal appearance at a

Continued on page [illegible]

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DOUG and GERTIE Rival the Royal Romantics

All London is dewy-eyed about the romance of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence. Even the romance of Prince George and Princess Marina isn't giving England a bigger thrill

By DOROTHY CALHOUN

BLASÉ London is all dewy-eyed and sentimental over two romances. One the romance between Prince George of England and Princess Marina of Greece; the other is a romance between two glamourous commoners—the girl English, the boy American. London newspapers and pictorial weeklies are filled with pictures of these two sweethearts, dancing together, attending openings, yachting, strolling in the park. Gossip columns report their doings faithfully. Their pictures stand cheek to cheek in staid London shop windows.

Moreover, Londoners are willing to pay in pounds and pence to watch these two young romantics making love on the stage. After a whole Summer of packing in the crowds in the provinces, "Moonlight Is Silver," a romantic comedy co-starring Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Gertrude Lawrence, has moved to town, and the theatre is sold out for fifteen weeks in advance! Since the critics were gloomy about the play's chances and prophesied a short run for it despite the stars' excellent performances, the explanation for the frantic crowding to buy tickets would seem to be public interest in the personal romance between the co-stars.

When it was first reported that young Doug was interested in the English musical comedy queen, Hollywood friends questioned the reports, pointing out that she was older than Doug by five or six years and facetiously doubting that Doug had a "mother complex." At that time pictures of the two together showed the gap in their ages plainly, but now—we defy anyone to tell from their latest portraits which one of the two young lovers is the younger.

"Gertie is perfectly beautiful these days!" an actress just back from London tells us. "She is as dreamy eyed as a young girl in love for the first time. The latest fad in London is to wear a bright blonde streak in dark hair, and Gertie has her blonde streak on her forehead, giving a youthful and softening effect." *(Continued on page 73)*

"Unusual...?" That's Putting It MILDLY!

Cinderella wasn't in the same class with Binnie Barnes. Cindy started as a slavey and, by sheer good luck, became a princess. Binnie became a queen. Beauty, brains and an American accent did it. Like her life, she's colorful—the most colorful star England has yet sent us!

By HAL HALL

CROWD right up, folks, while I introduce you to a woman who is like the California weather—*unusual!* She is Binnie Barnes, the new Universal star. And if you are a bit skeptical about my use of the word "unusual," just sit tight and follow closely. I'll convince you.

Binnie is the only English girl who ever went to South Africa in order to pick up American slang and a Texas drawl, drop her British accent, learn to twirl a rope like Will Rogers, and make American wisecracks, so that she could return to England as an American actress and thus become such an English success that American picture makers would offer her a weekly salary-check that would read like a lot of telephone numbers if she would come over here and grace our Yankee screen!

That's not a cross-word puzzle; it's just a condensed summary of how Binnie Barnes has made good. It sounds odd, but almost everything in Binnie's life has been a bit out of the ordinary, so a real story about her has to be a trifle unusual or it does not give you a real picture of this charming young lady who once milked cows on a British farm and who climaxed her British career by portraying royalty on the English screen.

Meeting Binnie was one of the few real thrills this writer has experienced in his seven-year sojourn in Hollywood, where some of the people put on an act as soon as their names appear in the theatre lights. Knowing the reserve and dignity of the British, I was prepared for almost anything, and I got it when I was greeted with:

"Well, Mr. Hall, just in case you ask me what I think of your California climate, let me tell you I think it is the berries. I didn't think New York was so hot. In Chicago they dished out a brand of welcome that made me feel I (*Continued on page 74*)

Otto Dyer

"There's Romance in Everything"—for JOHN BOLES

He's one hero whose life is as colorful as the most romantic movie. Perhaps more so!

By LUKE BORDEN

ON the screen, he stands for Romance, with a capital R. Other Hollywood heroes can be rough, ready and cynical, and pursue elusive beauties with devastating realism, but only John Boles can bend over to kiss a heroine's hand with courtly Old World grace, and be sure that audiences will sigh appreciatively—instead of giggling. This is because he is an incurable romanticist, in private life, and his own experiences make the most glamourously romantic scenario seem tame.

He's Irish and a Southerner—an adventurous and romantic combination. Even when he's wearing old flannels and a sport shirt around the studio, he might have just stepped off the stage of a musical comedy, as the handsome Prince in disguise. "I am a romantic, an idealist, a dreamer of dreams," he told me, "the sort of person who never touches ground, who can be with a million people and still be separate from them."

Hollywood hands him rôles like those of the red-caped hero of "The Desert Song," the Texas Ranger in "Rio Rita," the romantically minded king in "My Lips Betray," the soldier-lover in "Only Yesterday," the socialite lawyer in "The Age of Innocence," the temperamental leading man of the temperamental prima donna in "Music in the Air"—and he plays all these glamourous characters with the soul and spirit of chivalry.

In private life, he has played just as many parts fully as romantic. He starved in a garret while carving out his career. He slaved as a school-teacher to get money for a musical education. He studied grand opera in Paris under the famous tenor, Jean de Reszké. He starred on Broadway in light opera. Rarely written about and most thoroughly romantic of all—he served as an American spy during the World War. . . .

What couldn't a scenario writer do, for instance, with this one of his real-life experiences, which occurred in Paris just after the War? President Wilson arrives from America for the Peace Conference. There is a grand reception in his honor at the Hotel de Ville, with Pershing, Poincaré, and all the notables of the Allies in attendance. Lines of uniformed guards surround the building. Other guards are at the iron-grilled gates. A handsome young American presents a pass. "*The bearer, in special service, must be permitted to go wherever he requests!*" Bewildered guards spring to open the gates. The American strides through lanes of soldiers into the great reception hall. With swords flashing, with medals gleaming on uniformed chests, the scene is as colorful as any movie set.

"I stood close enough to Wilson to touch him," John Boles told me, "and I hate to think what might have happened if they had discovered I had no right to be present. Every man in the room was an important dignitary of some nation. I guess they thought my buddy, Ray Monroe, and I were notables *incognito*. We were just adventurous young Americans—I had spent my first eighteen months out of college working for the Intelligence Department—and we used the credentials given us for spy work to crash this historic event.

"I enlisted a few days before graduating from college, and I was assigned to the Criminal Investigation Department of the American Expeditionary Forces, due to my ability to speak French and German. This was lucky, because I had a love of adventure that would have made the rigid routine of the regular army difficult.

"They gave me a pass, written in both French and English, which allowed me to travel where I pleased, with the full coöperation of the authorities. I could wear a uniform or not, as I chose. These privileges led to all sorts of experiences, because I took the fullest advantage of them.

Luck Was With Him

"DUTY took me into the slums of Paris, waterfront dives in Havre, and sleepy little villages all over France. Miraculously, I escaped being shelled. I would leave Paris one night, and an air raid would be staged there the following day. I departed from Rouen the night before it was shelled. The same (*Continued on page 60*)

TRANSATLANTIC MERRY-GO-ROUND

THE *S. S. Progress*, Europe-bound, was but forty hours out of New York when Lee Lother, Broadway racketeer, lay dead on the floor of Sally Marsh's cabin—a bullet wound in his heart.

So much had happened in those brief, bewildering hours. Even as she screamed—even as the door burst open to admit startled stewards, followed by panicky passengers, Sally wondered that it could have come to this . . . And what would come next?

She had sailed on the *Progress* to escape Lother. Chad Denby, in charge of the entertainment on the ship, had engaged her as star of his "Showboat." She had told him why she wanted the engagement. Chad loved her . . . If she hadn't met Jimmy Brett aboard—hadn't fallen in love with him, in response to his ardent wooing, gratitude might have brought Chad the reward he so earnestly desired. But now . . .

It wasn't only on her own account that she had wanted to escape Lother's unwelcome attentions. Her brother, Ned, had become involved with Lother in some unexplained manner. Gambling . . . Using Ned to inveigle wealthy patrons to his place . . . She had to save Ned from the ruin such association promised. She had hoped so much from the trip—and then to find Lother aboard!

With difficulty she focussed her dazed eyes on the body of the man who had threatened her happiness. She shuddered. Gazed at the group which crowded the doorway of her cabin. The Captain was there now. He eyed her sternly.

"What happened?" he demanded.

"I don't know—" Sally spoke with an effort. "It all happened so quickly . . . He came in here—he started toward me—then, suddenly—a shot . . . That's all I know . . ."

The Captain's eyes were skeptical. He turned to Inspector McKinney, whom he had sent for, who now was shouldering his way through the crowd.

"Inspector," he said heavily, "for the first time in the history of this line a passenger has been murdered. Won't you please take charge?"

McKinney nodded thoughtfully. He looked from the slain man to the frightened girl. Nodded again. Suddenly

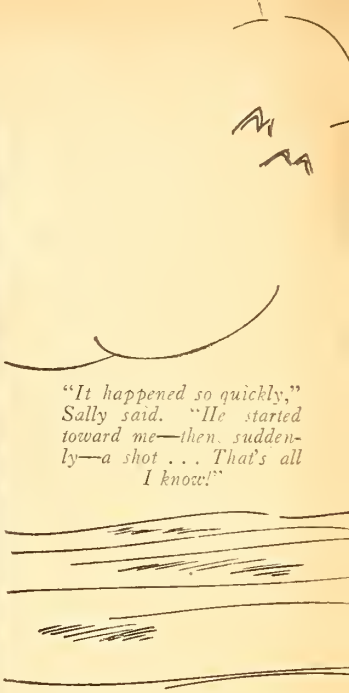
- Adapted from the Reliance Picture
- By Leon Gordon and Joseph Moncure March
- Directed by Benjamin Stoloff
- Released through United Artists
- Fictionized by Ethel M. Pomeroy

PLAYED BY

Gene Raymond	*Jimmy Brett*
Nancy Carroll	*Sally Marsh*
Jack Benny	*Chad Denby*
Sydney Howard	*Dan Campbell*
Sid Silvers	*Shortie*
Sidney Blackmer	*Lee Lother*
Ralph Morgan	*Herbert Rosson*
Shirley Grey	*Anya Rosson*
Sam Hardy	*Jack Summers*
William Boyd	*Joe Saunders*
Robert Elliott	*Inspector McKinney*
Carlyle Moore	*Ned Marsh*

"What if she did?" Jimmy faced the inspector sternly.

ROMANCE ON SHIPBOARD,



"It happened so quickly," Sally said. "He started toward me—then, suddenly—a shot . . . That's all I know!"

he turned. Dashed out along the companionway. He stopped for a moment in the cabin of Ned Marsh. Made a quick search. Then down, down into the depths of the ship, down into the engine room.

As he hastened along, he tried to fit together in his mind certain things that had come to his notice. He had sailed on the *Progress* for his first vacation in years—and almost from the beginning events had challenged his official interest.

In the first place there was, he was certain, a stowaway aboard ship. The notorious criminal, Saunders, had escaped jail and disappeared. Dan Campbell, whose chief business seemed to be the absorption of liquor, had reported the theft of his dinner clothes. Somewhere in that ship, McKinney was sure, he would find an unlisted passenger, in evening clothes—awaiting a proper time to mingle with the other passengers, to steal other apparel . . . The engine-room would be a possible hideout.

Drawing a gun from his pocket, McKinney investigated a dark corner. He nodded complacently. Asleep, too—what nerve! He thrust his gun against the man's back. "All right, Joe—get up out of there," he ordered. Then, as the man in the tuxedo sprang to his feet, eyes staring bleakly from a white face, he said: "What did you do with the gun?"

"What gun?" Saunders gritted hoarsely.

"The gun you killed Lee Lother with!"

"Say . . ." Saunders drawled plaintively, "can't I take a boat to make a getaway without being accused of bumping off some slick guy?"

"Never mind—get moving!" And McKinney piloted the man back to the cabin of Sally Marsh. "Spill it," he ordered Saunders, as they stood beside Lother's body.

"Spill what? I don't even know this guy!"

"You ought to — he took the witness stand against you—had you sent up for ten years on a grand larceny rap—" McKinney's voice was stern.

"It was a frame-up——"

"You shot off your mouth about how you were going to get him—and now you have!"

"Wrong again, copper." Saunders smiled grimly. "I might have had the idea—but somebody beat me to it."

McKinney turned to two ship's officers. "Take him below," he ordered tersely. "I'll get back to him later." He turned to the curious group in the doorway. "I'll have to ask you all to leave." To the Captain he said: "I want you to get the following passengers in your office——"

Outside, the ship was running in a dense fog. Sally could hear the sirens screaming. She shivered. In the Captain's office were gathered all the suspects—herself, Ned, Chad Denby, Jimmy Brett, and a card-sharp, named Summers, who had been posing as a wealthy Westerner, who had, with Lother, picked on Jimmy as a sucker. Jimmy had turned the tables cleverly that time Sally remembered. And Lother had threatened him . . . Also present was a Mrs. Rosson—a dazzling, hard-faced blonde, who obviously was pursuing Lother. She had a husband, back in New York . . . Sally wondered what he thought of his wife's infatuation for the gambler. Each looked suspiciously at the others, looked defiantly at Inspector McKinney. Why didn't he say something? Sally wondered miserably. The whole thing was a ghastly nightmare—she couldn't endure it! She just couldn't!

STRANGELY TANGLED WITH MYSTERY—AND MURDER!

Jimmy flung her an encouraging glance.

Slowly Inspector McKinney lighted a cigar. A cleverly calculated slowness, playing on their tense nerves, to provoke confession, Sally thought. Suddenly he turned to Summers.

"All right—you'll do to begin on—where were you when Lother was murdered?"

"In my cabin—playing solitaire."

"What's the matter—couldn't you find any suckers?" the inspector inquired significantly.

Summers looked startled. This man wasn't easy to fool . . .

The detective turned to Sally.

"How well did you say you knew Lother?" The question held overtones of suggestion.

Jimmy was standing by her chair now. "Don't let him scare you, kid," he said encouragingly. "You don't have to talk if you don't want to."

"You're in this up to the neck, yourself," McKinney reminded Jimmy sternly.

"Me? You're cracked!" Jimmy essayed an appearance of injured innocence.

"Yeah? You had an argument with Lother, a couple of hours before he was killed, didn't you?"

"What of it?" Jimmy asked coldly.

"Nothing—maybe . . . What were you doing in that corridor before the shots were fired?"

"Why, I— I—" Jimmy stopped.

Chad Denby spoke up: "He was with me. Backstage. We ran down together when we heard the shot."

"I see . . . He was in the corridor—but he was backstage with you . . . Quite a coincidence." The Inspector smiled. He turned again to Sally. "Is it a fact that Lother fell for another girl and threw you over for her?"

"No," Sally said in a hushed voice.

"You tried to get him back, and you couldn't do it."

"That's not true, either. You mustn't believe that!" Sally flung an imploring look at Ned, who was finding it hard to control himself.

"Why did you ask him to come to your cabin tonight?" the relentless voice went on.

"I didn't!" Sally's enormous eyes brimmed with tears.

Brett stood up beside her. "What if she did? What difference would it make?" He faced the inspector defiantly.

"Sit down!" McKinney ordered. He looked steadily at Sally. "He came there because you asked him to—begged him to. And when you found he was through with you—you could not stand the thought of another woman—so you shot him!"

"That's a lie!" Ned was on his feet now, his eyes blazing. "She was trying to get away from him—he wouldn't leave her alone!"

"What do you know about him?" Inspector McKinney swung toward the youth.

"Plenty!"

"Ned!" Sally warned frantically, but he would not heed.

"I'm not going to sit and hear a lot of stuff like that slung at you!" he cried.

McKinney eyed him contemptuously. "It's about time! Sitting there and letting your sister take the rap. You're yellow!"

Sally moaned inwardly. If only Ned would keep still! If they knew that Ned had forged Lother's name to a check, they would be certain he had murdered him! If only he hadn't told her that sorry business! She bit her lips desperately. She had asked Lother to give her the check. Ned had told her he had paid back every cent of it, but still Lother held the check over him. Lother had been so suave, so friendly . . . "Of course," he had said, "I'll give it back to you." And then, even as her heart had leaped with sudden gratitude, he had gone on: "I'll bring it to your cabin, tonight, after the show. We'll celebrate the event—just like old times." And he had smiled at her meaningly. Sally knew then what it would cost her to recover the check. The joy had ebbed from her face, as she had told him: "I understand."

Ned had seen her, just after Lother had left—had noted her white face, her trembling hands. He had asked her if she was troubled about Lother. And although she firmly denied it, he had rushed off, his face set and stern. She didn't know he had gone to Chad Denby . . .

And after the show, Jimmy had tried to get her to walk on deck with him. But she had put him off. He guessed that she had something on her mind, but he had yielded graciously. Had left her at her stateroom door. And then Lother had come . . .

"Is this yours?" McKinney was holding a gun in his hand, glaring at Jimmy.

"No," Jimmy stated definitely.

"I found it in your cabin."

Chad came forward. "May I look at it?" he asked. Then: "It's mine."

"How did *he* get hold of it?" McKinney motioned to Ned.

"Chad had nothing to do with it," Ned said quickly. "I took it from his cabin. He didn't know I had it!"

"But that doesn't make him a murderer," Chad protested. "There were only blank cartridges in it."

The detective broke the gun. Six bullets clattered out. He picked them up in his hand. "They look pretty real to me," he commented. "You meant business, didn't you?"

"Yes," Ned answered shortly. "I got them out of Chad's drawer." His face grew white.

He was saying, Sally thought desperately, just what the officer wanted him to say! McKinney was leading him on. Ned was falling into his trap . . .

"Ned! Ned!" she cried, agonized. "You didn't do it! You couldn't have done it!"

"No?" McKinney turned toward her. "Why couldn't he have done it?"

"Because *I* did it!" Sally cried. "I did the whole thing—just the way you said!"

"Don't listen to her!" Ned raged wildly. "She's trying to shield me! Why should she kill him? What reason did she have?"

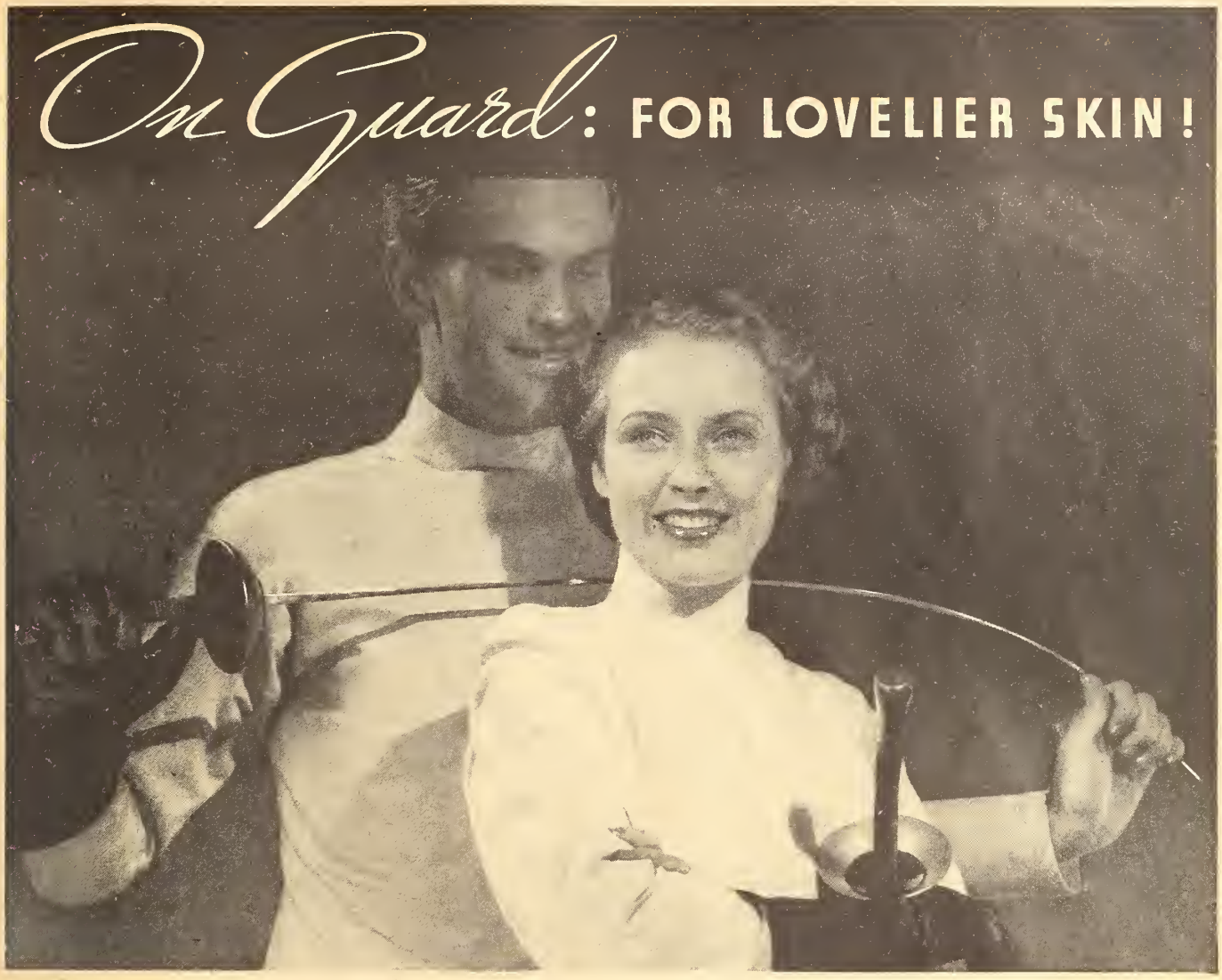
"Was he in love with you?" McKinney asked.

Sally looked down. Her lips

(*Continued on page 81*)

Jimmy drew Sally very close to him. And she yielded happily to his embrace

On Guard: FOR LOVELIER SKIN!



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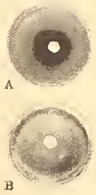

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"There's Romance in Everything" for John Boles

(*Continued from page 55*)

thing happened in Abbeyville. The Germans must have become annoyed and decided to get me, somehow, for they followed me all the way to Havre, on the seacoast, putting on the only air-raid staged in France so far from their own lines!

"Almost anything seemed possible in France in wartime. At Havre I became acquainted with the Algerians who served as sailors on French ships. They were savage-looking fellows who lived in waterfront dives, where no foreigner dared venture for fear of his life. Many visitors had been stabbed, rumor went, for their pocket-money. I, speaking French, got to know them, visited them, and ate with them."

Just as alive to the thrilling possibilities of every situation as the most appreciative audience, the young American soldier went out of his way in search of adventure and glamour. Most of his experiences ended just as happily as the third curtain of an operetta, sometimes with a burst of song. He saw Europe (the ambition of every young American collegian) when life there was most adventurous; he saw the horror and the ravages of war, and he appreciated doubly the peace of quaint old towns undisturbed by the havoc. And in between times he went to the opera, and sang at Y. M. C. A. entertainments.

"In an apache café in Paris, where I was sent in search of a criminal," he told me, "I happened to notice a piano player thumping out tinkly little tunes for the amusement of the customers. It was a tawdry, second-rate place in a low neighborhood. Suddenly, the man stopped playing cheap jazz, and began a beautiful melody of Chopin. He played so wonderfully and with such feeling that I stared in amazement.

"Two months later, I attended a performance at the opera. All the nobility in the boxes broke into enthusiastic applause when the leader of the orchestra stepped into the rostrum. His face seemed familiar —I knew I had seen him before. Suddenly, I realized that the famous conductor was the same fellow I had seen at the broken-down piano of the cheap café, playing cheap tunes for sandwiches and his drinks."

Where He "Found" His Voice

YOUNG Boles watched, as wide-eyed as the hero of an operetta, and can't, even to-day, figure out an explanation of the musician's double life. But he can explain how he first discovered that his voice might have stage possibilities:

"One night at a Y. M. C. A. entertainment I was singing with a bunch of fellows when I noticed that the man beside me had stopped singing to listen. This seemed strange—I didn't know there was anything unusual about my voice. At the end of the song, he said, 'You have a great voice—are you a professional singer?' Of course, I wasn't, although I had sung with glee clubs in college. Later I was told that he was a well-known musician who had written one of the best British marching songs, and the memory of the incident gave me courage, later, to try an operatic career."

Such romantic episodes are common in Boles' life. He graduated from college on a June Tuesday in 1917. On Thursday, he married lovely Marcelite Dobbs. On Friday, he was assigned to the Criminal Investigation Department of the A. E. F. Even playwrights don't dare suggest events in such dashing succession.

He returned to his home-town of Greenville, Texas, when the War was over, and might have kept on working in his father's bank except for another amazing circumstance such as happens so often in scenarios and so seldom in real life. Oscar Seagle, the opera star, heard him sing in Greenville, and persuaded him to go to New York to develop his voice.

There he worked as a high-school teacher, to earn money for voice training, and must have looked as out of place in that position as would a musical comedy hero. He earned his passage to Paris, where he wanted to study, by organizing a band of musicians and acting as their business manager—another glamourous incident that writers of light opera might borrow from his life.

He lived in Paris with his wife and baby daughter for two years, and then returned to tramp the streets of New York, looking for work. With all the pride of a hero of romance, he refused to consider any but leading rôles, and he might have starved to death romantically, except that such things don't happen to heroes. When he appeared in "Little Jessie James," all New York acclaimed him as the newest singing sensation. He sang opposite Geraldine Farrar in her only light opera venture; he appeared in "Mercenary Mary" and "Romany Love Song."

Leading Man Then; Co-Star Now

GLORIA SWANSON, then at the height of her success in silent pictures, saw him and offered him a leading rôle in "The Loves of Sunya." Playing opposite so famous a star gave him a wide audience at the very start, and his picture career was assured. Romantically enough, Gloria is now his co-star in "Music in the Air" and the fact that he is one of the most popular stars on the screen doubles her chances for success in her "comeback" picture.

He lives as you'd expect to find the hero of an operetta after the third curtain—happily ever after. He sends his wife flowers, will stop everything to talk about their two daughters, and works so hard that for one solid year his pictures have overlapped each other—each new one starting before the old one was finished.

"There's romance in everything if you look at it from that point of view," he told me. "Nothing is humdrum unless you see it that way."

He finds the modern world just as fascinating and romantic as the periods he plays in costume dramas, and he gets romance from the most trivial things—going down to the outfitters to try on his new costumes, or sending one of his little girls a birthday gift. His enthusiasm is genuine, not assumed, and that is why every woman who meets him falls under the spell of his charming chivalry and a politeness so perfect that it is flattering in itself.

And he proves that if you expect romantic things to happen, they will. The other day on a movie set he noticed one of the "extras" eyeing him intently.

"Weren't you in Saint Nazaire in August, 1918?" the man finally asked. Boles assented. "I'm Karl Guenther," the "extra" added, "though perhaps you won't remember me by that name."

Boles couldn't, and the man fingered a ragged scar on his head. "You had been after me for two days, and if your bullet had gone an inch more to the left, I'd be there yet. But it was a dark night for target practice."

Proving that there's one Hollywood star as romantic and colorful as the rôles he plays on the screen. Maybe more so!

A most important statement to those who want white, lustrous teeth:

5 people out of 7 do not change from Listerine Tooth Paste

WE can tell you how costly are the ingredients of Listerine Tooth Paste, how carefully they are chosen and blended, how marvelously they do their work on teeth and gums, how the good name of Listerine must be reflected in every tube—but these statements are as nothing compared to this one made by our research staff, after a survey in one nearby district:

"Eliminating those who habitually change every few weeks, only two people in seven switch from Listerine Tooth Paste. In other words, five out of seven continue to use it year in year out."

Most of these buyers are women, the most critical, selective group in the world when concerned with a product involving their health and beauty. Their stated preference for Listerine Tooth Paste is indeed a compliment.

The survey reveals that by personal observation women as well as men have found that this remarkable tooth paste gives them results they do not expect in others; one from which they are loathe to change for fear that teeth may suffer.

It says, in effect: "At last we have a dentifrice that does not injure enamel, one that invigorates the gums, one that gives teeth cleanliness and lustre that are enviable, one that leaves the mouth delightfully refreshed and stimulated—and last but not least, one that is priced sensibly."

REGULAR SIZE
25¢

NEW DOUBLE SIZE 40¢

If we seem a little enthusiastic about these findings, we hope you will pardon us. They really are something to be proud of.

Why don't you try a tube of this good dentifrice? In two sizes: 25¢ for the regular, 40¢ for the double size. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

TEST...the PERFOLASTIC GIRDLE
. . . at our expense!

"I have REDUCED MY HIPS 9 INCHES"
.. writes Miss Healy.

"I read an 'ad' of the Perfolastic Company . . . and sent for FREE folder."

"They allowed me to wear their Perforated Girdle for 10 days on trial."

"The massage-like action did it... the fat seemed to have melted away."

"In a very short time I had reduced my hips 9 INCHES and my weight 20 pounds."

REDUCE YOUR WAIST AND HIPS 3 INCHES IN 10 DAYS OR
. . . it costs you nothing!

WE WANT you to try the Perfolastic Girdle and Uplift Brassiere. Test them for yourself for 10 days absolutely FREE. Then, if without diet, drugs or exercise, you have not reduced at least 3 inches around waist and hips, they will cost you nothing!

Reduce Quickly, Easily, and Safely!
The massage-like action of these famous Perfolastic Reducing Garments takes the place of months of tiring exercises and dieting. Worn next to the body with perfect safety, the Perfolastic gently massages away the surplus fat with every movement, stimulating the body once more into energetic health.

Don't Wait Any Longer . . . Act Today!
You can prove to yourself quickly and definitely whether or not this very efficient girdle and brassiere will reduce your waist, hips and diaphragm. You do not need to risk one penny . . . try them for 10 days . . . then send them back if you are not completely astonished at the wonderful results.

SEND FOR TEN DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER!

PERFOLASTIC, Inc.
Dept. 1612 41 EAST 42nd ST., New York, N. Y.
Please send me FREE BOOKLET describing and illustrating the new Perfolastic Girdle and Brassiere, also sample of perforated rubber and particulars of your 10-DAY FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Name_____

Address_____

Use Coupon or Send Name and Address on Penny Post Card

Our Mary Becomes Queen of the Air!

(*Continued from page 33*)

night—and think of all the children, the little children, who never saw me in pictures. That's what thrills me. There must be thousands of them. And if I could bring to them the thing that I have always tried to put into my pictures—well, isn't that in itself worth-while?

What It Has Done for Her

"AND I can't begin to tell you how much this new experience has done for me personally. I have always had so much energy—and for a while after 'Secrets' when I wasn't working (for the first time in my life), I was restless, out of sorts. I began to think of writing—resurrecting an old ambition to be an author some day. I wrote a short story, 'Little Liar,' which appeared in a popular fiction magazine. It was my first published story, so of course I got a big kick out of that. But I wanted to be doing something more active.

"I was anxious to appear in a stage play. Henry Duffy, Hollywood producer, suggested that I come to the El Capitan Theatre and watch rehearsals, just to get the feel of the theatre again. He interested me in a play called 'A Church Mouse.' He said that the first act would be a perfect sketch for me—but I laughed at that.

"Agents had been after me for years to do personal appearances, and I had always refused. Then I went to New York to see about a play that Max Gordon was planning to produce for me. No sooner did I arrive there than Paramount-Publix approached me to appear on the stage. I remembered what Henry Duffy had said about the first act of 'A Church Mouse,' so I decided to do it. Then, when I saw how friendly and receptive everyone was, I knew that I wanted to try radio. I was getting back into the atmosphere of the stage, and the joy of being in intimate contact with the public made me want to do even more!

"Humble, But Confident"

"I APPROACHED the microphone humbly, but with confidence; I felt that it would prove to be a good friend. As I broadcast, I thought of only one thing, one mental picture—a family listening to the radio. I was just speaking to friends in their homes—that's how I tried to think of them. They told me that millions of people would be listening, but 'millions of people' are such a vast, cold, faceless mass that I tried to forget that entirely. And Graham McNamee wired me afterward that that was one of the nicest things about the broadcast—that people felt that I had come right into their living rooms. I hope everyone *did* feel that way!"

And that's *exactly* how we felt, judging from the thousands of telegrams and 'phone calls and letters that came pouring into the studio after the broadcast.

Gracie Allen wired, "I know you will reach even greater heights on the air than you have in pictures. All your fans are waiting for your next broadcast, including myself." Another, "Of course we are thrilled. You were so lovely—really and truly a greater success than ever. You must be very happy. Love." And it was signed by Harriet Hoctor, the world-famous dancer. But the message that Mary lingered over longest was a special-delivery letter from San Francisco. It was only two lines, and it was unsigned. It was written in the old-fashioned, shaky hand of a very old woman. It said "Goodnight, and God go with you" which were the very last words that Mary spoke on that broadcast!

Though Mary has taken up this new interest whole-heartedly, she certainly isn't going to neglect any of her old friends—the movies, the stage, and particularly her writing.

"I've bought a story called 'Three Kisses,' written by Ivan Lebedeff," she told me, "and I'll do that soon, myself, as a picture—though at the moment I can't say when, because I'm going to be so busy that I don't know when I *can* do it."

Mary, too, has plans for directing a picture, herself. "A picture built around a little girl," she said, "like the parts I used to play. I think I could direct this type better than anything else, and if I could find the right young girl, one who would be sensitive to me and my direction, I could again produce pictures like 'Rebecca' and 'Pollyanna.' I'd like to go on doing those parts, those child parts, through the medium of someone else. There's nothing I should like better.

"But right now, I'm absorbed with the radio, which is so new and young. And it is so full of young people that you can't help but be inspired by it. I've never seen so many young people in one business before—young writers, young actors, young directors, young announcers—and they're all efficient. They *have* to be, in radio, because it's the second-hand on the clock that counts, not the minute hand. There can't be expensive delays, or any putting off until tomorrow, or any unbusiness-like displays of temperament.

"And I'm going to learn just as much about radio in general, as I have learned about the motion picture business. I have been so used to considering how people *look*, when I select people for supporting parts in my pictures, that I knew I would probably be influenced by appearances if I saw the actors who were trying out for parts in my radio company.

"So when we cast 'A Church Mouse,' for example, I sat there with my eyes shut tight, while the actors tried out. I had never even seen my leading man until after he had been chosen solely by his voice.

The Glamour of Her New Life

"SO many people have asked me if radio lacks the glamour that I have known on the stage and screen. That is so ridiculous. Radio is the most glamourous of all! Like the microphone itself, it is a sensitive vibrating medium. And then there is this: It took 'Madame Fiske and Company' and 'Sarah Bernhardt and Company' and others of those days many months to tour the world. And yet we, our radio company, tour America in the tiniest fraction of a second. That is the kind of glamour that fills me with awe!

"All of my programs will probably be broadcast from Hollywood, unless I do the New York play that I have been planning on for so long. In that case, it is in my contract that I will be allowed 'to take my microphone and my company' with me wherever I go."

You can see that Mary's plans are not nebulous. She has made arrangements in advance, in case she does find the time to do that play. There was only one more rumored "plan" that I had not asked about. "How about that autobiography that publishers have been urging you to write for years?" I asked. "Do you think you will do that now, too?"

Mary leaned closer and spoke to me in a most secretive manner. "Don't tell anybody," she said, "but I'm not going to do it—not yet! Can you guess why? Because autobiographies are supposed to be written when one quits working. I have started a new career, and I look forward to taking part in television. I'll wait until I can include my experiences in that, too before I write my autobiography!"

He'll Make Movies That Will Live

(*Continued from page 32*)

would attend. I expected the boxes to be filled. But I never expected the thousands upon thousands to be banked high up on the hills, in the cheaper seats, some almost a quarter of a mile away from the stage —evidence of the popular enthusiasm."

"Could the magnet be Herr Reinhardt?"

"Ach, no!" he thundered. "Here in Hollywood I am a nobody. The play could have been produced by your Mister—what do you call him—Joe Doak, that is it—and the Bowl would have been packed to capacity.

"It was to be expected that 'The Dream' would unfold here in Hollywood, as it has never been unfolded. Here are the greatest artists of all the arts. Could a Reinhardt build such a theatre? Or hire such performers? Or offer such adroit lighting effects? No—it was a Hollywood job!

"Let me tell you this: Never, since 'The Dream' was written, has there been such a *Puck* as the *Puck* portrayed by your own little Mickey Rooney! The greatest adult actors in the world have given this characterization, but not one of them ever breathed the true life into the character until little Mickey came along. Never was *Puck* played with such fire, such comedy, such brilliance. I love that boy. I would like to adopt him for my own son.

"Nor have I ever seen such a *Bottom* as the characterization of Walter Connolly! I'll say the same for the *Flute* of Sterling Holloway. In the thousands of performances of 'The Dream' that will be given long after Little Mickey, Connolly and Holloway have been buried and forgotten, never again will there be such a *Puck*, *Bottom*, or *Flute*. I wish to go on record on this."

Reinhardt wiped his eyes.

"I am sorry," he said, "I am overcome."

Will Produce Shakespeare On Screen

"WHAT are your plans for making this into a motion picture?" I asked.

"To make it much as I produced it in the Bowl. I might even use the Bowl for some of the more striking scenic effects. I shall devote my efforts to obtaining the most spectacular results, leaving the matters of close-ups and camera angles to the efficient Mr. Dieterle."

"What of the cast?" I asked.

"I want Mr. Connolly," he replied, "and Mr. Holloway, but I MUST have Mickey Rooney. As you Americans say, 'No Rooney, No Dream.'"

"What will be the next great force in pictures?" I questioned.

"Religion," he said, simply. "The screen must satisfy the spiritual longings of the world and, even without the present campaign, the screen would have turned to religion. I speak of religion apart from any creed, or sect. I mean pictures that in text and character connect spirituality and what I might characterize as 'a divine spark.'

"People want something new, something inspiring. During the years of depression people went to the theatre to get away from their problems. They wanted music, comedy, gayety. For a time it satisfied. But now the public wants something finer—something soul-satisfying. The public needs spiritual inspiration and the religious drama can give them that. The spiritual drama is to-day Hollywood's greatest opportunity."

"Did you expect a Hollywood offer?" I asked.

Reinhardt grinned, and shrugged.

Those who know and love this little man with the bright eyes and the gray hair whisper that Hitler ruined him—even though he did leave Germany before the

(*Continued on page 69*)

If everyone in this theatre uses Pepsodent Antiseptic

(as used in recent tests)

there should be 50% fewer colds!

Experiment on 500 people shows new way in "cold prevention." What happened when Pepsodent Antiseptic was used.

IF what happened in a recent scientific "cold" study happens in this movie theatre, there should be 50% fewer people catching this man's cold if they use Pepsodent Antiseptic regularly.

We use this means of illustrating in a dramatic way how Pepsodent can help you prevent colds this winter.

The test we refer to included 500 people, over a period of five months. These 500 people were divided into several groups. Some gargled with plain salt and water—others with leading mouth antiseptics—one group used Pepsodent Antiseptic exclusively. Here is what happened as shown by official scientific records. . . . The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic had 50% fewer colds than those who used other leading mouth antiseptics or those who used plain salt and water.

The group who used Pepsodent Antiseptic, and did catch cold, were able to rid themselves of their colds in half the time of those who used other methods.

And so while we cannot scientifically predict how many people would catch cold in this crowded movie theatre, nor just how many would have a cold if they didn't use Pepsodent Antiseptic, we do say that what happened in this scientific test on 500 people can be applied to some extent to any other group.

Pepsodent can be diluted

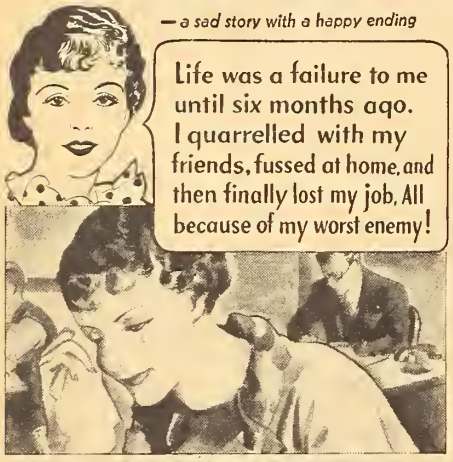
Remember, Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful in killing germs as other leading mouth antiseptics. You can mix Pepsodent Antiseptic with 2 parts of water and it still kills germs in less than 10 seconds. Therefore, Pepsodent gives you three times as much for your money. It goes three times as far and it still gives you the protection of a safe, efficient antiseptic.

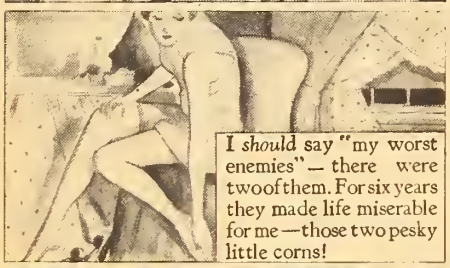
Get Pepsodent Antiseptic and see for yourself just how effective it is in helping you prevent colds this winter.

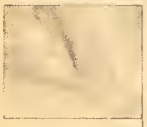
PEPSODENT ANTISEPTIC

"How I removed my WORST ENEMY"

— a sad story with a happy ending







1. I soaked my feet for 10 minutes in hot water and wiped them dry.

2. I applied Blue-Jay, centering the pads over the corns. The pain stopped.

3. After 3 days, removed the plasters, soaked my feet, lifted out the corns!

Blue-Jay is the safe, scientific corn remover — used by millions for 35 years. Corn pain stops instantly — corn is gone in 3 days. Invented by a famous chemist, Blue-Jay is made by Bauer & Black, surgical dressing house, whose products are used by doctors everywhere.

How Blue-Jay Works

A is the B&B medication that gently undermines the corn.
B is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops the pain at once.
C is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

25c at all druggists — special size for bunions and calluses.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC CORN REMOVER

FREE BOOKLET — Contains helpful information for foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and beauty. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago. (*Pasting this coupon on a government post card will save postage.*) MC-12

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... *State* .....

© The Kendall Company

The Movies Capture Joe Penner . . . And the duck that lays the Golden Eggs

(*Continued from page 52*)

Los Angeles theatre. Perhaps—and this is more likely—from publicity pictures. But it seemed to me a great tribute to his popularity that Joe Penner, who is just a voice to most of the world, should be spotted so quickly.

As he dashed off the autographs, a youngster pushed up with the plea, "Say 'Wanna buy a duck?' for us."

"Please," replied Joe, "I'm on a vacation." That youngster shouldn't have been so overwhelmed by meeting his idol. One more ardent plea and I know Joe would have said, "Wanna buy a duck?" The words were formed on his lips, ready to answer a second request. But just then a girl edged up with her book. Smiling happily, she said, "I used to see you in St. Louis."

St. Louis—it brought back to me, too, memories of my first meeting with Joe Penner—and an impression I'll never forget. We were standing in a tent before a bunch of youngsters much like these. I was thanking Joe for getting up early that morning to play a benefit performance for youngsters who had come to meet Santa Claus. And I was apologizing, too, for the tent was stuffy and there was no stage.

St. Louis Gave Him a Hand

SPEAKING from the corner of his mouth through his prop cigar (one of his trademarks even then), Joe was saying, "Don't worry, kid. This St. Louis engagement will always be one of the happiest of my life. I've never gone over before like I have in this town. Any time I can do anything for it, I'll be tickled to death."

Joe had just come from his home-town, Detroit, where it hadn't been a case of the local boy making good. The city to which he had been brought as an immigrant boy of eleven by his Hungarian parents, in which he had sold ducks as a grocery boy, and in which he had started in amateur theatricals, hadn't warmed up to his act. But St. Louis had. No wonder he liked it!

Standing beside Joe in the tent that day was a girl who looked vaguely familiar.

"Have you met my wife?" he asked.

She saved me embarrassment by speaking up. "Surely. Don't you remember me—Eleanor Vogt, one of the Rockets?" Sure enough, it was one of the young St. Louis girls who had started their dancing careers in the very vaudeville theatre in which Joe was appearing that week. Later, the whole chorus had joined the road company of the "Greenwich Village Follies" as the American Rockets.

"So that's what the 'Follies' did for you," I laughed.

"Well," explained Joe, "it wasn't exactly the 'Follies'. I used to stand in the wings and burn her up. Then she'd watch me do my act and burn me up. We didn't like each other at all. I cast so many aspersions in her direction that she was going to quit the show, but she decided to cast them right back. It got to be such a habit that after the 'Follies' closed, we decided to make it permanent and got married."

So Joe, in a sense, adopted St. Louis as a home-town because of his "in-laws," and St. Louis certainly adopted him. He came back time and again to develop into a great favorite. During one of those visits, I asked him to appear on the radio. He declined with a typically humble apology. "I'll do it if you insist," pleaded Joe. "But I'd rather not. I know I wouldn't be any good. People have to see my funny make-up and I have to hear the laughs coming back."

The Mike Left Him Cold

SOME time later, we did insist till Joe Penner consented to appear on our radio program. When it was over, the director of the station, one of the largest in the country, suggested that Penner be left off future broadcasts. "His material isn't suited to radio," he said. Imagine Joe Penner scared of the radio—and even cold-shouldered from the air!

But my reverie of days gone by was broken, as Joe brought me back to the Penner of to-day by pulling away from the autograph-seekers and steering me into the café. As we sat down, I reminded him of those radio debacles in the distant past.

"Yes," he drawled sheepishly in his slow, hesitating manner, "it does seem kind of funny now. But I never felt right before a cold mike. It scared me because it wasn't warm and responsive." He took his cigar out of his mouth, put it in the ash tray, and drew geometric figures on the table-cloth with his finger-tip.

"After those experiences, it was sure hard getting me to a radio audition," he continued. "One day my manager begged so hard I went, but only after he swore it was just a rehearsal for ourselves. I did my stuff, and when I got through, the man at the controls—who was an advertising man, giving me an audition without my knowing it—handed me the surprise of my life. He showed me their radio theatre. It was just like any theatre in which I worked, with a stage, spotlights, and seats for a big audience. When I saw that layout, where people could sit and see me, I knew it was the ducks. My fears were gone."

Radio has since made Joe Penner famous. Listening to him in your home, you can't see his funny hat, his crazy suit, and his big cigar. However, the lucky few who get into the radio theatre see them and roar. And their roar of approval made Hollywood prick up its ears and send for Joe Penner. Hollywood welcomed him with a big reception committee. High-salaried executives halted conferences to greet him and make him feel at home. And in the middle of the studio stands a duck-pen and duck-house with a sign, "Welcome Joe Penner."

No One Saw Him Then

AND this 1934 welcome is another ironical feature of Joe Penner's career. After I knew him in St. Louis, he continued in vaudeville, and went knocking at Hollywood's doors—not once, but several times. And, so far as Joe knows, nobody in the film business caught his act when he was appearing in Los Angeles theatres.

"I always had my eye on the movies and wanted to make pictures—even as long as seven or eight years ago," confessed Joe. "My agents and my manager tried to fix things up when I played at theatres here. But somehow or other, nothing happened. I was in the theatre most of the time, and I guess nobody saw me work. People told me I ought to stick around and get acquainted—that that was the way to get in the movies."

The spark of Joe's cigar had died. He reached for my half-empty package of cigarettes and lit one, and then, as he nervously played with the package, he continued, "But I guess everything happens for the best. I'm out here now, wanting to start at the bottom and work up just as I wanted to years ago. I'm going to play in and out of the picture, just as I do in my act, and stick to comedy. I won't be all

over, and I won't be a star. I want other people to be featured with me."

And apparently everything does happen for the best with Joe Penner. The movies could have had him then for $750 a week; now the figure is closer to $5,000.

But if things had happened a little differently, Hollywood might never have had a chance to hire Joe Penner. After making a reputation for himself on vaudeville circuits, he realized the dream of every performer—an important rôle in a Broadway production. "East Wind" was the show. It opened to tremendous business in Pittsburgh, one of the cities in which Joe had become a favorite. The notices were excellent. It was the same in the other tryout cities. But before the show went to New York, the producers became worried.

"Your material's good for the sticks," they said. "But it isn't Broadway." They ordered his part rewritten. "It isn't my style," protested Penner when he read the revised story. "Why, I don't know what this song, 'Tropics,' means, and how can you expect the public to, if I don't?"

Joe must have been right. The audiences yawned. The critics, drawing their knives, buried them deep in Joe Penner's heart. When the show closed after two weeks, Joe Penner was heart-broken. He confided to intimates that he was through with show business. Though he didn't quit, the memory of Broadway's rebuff still lingers with Joe. Even in confessing that heart-break, he lived it over again. His disappointment was written in his face, his twitching lips, his nervous fingers.

"What is your big ambition now?" I asked Joe. "Do you want to go back and show Broadway?"

The Movies Are His Goal

JOE shook his head. "All Broadway wants to do is to put you on a pedestal and knock you off. My ambition is to make good in the movies, and to let my friends everywhere—not in just one town—see me. My radio career can't go on forever. On the air, you reach too many people too often to last long. Of course, I try to keep from getting in a rut on the radio. I never repeat, and I'm trying to get new catch-lines all the time. But some day it will be over. When that happens, I want to be established in the movies. Then I'll quit living in a trunk, get a home and settle down."

Joe drawled on in his slow, embarrassed manner, with just a trace of that slight lisp that becomes so funny on the radio when exaggerated, "The greatest satisfaction I've taken from whatever success I've had is that I didn't buy it by flattering managers or critics. When I played theatres, I'd see acts billed over me that I didn't think were as good. And it always gave me a kick to see the billing changed in the middle of the week and my name on top. I always tried to get by on merit—not pull. I'm still a great big kid about notices," he confessed. "When I get a good one, I go out and buy all the papers."

It *may* seem unbelievable that such ingenuousness is absolutely sincere unless you know Joe Penner, or can imagine him the same in life as he is on the air. If you're still skeptical, let me tell you just one more true short, short story about him:

Marty Sampton began managing Joe Penner shortly after his start in theatre business.

"Are you still under contract to Marty?" I asked.

"No," replied Joe, his head bobbing about as he sketched on the table-cloth. "My contract with Marty ran out five years ago. But he's still doing my business. I couldn't leave Marty. Any time anybody does anything for me—well, I'm just not the type that forgets."

And Joe isn't. Perhaps that's one more reason why his public won't forget Joe.

HER LIPS WON HIM FROM ANOTHER

Natural lips win... painted lips lose!

SOFT lips. *Nice* lips. Never conspicuous with jarring red paint. Simply alluring with rosy color that looks as though it was her own!

Men say time and again that they cannot stand the painted-mouth habit. Yet they are the first to admit that pale lips are equally unattractive. So, to be your loveliest, you should color your lips without painting them. Sounds impossible but it can be done by using the lipstick that *isn't* paint. This lipstick, known as Tangee, intensifies the natural color now in your lips!

LOOKS ORANGE—ACTS ROSE

In the stick Tangee looks orange. On your lips, it's rose. Not a jarring red. But a glowing shade of blush-rose most natural for your type. Don't be fooled by imitative orange-colored lipsticks: Tangee contains the original and exclusive color-change principle that enables it to color lips beautifully, *naturally*.

***Cheeks** must not look painted, either. Tangee Rouge gives same natural color as Lipstick. In new refillable gun-metal case. Buy Tangee refills, save money.*

Tangee's special cream base soothes and softens dry, chapped lips. Goes on smoothly... becomes a very part of your lips, not a coating. Get Tangee in 39c and $1.10 sizes. Also in Theatrical, a deeper shade for professional use. Or for quick trial, send 10c for 4-Piece Miracle Make-Up Set, Containing Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.

UNTOUCHED—Lips left untouched are apt to have a faded look... make the face seem older.

PAINTED—Don't risk that painted look. It's coarsening and men don't like it.

TANGEE—Intensifies natural color, restores youthful appeal, ends that painted look.

World's Most Famous Lipstick

TANGEE

ENDS THAT PAINTED LOOK

Don't be switched! Insist upon Tangee. And patronize the store that gives you what you ask for

★ 4-PIECE MIRACLE MAKE-UP SET—10¢

THE GEORGE W. LUFT COMPANY MP124
417 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Rush Miracle Make-Up Set containing miniature **Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge and Face Powder.** Enclosed find 10¢ (stamps or coin).

Check Shade ☐ FLESH ☐ RACHEL ☐ LIGHT RACHEL

*Name*_____
(Please Print)

*Address*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

And I had to be Scolded into trying it

"A friend who knew how I suffered every month kept scolding me until I had to try Midol. How glad I am that she did! Two tablets see me through my worst day *comfortably*. I tell every girl I discover who is still suffering the way I used to."

Many users of these remarkable tablets have given them endorsement as strong as that! Many are grateful enough to spread the word at every opportunity. For Midol *does* bring definite relief, and prompt relief from periodic pain even to those who have always suffered severely. You can go through this trying time without those severe pains if you use Midol. At least, many women do—and find they can be quite as active as usual.

The best way to use these tablets is, of course, to anticipate the time for any expected pain—or at least, take a tablet the first moment there is the slightest indication of the pain coming on. There is no need to postpone the comfort of this special medicine, for there is no harmful effect from its use—no after-effects.

That's the beauty of this discovery; Midol is as harmless as the aspirin you take for an ordinary headache. Don't be afraid of the speed with which Midol takes hold; it is *not* a narcotic. All drugstores have these tablets.

"We Would Have Married—"

(*Continued from page 37*)

"I loved Russ not only as a man, but as a mother would love her child. I knew his great talents, and I wanted to make sure the world would know them, too. He not only had a voice that was potentially operatic; he wrote beautiful poetry and had great genius in musical composition. He had qualities of sweetness and humility and the gift of a clean mind and heart. He was a very rare, a very unusual person. I knew it—and loved him for it. But no woman dares to be the one goal in a man's life. If she loves him, she must seek to be only a part of his entire life, a part of his ambitions, a part of his fulfilments.

"Even though I have lost Russ, I can't feel that life is at an end. For I have a peculiar philosophy. I believe that everything that happens is determined by an inflexible Fate. I believe Russ' death was pre-destined. And I am glad that it came when he was so happy—so happy in our love and in his winning of stardom. That knowledge is a consolation.

"Russ and I felt something cataclysmic hanging over us. For three weeks, he and I sensed a presence near us, felt a peculiar apprehension. We were depressed without knowing why. Russ was afraid that something was going to happen to me. I had been going from one picture into another, and I was frightfully tired. I tried to say that *that* was the only cause of our depression.

"Russ spent as much time as he possibly could with me on the set. He watched me every moment. And I felt more at ease when he was with me or near me.

"On the Thursday before the accident, his mother was taken to the hospital with a serious heart ailment. That same day my physician had advised me to go to some resort for a week or ten days, the moment I was through with my picture, to get a complete rest. Russ couldn't bear the thought of separation, but I told him that he could drive me to Santa Barbara and come for me at the end of my stay. He consented to that because he was devoted to his mother and, of course, wanted to remain near her.

"The day before the accident, I drove up with my secretary to a friend's mountain cabin in Big Bear. I planned to remain there a day or so, then return to Hollywood, and on the following day to go to Santa Barbara.

"I was strangely uneasy Saturday night. I'm not a hysterical person. I'm logical and, I think, pretty well balanced, but on the drive from Hollywood I almost turned back twice. It seemed as if something were calling me, telling me not to go up there. I dismissed my fears as foolish. We arrived at Big Bear at a quarter of ten that night. It was shortly after the telephone exchange had closed until the morning; otherwise, I would have called Russ to assure myself that he was all right.

Awakened, Crying . . .

"ALL that evening I was in a frenzy of nerves. Usually, when I go to bed, I sleep very quietly, but that night I tossed and I turned and I cried. I woke up in the middle of the night, crying, and I couldn't explain, even to myself, why. To my secretary's distressed inquiries, I replied that it must be because I was so exhausted. Yet, in the next breath I said: 'I wish I had been able to call Russ. I've got a horrible feeling that something is wrong.'

"If it hadn't seemed so utterly stupid, I would have returned home early that Sunday morning. I tried to telephone Russ, but I couldn't reach him.

"I knew Russ was going over to see Lansing Brown that day. The preceding Friday we had seen the preview of 'Wake Up and Dream.' Russ' first starring picture. Lansing Brown was in the audience, but had gone somewhere the next day on a photographic assignment and had not been able to talk with Russ before leaving. They had been friends for ten years; Russ depended on Lansing's judgment and considered his criticism extremely valuable. He had said to me: 'If Lansing doesn't get back in time to call me tonight, I'm going over to see him tomorrow. I want to know what he really thinks about the picture.'

"The whole tragedy seems to have been a chain of circumstances leading to death. If I had turned back to Hollywood, Russ would have been with me. If Lansing had been able to telephone him on Saturday, Russ would not have gone to see Lansing on Sunday. Yet, I am certain that no matter what we might have done, Russ would have died that day.

Was Half-Prepared

"I AM convinced that if he had not met his death through that ricocheting bullet, he would have met it some other way—in an automobile accident, perhaps. His number was up. There isn't a question in my mind about that. Russ and Lansing and I had toyed with those two old dueling pistols a hundred times. We poked our fingers into the barrels and held them up to our eyes to squint up into them. Yet nothing had ever happened. We never dreamed they were loaded.

"Sub-consciously, I must have been prepared for tragedy. When the doctor telephoned to tell me of the tragic accident, I knew instantly that Russ was dying. I questioned the doctor closely. Was there a chance? Would he regain consciousness? I wanted the truth and I got it. Russ was dying. Russ would never regain consciousness. There was no use, he said, in my taking a 'plane to get to his bedside. . .

"If he had been conscious, I would have gone to him as quickly as possible, for I know that my being there at his side would have helped him. But, as it was, I took the physician's advice and started back to Hollywood by car. I had specific instructions. I was to go home and wait there for the end—that inevitable end.

"But I knew on the way down the very instant Russ died. My dog, which loved Russ, was sitting in the back of the car. Suddenly, he began to whimper. He crawled over to me and put his muzzle against my neck. Later I checked on the time—Russ had died in that very second.

Poignant Aftermath . . .

"RUSS was dead, but to his mother, ill in that hospital, he had to remain alive. So we started on a program of merciful—and heart-breaking—deception that we are maintaining to this day. I have not gone to see his mother only because the family told her that Russ and I had flown to New York, telling no one in advance in order to avoid publicity, and had been married there. . . .

"When I went East, the family arranged to have wires sent to Russ' mother, signed with both our names. Presumably from New York, we sailed for England on our honeymoon. Cables are now being sent from London to her, signed with our names.

"I am desperately lonely for Russ. We were so very close—together so constantly. I'm just beginning to feel the loss. I feel as though I were suspended in air, only slowly coming alive."

Russ Columbo is dead. And Carole Lombard is left with the remembrance of a devotion which comes to only a few favored women. That remembrance is the greatest monument to Russ Columbo!

How Joan Crawford Keeps Her Men Friends Interested

(*Continued from page 29*)

ground—on their own battlefield of wit, humor, and honesty. She discards like a cloak that super-feminine appeal that has made her famous.

Joan has made a career of friendship. She knows how to cater to that invisible vanity that all men have. To each one of her court, she gives the understanding that his individual nature needs. With each one, out of her own manifold nature, she establishes a different mental contact, based on the particular interests of the man.

No one man could ever fulfil all the spiritual requirements of Joan Crawford. No one man could ever cope with the many impulses that are hers. While there is a communal friendship between the members of the court and herself, there are specific antennae of understanding, with Joan as a source, that go to each one of them.

Each Knows a Different Joan

EVERY man is bound to Joan by one definite tie. The thrilling and tragic quality that mirrors itself in Joan's searching eyes finds reflection in the nature of anyone whose life has had its quota of sadness, as Lynn Riggs' has had. Joan's sympathy, her sensitiveness, her appreciation of the troubles of others, is understood by Jerry Asher, who himself is a sensitive type.

Joan's realization that her life has been far too introspective and that she must teach herself to look upon the extraneous world with more objectiveness is in response to Franchot Tone, who is substantially a realist, who has an academic reaction to the world as a whole. He analyzes situations and experiences and people, not so much in relation to himself, but as they exist, as they occur in themselves. And this reinforces Joan's impulse to live a life much less complicated by internal emotion.

Joan has an uncanny ability to respond to the salient characteristics of every man who has been her friend. That is true of Ricardo Cortez, Alexander Kirkland and the others who have been, and are, her friends.

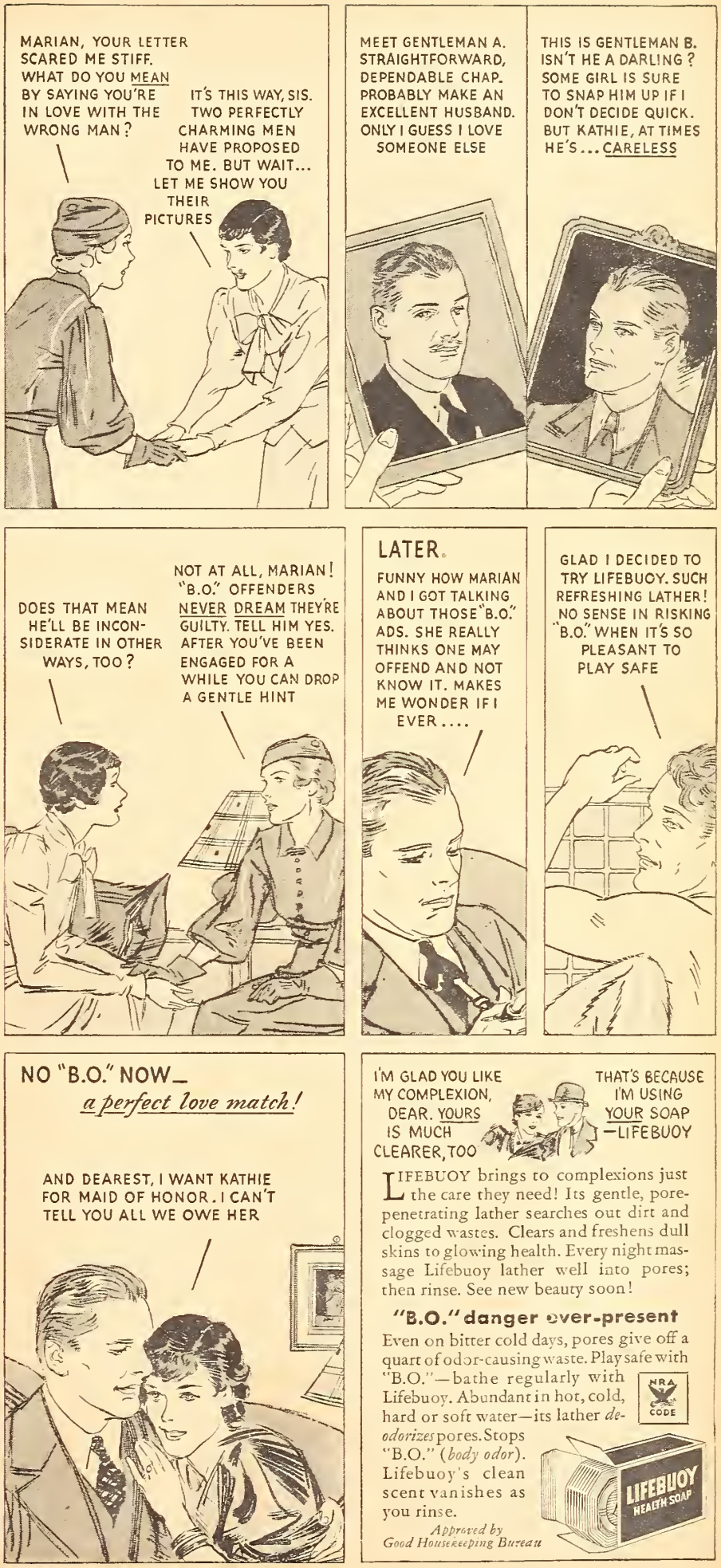
Friendship is important to Joan. She tends each sprouting interest as tenderly as a newly made garden. She studies the temperament and the predilections of every person who is continually with her. No careless expression of a like or dislike in Joan's presence goes unheeded. For example, not long after Lynn Riggs became a member of the charmed circle, he mentioned his fondness for baking-powder biscuits. Since then, whenever he is Joan's dinner guest, those biscuits appear on the menu.

Joan discovered that Brahm's "Lullaby" was Jerry Asher's favorite. Joan ordered that record the following morning and, when Jerry arrived that evening, it was on the phonograph.

Franchot Tone is an avid reader, and Joan takes devious ways to discover what new books he might like and surprises him with them. He gives first musical allegiance to the master compositions. Whole recorded symphonies are among her possessions now.

Her devotion to the people she trusts, to the people whose loyalty she doesn't question, is never expressed in words—always in thoughtful acts. Recently, Ruth Gordon, a famous Broadway stage luminary, was Helen Hayes' house-guest. Joan had heard Franchot's tributes to her art and knew his desire to meet her. And so, one evening when he arrived, he found Miss Gordon and Miss Hayes as Joan's guests—a surprise she had kept in reserve for him.

(*Continued on page 69*)



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Have You Got the Makings of a Comedian?

(*Continued from page 31*)

I told him what W. C. Fields had said, Schnozzola was off to the races . . .

He exploded, "Who said that? W. C.? Where lies the clown with soul so dead, or sumpin? Am I mortified? Why, look at Chaplin, look at Lloyd, look at Durante—rich men, every one of 'em. Listen, I'll jingle it for you!

"Why, I've been cuttin' coupons all of my life. I Love coupons. Fried, stewed, baked—there's nothin' so tasty as a nice, fat, gold-edged coupon. How mortifyin' that a Durante should be subjected to this indignity!

"Why, supposin' that I wasn't a rich man. Suppose that I was just a punk comic? Think of it! What would happen? *This* would happen: I'd be worryin' about gettin' my eatin' money; I'd be worryin' about the rent. Could I be funny like I am now? Considel it. How ridiculum! Considel it! Instead of bein' mediocre like I am now, I would only be colossal. It would be positively revoltin'. . . You can come right out and say that Durante is in favor of bigger and better pay-checks for all comics!"

Made Sure They Would Laugh

LOUISE FAZENDA approached the question from a more serious angle. She had come to my house to talk to me about it.

This is what she said: "The making of a comedian—a woman comedian, at least—comes from hurt feelings. No woman on earth wants to be funny. No woman on earth wants to be laughed at. In fact, the last thing on earth any woman wants is to be considered funny. I believe that every comedienne is the child of an inner tragedy. I don't know if all of the funny men are 'clowns with aching hearts,' but I do know that all funny women are, if they'll be honest about it—"(I thought, as Louise was talking, of the day that Edna May Oliver—who once had singing ambitions—said to me, "Every time I look at a funny still of mine, a knife goes through me.")

Louise was saying, "I'm feminine—and I'm human. I love to be dressed in laces and velvets and flowers. Do you suppose that I wouldn't give anything in the world to be a romantic type—and dress like one? Do you suppose that I enjoy wearing my hair skinned back into a towering pompadour, or enjoy wearing funny clothes and taking funny falls and making funny faces? I remember—too well—when I first began to do comedies. I looked upon them as something temporary; I had other ambitions.

"And because I got my movie start by provoking laughs, I made sure that they got good laughs. If people know that you expect them to laugh at you, that's one thing. If they laugh when you don't expect it, that's another."

Ruggles, the Research Man

SAID suave Charlie Ruggles, "If you want to be a comedian, you must have a perception of what makes the other fellow laugh. Because the catch in comedy is that what is funny to Joe Doakes may not be funny at all to Susie Spareribs. And you not only have to find out what is funny to the other fellow, individually, but you also have to find out what is funny to the majority of other fellows. It is a life-work. In order to 'get it,' you have to practise incessantly, work all of the time. I spend most of my spare time now in playing funny tricks on people, telling funny stories and then carefully tabulating my findings. This antic makes six out of ten people laugh, I will note. Another antic perhaps got laughs from only three out of ten approached, and so on.

"A comedian should certainly be married so that he can try out his funny business at home. It's a ten-to-one shot that if his wife laughs at him, anyone in the world will.

"This business of being a comedian is a serious business. It takes more clinical work than any job I know—which accounts for the fact that most funny men are so Hamletish off their jobs, I suppose. Look at Chaplin and Lloyd—dignity covers them like a mantle.

"I work all of the time. I sit in railway waiting rooms, in stores, in theatre lobbies and in hotel lobbies and watch people come in and out, note the funny little things they do or the things that would be funny if they were given a little fillip.

"You can't manufacture comedy stuff. You have to feel it. You have to believe that it is side-splittingly funny, yourself, or it is a fact that no one else will think so. And to make yourself laugh at your own antics is a man-sized job if I ever knew one. And you must know when to stop being funny. More life-of-the-party types have been deaths-of-the-party because they didn't carry a mental stop-watch.

"Keep taking notes on your fellow-men, be married and use your marriage as a laugh-laboratory, and test your stuff on yourself—that's my recipe for the makings of a comedian."

"Never Think You're Funny—"

JACK OAKIE announced, inflating the Oakie chest, winking the Oakie eye, "The making of a comedian is a simple matter—look at me. It consists of one simple and primary rule: The comedian must not think that he is funny! The minute a smart-aleck guy sticks his chest out, like this, or winks his eye, like that, and says, 'I'm a scream, laugh at me'—that minute he is about as humorous as a supervisor's opinion of an actor.

"The comedian must understand human nature. That's why I'm so democratic. I take all the girls out. I watch waiters in hotels, taxi drivers, elevator operators, policemen, politicians, children and other actors. I pull nifties on all of 'em and watch how they react. Next day I pull the same nifties on Marlene Dietrich and C. B. de Mille and others and see how the rest of the world takes 'em. And by this ingenious method I strike a mean average and Know My Public.

"A comedian should not rely only upon the spoken word. He should not have to say anything funny. A man who is continually wise-cracking is apt to become monotonous. Some of the best comedy scenes I have done were completely lacking in dialogue. The facial reaction to a situation is sometimes funnier than the spoken line and it should be possible to make it so. Just don't think you are funny—let the other fellow do the thinking—and you'll wake up to find yourself a comic. It's simple."

So what does it take to be a comic? It sounds about as simple to *me* as the Einstein Theory or the teachings of Lao-Tze. W. C. Fields was right when he said that comedians are individuals and no one like any other one. One says that you should be married if you would be a funster, another says you should not. One says that comedy is made of a bubbling spring of laughter, and another says that it comes from heartache. One says that you should be as poor as an inmate of the county home and another says that coupon-cutting is a helpful procedure. W. C. opined that each must speak for himself. Each has. You figure it out!

How Joan Crawford Keeps Her Men Friends Interested

(*Continued from page 67*)

This Joan has the wit and the art to establish little secret bonds—to share thoughts and deeds unknown to the others—with each one of her court. She never embarrasses anyone by her attentions. She does it with delicacy and with superb tact. Birthdays and holidays and special occasions are always remembered by her, but gifts are made in private. Kindnesses are never flaunted when all are present.

Friendship with her is not a routine, but the practice of a masterly art. She asks sincerity, honesty, loyalty—inherently masculine attributes—from the men who call her "friend." And they know that her friendship will be honest, sincere, loyal.

Being a woman, she loves flattery and attention—all those little tributes that are automatic with men and are a studied thing with women. Which, in itself, is a paradox. She notes omissions, is hurt by defaults. Recently, one friend's card with his personal message was not in a box of flowers he had sent her. There were long-stemmed roses, and lilies, and a dozen gardenias, but the card was absent, and so the gift lost some of its value, much as she appreciated his thoughtfulness.

Joan, herself, sending a gift to a friend, never forgets that heart-warming little personal touch, that tangible token of friendship. She wants him to feel her interest in his interests, his ambitions. But that is only one reason why she has accomplished the Herculean task of transforming adoration into steadfast friendship!

He'll Make Movies That Will Live

(*Continued from page 63*)

iron boot booted him. Before Hitler he owned and operated four theatres in Berlin, including the famous Grosse Schauspielhaus. His withdrawal from his beloved Berlin and his retreat to his native Austria is said to have cost him thirty million marks.

I asked him about it. He shrugged.

"Can you return to Germany?" I demanded.

He shrugged, and grinned. "I wasn't run out of Germany," he said. "I saw the handwriting on the wall, and departed."

"At a tremendous sacrifice?" I questioned.

Again the grin, and shrug.

"How long will you remain in Hollywood?"

Reinhardt's dreamy eyes looked out upon the city. There was a tear in his eye—again.

"Forever," he whispered. "I hope—forever."

Writers' Note: In a recent interview Ernst Lubitsch, the great director, disclosed that his secret dream was to produce "A Midsummer Night's Dream." But Herr Lubitsch isn't tearing his hair. Herr Lubitsch, a disciple of "The Little Professor," is immensely pleased.

"I KNEW it," says Lubitsch. "I KNEW it. The Professor! Ach! There IS a man! He will make of 'The Dream' a picture that will be exhibited long after Hollywood has been forgotten."

As for Warner Brothers, they are deserving of the warmest congratulations in paying homage to such a genius of the arts as Reinhardt, and signing him to carry on under their banner.

A brighter smile makes Doris a winner

Doris was wrong in thinking her teeth were "naturally dull." For dull teeth are only stained teeth. Everything we eat and drink and smoke leaves 7 different kinds of stains on teeth. And unless all 7 stains are removed *completely*, our teeth finally become stained—discolored.

Most toothpastes have only *one* cleansing action . . . can't remove all 7 stains. For two actions are needed—the *two* you get in Colgate's. First, a penetrating foam washes away many stains. Second, a gentle polishing action removes all the others, while polishing teeth to a brilliant lustre.

Colgate's can give *you* a brighter smile, too. At 20c it's the most economical of all good toothpastes. It also leaves the mouth refreshed, the breath sweet. Start using Colgate's today and have whiter teeth . . . a brighter smile.

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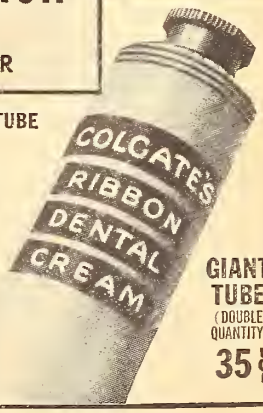
If, after using one tube, you're not satisfied that Colgate's has made your teeth whiter, your smile brighter than any other toothpaste you've ever used . . . send the empty tube to Colgate's, Jersey City, N. J. . . . and twice what you paid for the toothpaste, plus postage, will be returned to you.

If you prefer powder, Colgate's Dental Powder gives the same amazing results . . . sells at the same low prices.

LARGE TUBE NOW 20¢



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"It's All In Fun," Says Mae West

(*Continued from page 27*)

molded, wiggle by wiggle, wile by wile, and wisecrack by wisecrack, out of a combination of imagination and observation.

"They say it took Frank Bacon twenty years to build life into 'Lightnin','" drawled Mae, "and for a while I thought it would take me as long to make my character talk and look lifelike. I'd build a bit of her here and a bit of her there, and then go out looking for tricks and characteristics that would give her the particular tang and lure she needed.

"I nursed her along like a writer nurses a plot, a musician nurses a melody, a lawyer nurses a case and a doctor nurses a pain. And all the time I had to be careful not to get my mixture too sharp or too hard—for fear of giving her characteristics that the public would resent.

"You know," Mae grinned, "it never would do to let a man see in *Lady Lou* or *Ruby Carter* the sweet young thing that had made a sucker out of him, or"—and the smile vanished—"to let a woman see in either of them a fair picture of herself as she is preparing to shake down her boy-friend. That's why my characters have to be different—and a little exaggerated—so that neither man nor woman can resent them and can get laughs."

Shrewd enough to understand human nature, good-hearted enough not to want to hurt anyone's feelings, and with sufficient sense of humor to do the whole thing just in fun—that's Mae West. Fortunately, her fun doesn't run to cutting wit, but to friendly good humor. Always you feel that Mae is laughing with you at her characters—that it's all in fun.

I once heard someone remark that Mae West just fell into something soft by being herself on the screen. Perish the thought! It is extremely doubtful if a character has ever appeared on the screen that was built with greater care and finesse than Mae's rollicking, kind-hearted, lureful lady, who swaggers from picture to picture.

She Pads Her Dynamite

FINESSE? That's the word—finesse. The same sort of finesse a ham-fisted Irish railroad section foreman I used to know in North Dakota used in dynamiting bridges free of rising ice. That Irishman used to carry his dynamite padded in cotton-waste. Mae pads hers with human kindness, softening her characters with good deeds and sentimental urges.

John Barrymore, who knows his theatre as few people ever knew it, once remarked that the public accepted Mae's characters with friendly gusto because she gave them Robin Hood qualities; because they were kindly, and never bitter or devoid of humor.

That is why men, women and children enjoy Mae's burlesques of lureful ladies. Mae's terrific sense of humor absolutely compels this burlesque. Even though she seriously uses it to take the sting away from her characters, she cannot prevent its cropping out of its own accord.

"It's all in fun," says Mae. "The audiences laugh at my gals as much as I do—so where's the harm? Certainly the kids don't like them because they are vicious—but because they are human, and humorous and kindly. I make them take from the bad and give to the good. I make 'em swagger enough so that you can't take them seriously.

"I created them for entertainment—and you'll have to admit they've been entertaining. They've entertained millions, and never given anybody a headache. They're a tonic. People don't leave the theatre where they saw a Mae West picture buried in frowns. No, Sir; they come out laughing.

What Her Public Tells Her

"I THINK most people know there is a lot of burlesque and a lot of fun behind it all. You ought to see the fan letters I get. They all say the same thing—'Don't go goody-goody on us,' 'Don't be a sissy, Mae,' and that sort of thing. And I know they were grinning when they wrote the letters."

Everything about Mae is swashbuckling and good-hearted. Also frank and aboveboard. Believe it or not, there is nothing she hates quite so heartily as a really predatory woman—one of those strictly legitimate, absolutely proper, mercenary gold-diggers. Especially if she happens to be sharp and hard along with it. And how she loves to lambast that type of woman in her shows! Here's something else that will give you a glimpse of the real Mae West:

"You know," she explained to me, "almost every day I'm turning down stories that people submit to me because the women in them are too hard, too sharp and too selfish. There are too many of these true-to-life, calculating, mean, mercenary characters around for me to create another.

"My girls' morals may be a little off-center—but they're human, with human faults and human kindnesses. I don't mind if my characters gold-dig a little, so long as they mean well and keep what they get in circulation—and as long as they aren't hypocrites.

"I won't have my women characters selfish and mercenary," Mae continued, "because hardness kills appeal. I don't care how physically fascinating a woman may be on the screen, as soon as men see that she is grasping and selfish, her appeal flops cold. Yes sir, selfishness and hardness can make any woman look like a dose of poison to a man. In real life, a selfish woman can keep her victim from seeing farther than her physical charms, but when she is exposed on the screen, her lure falls away like a rotting tunic.

One Secret of Appeal

"ON the other hand, weakness builds appeal. You know how the men eat up that clinging vine, 'I'm so weak' act. That's why my gals have their weaknesses, and why I write faults and human kindness into their character.

"Then there's another thing," began Mae—only to stop abruptly, with a grin. "H'm," she laughed, "if I keep on talking, I'll tell you all I know, and then somebody else will be writing my stuff. Guess I'd better keep my theories to myself."

Mae, however, did break down long enough to explain that her particular worry on the picture she is now writing is in finding the right period for her new story.

"My characters must have old-time background for two reasons," added Mae. "First, so that they can be more effectively burlesqued; second, so that no man in the audience can see too close a resemblance in Mae's girl to someone who has recently taken him for a buggy-ride."

Competition, Mae grinningly admits, would be a little too tough for her less mercenar[illegible] eaker gals.

All of [illegible] akes us realize that Mae's sense o[illegible] and keen knowledge of human nature will keep her starring in pictures for some time to come; if not as a girl like *Lady Lou*, then as some other equally human character of equal originality.

Lessons in Loveliness

(*Continued from page 13*)

a bit of facial tissue before you renew your powder. It's very easy to carry a bit of facial tissue in your bag.

And do you always—after applying lipstick—close your lips briefly and firmly over a bit of facial tissue? Do it next time and see the difference. . . .

No, there's nothing especially intriguing or tempting about these two tips I've just given you, but the point is that it is just such seemingly little "tricks" that make all the difference in the world to your one-and-only face.

Is the effective application of eyeshadow a problem to you? There are two bad mistakes made in the use of eyeshadow. One is putting eyeshadow under the eyes. NEVER put eyeshadow under your eyes—only on that part of the eyelid that covers the eyeball, from corner to corner of the eyelid. . . . Smooth it on very lightly and delicately for daytime. It's all wrong to put on eyeshadow so heavily in the daytime that people can see you coming with it. . . . But for evening, eyeshadow SHOULD be applied more heavily, and so should rouge and lipstick, because artificial lights "fade" the appearance of make-up. Therefore, to get the right effect, apply it more vividly than you would for daylight.

The other mistake about eyeshadow is the indiscriminate use of *blue* eyeshadow. . . . Blue eyeshadow is only for the blue-eyed and gray-eyed; but at that, I should not select blue eyeshadow for gray eyes, if your choice has to be limited to just one shade of eyeshadow. . . . An orchid or lavender shade of eyeshadow of a good brand can do much more alluring things for gray eyes—in fact, for eyes of any color. Moreover, it can be worn harmoniously with clothes of any color. . . . To blue eyes, an orchid or lavender eyeshadow gives that romantic shade that has been glorified in song and story as "violet" eyes.

The use of eyebrow pencil is so easy and has been described so often that I think we can skip it this time.

The Secret of Lovely Lashes

MASCARA or cosmetique is to be applied with the little brush that comes with it—brushing lightly upward underneath the lashes. And it is hardly necessary to remind anyone-who-knows-what that heavy "beading" or stuck-together lashes are decidedly second-rate. A good cosmetique or mascara leaves the lashes soft and silky.

The right kind of make-up—the kind that is right for YOU, according to your age and type—can make the "plainest" girl attractive, and can make a naturally attractive girl downright irresistible. But no matter how clever you are about your make-up, the effect depends a great deal on the condition of your skin—so don't forget your bed-time facial.

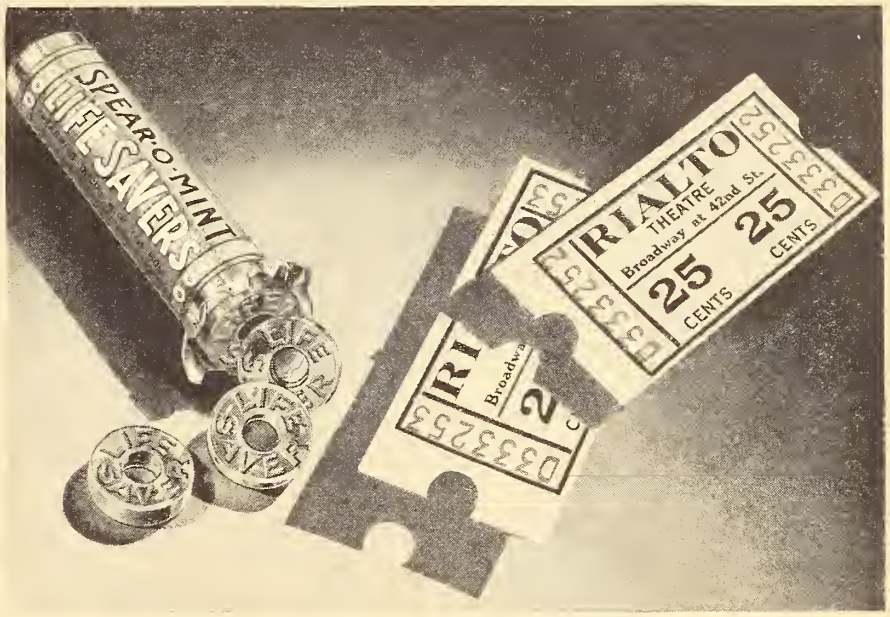
Quickly apply your cleansing cream . . . wipe it off . . . then use soap and water . . . then apply your nourishing cream all over your face and neck, if you need it—but always, ALWAYS a bit of nourishing cream should be gently smoothed on the eyelids and around the eyes to keep those squint-lines from sinking in around your eyes. . . .

Now, no matter how tired or sleepy you are, you can certainly keep your eyes open a couple of minutes longer to do those things. . . . The renewed freshness of your skin, when you wake up in the morning, will more than repay you.

More about this, and W[illegible] Beauty Secrets, in the next issue. M[illegible]ile, have a good time at those Fall proms!

(*Note: To those within the range of Station WOR [710 k.], Miss Vinick is on the air at 11 a. m. on Mondays and Thursdays, and at 3.15 p. m. on Wednesdays.—Editor.*)

THREE TICKETS ...TO "REEL" ENJOYMINT



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Broadway's Greatest Actor Comes to the Screen

(*Continued from page 36*)

The camera is a greater challenge to ability than the footlights. I, personally, find picture work much more stimulating than the stage, because each day brings new problems that must be solved.

"On the stage, it has been my custom to steep myself in a character until I was no longer conscious of a mental effort to speak or act or think in the manner of that character. But if a play runs any length of time I—like all other actors—have a fight against routine, against a certain dullness that inevitably creeps into my characterization. I am continually making a mental and physical effort to hold the character, which I have evolved through intense study, emotionally true to type.

"On the screen, it's different. In the beginning I may have a general idea of the character I am creating, yet every day I have the inspiring problem of how best to manifest that character for individual scenes. I don't have a chance to grow into my rôle so that it becomes monotonous."

His Life Explains His Ability

HENRY HULL'S power to analyze, to appraise without permitting extraneous influences to befog his judgment is the direct result of his education and his experience. As newspaperman and engineer, he learned to deal with facts.

He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, the son of a newspaper man and was one of three brothers who were to win fame on the stage. He went to grammar school and to high school, thence to the College of the City of New York and to Cooper Union and Columbia Universities. First he tried his hand at newspaper work because it satisfied his adventurous spirit. But he wanted something even more vital than that—something that would bring him to grips with more essential problems. So he went to the Cobalt mining district of Northern Ontario, as a mining engineer, assayer, mineralogist and prospector.

His life in the mines was interesting, thrilling, venturesome. During those days he could conceive of nothing preferable to the rugged existence he led. But his contentment was disrupted when he went to Chicago to attend the wedding of his brother, Shelley, an actor on Broadway.

Shelley had silk shirts and tailor-made clothes. His life was gracious, with all the comforts that civilization could offer. Henry Hull's mackinaws and heavy sweaters suffered in contrast. But what really compelled him to abandon his career of engineer and to seek a career on the stage (he says, amusedly) was a pair of gold links in the double cuffs of a silk shirt that his brother gave him to wear to the wedding. . .

The adventures of the North no longer intrigued him. The lights and the glamour of the stage, even in that brief contact, dwarfed every other ambition. He told his brothers, Shelley and Howard, the latter also an important figure on the stage, of his decision to try for fame in the theatre. They agreed to help him, but only on his promise to return to Cobalt, mop up his job there, and await word from them when there was a part available for him.

His first job on the stage was really four jobs in one. He played three "bits" in "The Nigger" in New York, and in addition was assistant stage manager.

After almost a year in this famous Sheldon drama, he joined a stock company—a grand training school for ambitious youngsters—in Syracuse, New York. At the end of those important and routined months, he had the "feel" of the stage. There was no question in his mind that he had chosen wisely when he switched careers. He next played Greek repertoire with Margaret Anglin for two and a half years. Later he joined a St. Louis stock company.

Singularly enough, Henry Hull's entire career has been punctuated with long engagements. He has had one success after another. He created the rôle of *Henry Parker* in "The Man Who Came Back," which played two and a half years in New York and on the road.

Discovered—Then Neglected

HE first entered pictures as long ago as 1917 when he was starred with Carlyle Blackwell and other "biggies" of the silent and early era. In 1920, D. W. Griffith signed him for "One Exciting Night," and later he was featured with Doris Kenyon in "The Last Moment."

But, incredible as it seems now, it wasn't until his sensational success in "Tobacco Road" that he was recognized as definite star calibre for pictures. In "Great Expectations," Universal expects to give to American—and world—movie audiences a personality who will be a definite departure from the usual screen hero. For one thing, he is one of the greatest pantomimists of the stage—being able to tell more with a gesture or a look than most actors can say with dramatic words. For another thing, he does not insist on being romantic; he prefers vivid, earthly characters.

Henry Hull is an actor with a brain. His interests and his tastes are varied. He discusses with equal discernment child psychology, the future of the drama, the universality of truth, Greek tragedy, and the past, present and future of literature and the arts. And he takes greater pride in the fact that his wife is a granddaughter of General John Charles Fremont, famous in California history, than in his own very marked achievements.

He refuses to "view with alarm" the future of the theatre or of motion pictures. He looks forward to the day when talent in both mediums will be more conclusively interchangeable than it is to-day.

Actors Will Break the Wall . . .

"EVENTUALLY," he declares, "the wall between the theatre and motion pictures will be obliterated. Ultimately, good actors will develop skill in both mediums. A creative actor will play to a select audience on the stage, and the same actor will later make the same play in Hollywood for world distribution."

Henry Hull, dodging personal publicity, wants to be known—and remembered—for his rôles alone. The less that audiences know about him as a person, the more easily he can achieve reality in their eyes as make-believe persons. He isn't shrouding himself in mystery. He just shuns personality ballyhoo.

Here are the vital statistics on him: He is six feet tall, weighs one hundred and fifty-five pounds, has brown hair and brown eyes, speaks five languages fluently, is addicted to re-reading of "Tom Sawyer," has no special interest in athletic games, but rides and swims expertly, and can sit at a bridge table for hours without complaint. He comes of good American stock dating back to the 1600's, has been happily married for several years, and has three children.

Watch for Henry Hull on the screen. He is something new under the movie sun!

Doug and Gertie Rival the Royal Romantics

(*Continued from page 53*)

Almost ten years ago, Doug, Jr., then an adolescent boy, first saw Gertrude in "Charlot's Revue," and afterward met her at a party. "I fell in love with her then," he told us on his last visit, "and when I saw her again years later in London, I knew suddenly that I had been looking for her, missing her, hunting for her ever since—"

Now they are London's latest darlings, this tall, boyish, ardent young American, and this woman to whom his adoration has brought a second spring. They walk together, hand in hand, down London streets as though they were country lanes, without a glance for other people. They dance together nightly at the smart supper places, and world-weary men and women gaze at their rapt faces. On week-ends, they sail with parties of friends in the small yacht that Doug presented to her, and high society has opened its arms to them.

As Popular as a Prince

"AMERICANS are adored in London nowadays," our friend informs us. "They are the pets of the theatrical world. But only if they are honest enough to *stay American*. And Doug has remained American in his habits and ways, and at the moment he is the hit of the public over there, occupying much the same place in their hearts that the English used to reserve exclusively for the Prince of Wales."

It's "Doug and Gertie" or "Gertie and Doug" nowadays, on every English tongue. Sentimental girls follow them on the streets, romantic costermongers gape at them, old ladies of the aristocracy pet them, and the whole town, apparently, wants the opportunity to see them look into each other's eyes under the stage moonlight.

For here is a romance backed with renunciation. For the sake of Gertrude Lawrence, Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., has deliberately and cheerfully refused a quarter of a million dollars' worth of rôles in Hollywood this last year. To be with her, he has temporarily turned from the screen to the London stage.

Wanted the World to See

FOR the sake of the woman he idolizes, Doug produced this play in which they are now starring together, stage-managed it, directed it. He could not resist the chance to display his idolatry, thinly disguised under a story plot, so that the whole world would know how he feels!

"There is no use in your cabling me any more offers," he wrote his Hollywood agent. "I might as well stay near Gertrude. I would spend every cent I made in America, talking with her on the long distance telephone, anyway!"

London isn't even speculating on their marriage. The public is enthralled with its newest Young Romance. All the world loves a lover, and the drama surrounding these lovers adds to the glamour. Here are a handsome boy, and a beautiful woman older than he is, who now seems as young—both of whom, so happy now, have had unhappy first marriages. Here is a boy in his middle twenties, willing to give up the fame and fortune that Hollywood has to offer just to be near the lady of his heart.

And now it looks as though the only way to get Doug, Jr., back to Hollywood again is to offer a contract to talented, popular Gertrude Lawrence, too! And that is exactly what it seems likely some company is going to do. They are reported planning to appear next in a Broadway play—and the movie offers are bound to pour in. And if "Doug and Gertie" decide to accept one of them, America will have a chance to get dewy-eyed over these lovers, too.

Men Avoided Me

I JUST LOVE to dance—always did. But it got so the men simply would not ask me. I could see them looking my way—and shrugging their shoulders. It was heartbreaking, but there didn't seem to be a single thing I could do.

Finally someone told me about Marmola—how it contains a natural corrective for abnormal obesity, known and recommended by physicians the world over.

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ALICE WHITE
Universal Film Star, featured in "Very Honorable Guy."

"Unusual . . . ?" That's Putting It Mildly!

(*Continued from page 54*)

owned the town. But when I landed in Hollywood, I turned to my cousin, Edna, and said, 'I'll be a so-and-so if this isn't just the swellest town I ever ran into.' And I haven't changed my mind since."

It Was Work or Starve

Binnie is colorful. She stems from a colorful background that is something to read about. One moment she is light and gay, and her brown eyes are flashing fire. The next she is moody and serious. But through it all she is intensely human and real, and she has a grand sense of humor.

Binnie was born in London twenty-seven years ago, the daughter of a London policeman and his pretty Italian-English wife. Her life was marred in her early teens by the death of her father, who left his widow nothing but a bunch of youngsters and some memories. So Binnie and her mother had to go to work. Housework was all they knew, so it was housework they did in order to keep a roof over their heads and food in their tummies.

"My mummy was good enough to go out and scrub floors for me, so she is good enough to meet any of my friends," she declared. "I am ashamed of people who are ashamed of their fathers and mothers, who might have been something different if they hadn't had to slave for their kids. I don't want anything to do with such people."

The struggle for existence eliminated school from the early life of Binnie, but she soon graduated from housework to milking cows on a farm not far from London. Then she drove a milk-cart through the London streets in the dark, cold early-morning hours. She followed this with a job as kennel maid in a big dog kennel.

And now let Binnie tell it:

Golden Rule Paid Dividends

"I FINALLY landed as a waitress in a restaurant. It was a good job, for I was sure of my food. The place was near a public dance hall where a lot of 'taxi dancers' were employed. They were a grand gang of girls with big appetites and often thin purses, so I used to slip them extras on the side. They liked me for this and finally got me a job as a 'taxi dancer.'

"I felt swell in that job. I had to wear a pretty dress. It made me feel so glamourous, even though I did have to slap the faces of a few fresh eggs. I left there to go to the Cosmo Club, where a lot of theatrical people came, and then the drama bug bit me.

"I cut loose from the club, and started a tour of producers' offices that made me feel that they didn't want me in London plays. Eating suddenly became a problem, and what a thrill when someone would ask me out to dinner! Pat Paterson, now in American pictures, and another girl were my pals. We were all struggling together. We shared what we had and dreamed of the future—often with empty stomachs.

"I was getting nowhere fast until Tex McLeod, a vaudeville rope-twirler and yarn-spinner from Texas, U. S. A., saw me doing an act on an amateur bill at a music hall. Tex told me he could use me in his act on a tour of South Africa. I was ready to go to the South Pole, if it meant a chance to be on the stage, so I signed.

"He told me that what I needed was to go to another country to show what I had, and then come back to England as a foreigner. It sounded screwy, but nothing else had worked—and maybe this would. On the boat to South Africa he started teaching me American slang, broke me of my English accent, and taught me how to spin a rope just like Will Rogers—only not quite so well.

"So, when we landed at Capetown, I found myself billed as 'Texas Binnie' Barnes, a gal from the wide-open spaces who could rope cows and handle two guns like a Western sheriff. I was sure scared, but those Capetowners swallowed it like a glass of buttermilk, and I finally got so I actually believed the wild yarns I told them of my experiences on the cattle ranges I had never seen.

"I went back to London in 1928 as 'Texas Binnie' Barnes and the town opened its arms to me. They fell for this English-born Western girl like a ton of bricks.

"But I wanted to do serious things in the drama, so I quit the rope stuff and got a part in 'Silver Tassie,' in which Charles Laughton was featured. But Andre Charlot saw me act and decided I ought to be a good singer and dancer, so I landed right in his revue. My lack of a higher education began to be embarrassing, so I quit and for a year attended dramatic school and brushed up on my literature.

"Then I turned to pictures, and felt that at last I was headed right when I played with Heather Angel in 'Night in Montmartre' and with Elizabeth Allan in 'Down Our Street.' Stanley Lupino—Ida's famous father—saw me in those serious rôles, so he grabbed me and I found myself playing slapstick, vampish, burlesque characters in the Lupino comedies. I guess I must have been a good portrayer of serious stuff.

Then Came Fame

"FINALLY, I landed the part of *Fanny*, the blues singer, in Noel Coward's stage play, 'Cavalcade.' It ran for ten months at the Drury Lane Theatre, and that was my real start, for Alexander Korda saw me and signed me to a contract to play sophisticated rôles in British pictures. I breathed a sigh of relief, for I knew my dizzy past was now behind me.

"Korda put me in the rôle of *Katheryn Howard* in Charles Laughton's great picture, 'The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth,' and my slapstick days were over."

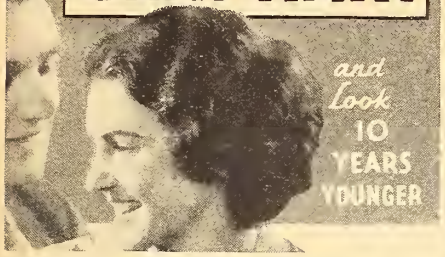
Following this, Korda placed Binnie opposite Douglas Fairbanks in "The Private Life of Don Juan," and then the American producers started scrambling for this girl whose English success was made possible by posing as an American Westerner. Carl Laemmle, Sr., of Universal, landed her name on a long-term contract. She has done two pictures for him, "There's Always Tomorrow," and "What Ladies Dream." Now she has just dashed back to England to do one more for Korda. Then she comes back here for good.

"It's a grand thing, this business of living," says Binnie. "It sort of gets you down sometimes, but the thrill of bouncing up is worth it. It teaches you something—makes you more tolerant, more understanding. And I believe I can act better as a result of that understanding.

"I have no use for people who have never known privation, want, hunger or temptation, yet sit in judgment on the unfortunates of life. They'd probably do a terrific flop if put in similar spots. It's tough to fight your way up from the so-called lower level, but in that fight you meet the *real* people of life. It's grand, if you don't forget how to laugh!"

And just to show you how Binnie's biography is full of the unexpected, let me add that she is happily married to a well-known London antique dealer!

Brush Away
GRAY HAIR



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"By Your Leave"

(*Continued from page 47*)

But a knock at the door brought him to his feet. Andree slipped into the bedroom.

It was a tailor, with another silk smoking-jacket! Desperately he got rid of the man.

Andree called softly: "Henry, do you think black silk stockings are glamourous?"

In a panic Henry stuffed the smoking-jacket behind a pillow. Taking a roll of bills from his pocket, he placed it on the table. Then sped on tiptoe from the room.

Andree, coming from the bedroom, looked about in bewilderment. She saw the bills. Understanding swept over her. She wept.

Ellen was having quite a different sort of evening. David was a delightful companion. She felt her heart warm to him. Felt the warmth of his eager interest. He showed her his yacht. He pleaded with her to join him in the proposed trip.

"Ellen, I don't want the evening to end!" he said. "You're so lovely. . . . You glow!"

"I think you'd better take me home," she said nervously.

He yielded to her insistence. The next morning he called again, to renew his plea. He brought her a sun helmet. Showed her maps. "From that little dot, we'll be alone."

But Ellen remembered Henry. "He's so sweet and honest!" she sighed.

"So are we—honest," David pleaded. But again he yielded when she said she must talk with Henry first. "But you can't go away from me!" he insisted.

"Do you need me, David?"

"I want you so," he said. "I'm counting on you to be back."

She trembled. "I will. Only ——"

When Ellen arrived home at Larch Hills, Henry greeted her with strange excitement. Insisted on her going to her room to rest. Bewilderedly Ellen went up the stairs.

As she disappeared, Henry mopped his brow. From an adjoining room Freddie Clark came back, to look silently at Henry. What a predicament, Henry thought! What was he going to do? He had rushed home—to find no Ellen waiting for him as always. And though he had met seven trains, she had not come—till now—just as Freddie had come to tell him that Andree had run away and was looking for him!

The doorbell rang. Whiffen admitted Andree! She had to know, she explained, why she had been a failure.

Freddie looked at her. Then his face went blank. Ellen was tripping down the stairs. She came smiling into the room. Hastily Henry presented Andree as Freddie's fiancée! Freddie gasped.

"He's embarrassed" Henry said. "I don't blame him. After all these years——"

Ellen congratulated them. Freddie removed himself and Andree from the situation.

Henry seized Ellen's hand. Flung himself at her feet. Explanations tumbled from his unhappy lips. His marital vacation had been a flop! He had met a girl—she had frightened him—he had come home! He gazed at Ellen miserably.

What he had sought for, he had not found. What she had not desired had come to her. She thought of David. She looked at the helmet.

"Is that a present for me?" Henry asked.

"Yes——of course, dear."

He beamed. "And I have one for you!" He showed her the tiles for the bathroom.

Ellen rose and went to the phone. She called David's number. When she heard his voice, she said: "I'll have to countermand my order for tiles—my husband bought some." She could count on him to understand.

"You're right," he said, after a moment's pained silence. "I'll never forget you!"

Henry gazed at her anxiously.

"Were you really worried?" she asked.

"Tortured!" he cried. "Don't leave me!"

Ellen smiled. "I guess we need each other."

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Great Expectations

(*Continued from page 51*)

Joe belonged with his forge at Caoling. Besides, Pip's sister had died, and Biddy was keeping house for Joe. . . . A romance was blossoming there, Pip thought.

He looked at Estella, as these thoughts raced through his mind. He was happy. "I have you in my arms!" he breathed.

"Pip!" Estella shook her head. "Will you never take warning?"

"Of what?"

"That I was not meant to make any man happy."

"You are not as shallow as you claim to be!" He held her closer.

But she moved away impatiently.

"Estella—" he pleaded, "you guess . . . you realize . . . that Miss Havisham intends us for each other?"

"She has taught me to look on love as a madness to be avoided," Estella declared.

"Is that why you favor Drummle?"

"Do you want me to deceive you, as I do the others?" she retorted.

"Do you deceive Drummle?"

"Yes—and many others—all of them, but—*you.*" She breathed the last word.

Pip's heart leaped at the unconscious confession. "Now I am no longer afraid!" he exulted, holding her close and kissing her.

"I shall go to Miss Havisham tomorrow," Pip said resolutely, his eyes shining. "I shall demand her consent to our marriage."

But without an answering word, Estella turned and walked away from him.

"Till tomorrow," he said softly.

How could he foresee what that tomorrow would bring? As he sat happily, alone in his room since Herbert was away for a few days, he scarcely was conscious of the storm which had arisen outside, so serene was his mood. The clock in the church tower struck two. Still Pip mused contentedly by his fire, a daguerreotype of Estella in his hand.

Suddenly a sound penetrated his consciousness. It was as if the door below had been thrust open, sharply closed again. Taking a lamp from the table, Pip went out to the landing. Peering into the darkness he called: "Is someone there?"

A face rose slowly into the circle of light—a strange, terrifying face, brown and hardened by exposure to sun and wind, framed in a tangle of iron-gray hair. Keen eyes stared up at him.

"What floor do you want?" Pip held the lamp high.

"The top, Mr. Pip."

"You want *me*?" Pip ignored the rough hand thrust out in greeting.

"Yes, Master."

Bewilderedly Pip led the way back into his rooms. The stranger looked about him with an air of wondering pleasure. Then, as Pip stared, he pulled off his rough coat and hat. Once more he held out his hands.

But Pip drew back. "Who are you?" he demanded.

The outstretched hands dropped. "It's sorta disappointing to a man, arter having looked for'ard so long, and come so fur," he said hoarsely. "But you're not to blame, boy—neither on us is to blame——"

Pip took a step forward. "Why do you, a perfect stranger, come to my room at this hour of the night and claim acquaintance?"

The other smiled. "You're a game one! I'm glad you've growed up a game one—but don't catch hold of me!" He took the handkerchief from his neck and twisted it about his head. He looked at Pip. "*Remember that day in the churchyard on the marshes?*" he whispered.

Pip started. Could he ever forget that horrifying picture? *Magwitch—the convict!*

"You acted nobly, my boy, and I have never forgot it," Magwitch said heartily.

Unable to control his instinctive repulsion, Pip shrank back. "If you have come to thank me," he managed, "it was not necessary. . . . You must understand——"

"What must I understand?" Magwitch interrupted, with a strange, fixed gaze.

Pip spoke desperately: "That I cannot renew that chance acquaintance with you.' Then, as the man stared at him, as if stricken, unable to speak, Pip felt an access of compassion. "You're tired," he said pityingly. "Will you have something to drink, before you—go?"

"I think I will—afore I—go."

Pip offered him a chair, into which he sank doubtfully. Brought him a glass of wine. "I'm sorry if I spoke harshly," he said. And added: "How are you living?"

"Since I worked out my time, I've been stock-breeding, and digging gold, away in Australia. I've done wonderful well."

"I'm glad," Pip said sincerely.

"I hoped you'd say that." Emptying his glass, the man rose and stood by the fire. "May I be so bold as to ask how you have done?" He looked steadily at Pip.

"Why, I . . ." Pip felt himself trembling unaccountably. "I've been chosen to—to succeed—to some property."

"Might I ask whose property?"

"I—I don't know——"

"Could I make a guess? Concerning a guardian, whiles you was a minor. . . . A lawyer, whose name begins with '*J*'?"

Clutching the back of a chair, Pip looked at him wildly. Suddenly, suffocatingly, the truth flashed upon him. Under the grip of tense hands the chair tilted. He swayed.

Magwitch's hands helped him to the couch. Magwitch knelt before him. "Yes, Pip—dear boy," Magwitch said, "it's me wot has done it! I swore, that time you helped me in the churchyard, that sure as ever I earned a guinea, that guinea should go to you—that sure as ever I made my pile, you should be rich. . . . I don't want you to feel no obligation—not a bit! I want you to know that that there hunted dog, wot you kept life in, got his head so high he could make a gentleman—and, Pip, you're *him!*

"Lookee, Pip," he went on, "there's bright eyes somewheres, that you love the thoughts on?" His glance fell on the daguerreotype of Estella. "And she shall be yours, my boy—money shall back you!"

Still Pip could not speak. Mingled emotions were torturing him. Estella! Never—now! The money—he couldn't touch it—now! He must pay it back—yet, how could he do so? If only he never had left the forge!

"And all along that I was making my pile for you," Magwitch was saying, "I held steady afore my mind that one day I would come and see my boy and make myself known to him. And at last I done it! It warn't easy for me to leave them far parts," he confided. "Nor yet it warn't safe." His voice dropped. "Caution is necessary."

"How do you mean—caution?"

"It's—*death!*"

"Death?" Pip repeated. "What——?"

"I was sent for life," Magwitch explained. "It's death to come back to England. I should of certainty be hanged, if took." He strode to a window. "Where will you put me to sleep, dear boy?" He sighed.

Like an automaton Pip rose. No longer could he think or reason. "My friend, Herbert Pocket, is away for several days," he said dully. "You shall have his room." Picking up a lamp, he led the convict into the adjoining bedroom.

Closing the door between them, he returned to the living-room. Sinking into a chair before the fire, he sat, staring at the crumbled wreckage of all his hopes and dreams.

When Herbert returned, Pip introduced him to Magwitch. Later, in troubled confi-

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dence, he told him the story. But when he had explained his terrible necessity to repay his dreadful benefactor, to take no more of his money, Herbert counseled him wisely:

"The great danger you have to fear is not his being taken—it's his *giving himself up*. . . . Here is an ignorant, determined man, who long has had one fixed idea—to make a gentleman of you. . . . He has come here at the risk of his life, to see you. . . . If, after all his toil and waiting, you destroy his idea, make his gains worthless to you——"

"Then——" Pip seized the point, "if I don't accept—don't lie and pretend—I shall be his murderer!"

"That is his power over you. As long as he remains in England——"

"I would rather have worked in the forge all my life," Pip exclaimed, "than have come to this! What's to be done?"

"The first thing is to get him out of England—and, to induce him to go, you will have to go with him."

"Away from England," Pip murmured, "away from Estella—cut off from her forever—as much an exile as he is—bound to this man—" he shuddered.

Together with Magwitch they discussed plans. Magwitch told them something of his early life—a child, adrift in an unfriendly world, with no family or friends—stealing turnips for existence—sent to jail—released—poaching, to save himself from starving—sent to jail again—again released—working as a laborer. . . . Then meeting Molly.

Molly! Jaggers' housekeeper! Pip and Herbert exchanged wondering glances.

"Half gypsy, she were—a wild, untamed one. She married me, and our baby was born, as pretty a little creature as ever was. Then *he* come along—Compeyson—he stole her from me. . . . She told me she'd killed our baby—and I believed her. . . . I never did see her again—neither did Compeyson, for with those strong hands of hers she choked the life out of the woman who came between her and Compeyson, and was took to prison. . . . After that, Compeyson used me for his business, which was passing stolen bank notes. . . . We was caught and committed for felony. . . . Then I got Jaggers. When he'd saved my neck from the rope, he told me my Molly had died, and our baby was dead. . . . Compeyson was to blame for it all!" His voice shook with savage hatred. "When I found he was in the same Hulks, I swore I'd smash his handsome face—and I done it! And I escaped, and was hiding ashore, when I first see my boy!" He wiped his forehead.

"Is he dead?" Pip asked, at last.

"Is who dead, dear boy?"

"Compeyson?"

"I never heard no more of him, after I was sent for a lifer," Magwitch said.

Herbert, carelessly scrawling something in a book, tilted it so that Pip could see what he had written. Amazed, Pip read:

"Compeyson was the man who deserted Miss Havisham on her wedding-day!"

Their plans were complete, at last. From some safe hiding-place along the shore, Pip and Herbert would row Magwitch, late at night, out into the river—where Pip and the convict would board the Hamburg Steamer.

But first, Pip resolved, he would see Miss Havisham—and Estella.

The old recluse sat now before the fire. Estella sat beside her. But there was silence between them—silence, and a new, strange bitterness. Lonely now, in the twilight of her life, pricked by the thought that Estella soon would leave her forever, she desired desperately to warm her cold heart with emotions long denied. But in Estella's heart she could arouse no answering emotion.

"You stock and stone! You cold, cold earth!" she reproached her.

"I am what you have made me," Estella said calmly.

"So hard and thankless!"

Estella rose. Gently she put her arm

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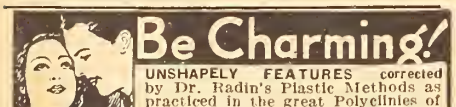

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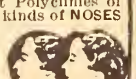

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about the old woman's shoulders. "Mother by adoption," she said quietly, "I owe everything to you. . . . All that you have given me is freely yours, to have again. But if you ask me to give what you never gave me—my gratitude and duty cannot do the impossible." And then the door opened abruptly. Pip stood there.

"What brings you here, Pip?" Miss Havisham asked.

"An ill-wind." At her invitation, he sat down.

Startled, anxious, Estella looked at him.

"You have succeeded, Miss Havisham," he said sadly. "I am as unhappy as you meant me to be!" Haltingly he went on to explain, how he had come to know his benefactor, the blow to his hopes, that Miss Havisham, by insinuation, had fostered.

She stared at him, clutching at her heart.

In the silence that followed, Estella spoke: "Is this why you have come, Pip?"

He understood her meaning. He had not come to demand Miss Havisham's consent to their marriage. Not now! He looked at her sadly. "I don't know what may become of me now," he said. "But I have held you in my arms—and I believe that, in spite of your pride, you do love me."

"If that thought comforts you, believe it," Estella said. After a moment she added: "I am going to marry Drummle."

"But you can't! He can never make you happy! Don't marry for ambition—don't marry for anything but love!"

"Love is the last thing I would dare marry for. . . . Forget me, Pip—and you will."

"Estella—" he cried, "to the last hour of my life, you will be a part of me!"

"You have lost no happiness in losing me—I had nothing to give!" With a strange little cry she fled from the room.

Miss Havisham rose with difficulty. Her hands, fumbling on the table, found an ivory tablet. She held it out to him. "I want you to take this," she said. "My name is written on the first leaf. . . . If ever you can write under it '*I forgive her*——'"

"You may dismiss me from your conscience, Miss Havisham," he said. "But, with Estella—if you can undo what you have done——"

Suddenly she fell to her knees at his feet. Tears rained down her withered cheeks. "What have I done!" she moaned.

Gently he lifted her in his arms and bore her to a chair. Then, in a few hushed words, she spoke with him.

A set, determined look was on Pip's face when he left. He went directly to the lawyer's home. Told Jaggers of his plan to take Magwitch out of England Then he said: "I know now, Mr. Jaggers, that Molly once was Magwitch's wife and Estella is their child. I beg you to save Estella!"

"On what evidence does Magwitch make this claim?" the lawyer asked evenly.

"He does not make it—he has no knowledge that his daughter lives."

"Indeed. And how am I to save Estella?"

Passionately Pip declared his love for the girl. Spoke bitterly of Miss Havisham's blighting influence. Begged Jaggers to tell her the truth, that might save her.

At last, with unwonted gentleness, Jaggers spoke. When her mother was sent to prison, he had had an opportunity of procuring a ward for adoption by Miss Havisham. He had persuaded Molly to give Estella to him, for her own good. She might have fared badly otherwise.

"For whose sake," Jaggers finished impressively, "would you reveal the secret? For the father's? A man wanted by the law? For the mother's? A woman of violence, safer where she is? For the daughter's? Pip, if you have made her the subject of those dreams which at one time or another have been in the heads of more men than you think likely, then I am sure you would wish me to leave her in the dark."

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Transatlantic Merry-Go-Round

(*Continued from page 58*)

quivered. "So he said," she confessed.

"You stupid little fool!" Anya Rosson raged. "He never said anything of the sort! You were nothing to him! Nothing! Do you hear? He loved me," she declared.

Then, as she stood there facing them, insolent, proud, there came the horrifying detonation of a gun. Anya Rosson gasped. Her eyes widened wonderingly, then closed, as she staggered and fell dead before them!

A man entered the cabin. In his hand he held the still smoking gun. "My name is Herbert Rosson," he said dully. "She was my wife. I killed Lother, too," he added.

The Captain turned to McKinney. "Well, Inspector, now you can go back to your vacation."

"Not quite yet," McKinney said thoughtfully. "There's still a loose bracelet floating around somewhere. You remember, Mrs. Rosson reported the theft of her diamond bracelet . . ." He walked away, musing.

When he first had come aboard ship he had felt that he recognized Jimmy Brett. He was, McKinney felt sure, a thief. He knew Summers for a card-sharp, and Lother for a gambler, and he had trimmed them at their own game. Where had he got the money to play with them?

Suddenly conviction swept over the detective. He had lost his bill-fold the first night aboard. Later the bill-fold had turned up, but minus a fifty-dollar bill!

In a corner by the purser's cabin, Brett was talking with Chad Denby.

"You're in love with Sally, aren't you?" Denby asked presently.

"I sure am!" Brett's eyes glowed softly.

But Denby went on. "Sally's a swell girl, and I'd hate to see her tied up with a guy who wasn't on the level. Do I make myself clear?"

"Very clear." Brett looked serious.

He went in search of Sally. Found her.

Drawing a long breath, he thrust his hand in his pocket. Brought out the bracelet. "Now you know," he said.

Inspector McKinney's voice startled them. Hastily Jimmy thrust the bracelet back.

"I bet you fifty dollars," he said drily, "that I find that bracelet before we hit France."

Sally's eyes were earnest. "I have a hunch, Inspector, you're going to win that bet!"

"I hope so!" McKinney moved off.

Jimmy dared stand close to Sally now.

He put his hand in his pocket. His face whitened. "Well—I'll be—" he gasped.

"What's the matter?" Her eyes followed his.

A little way along, Inspector McKinney strolled, tossing something carelessly in his hand. Light reflected from it.

"Hey—wait a minute!" Jimmy called.

As he approached, McKinney slipped the bracelet into his pocket.

Brett drew out his bill-fold. "Here's your fifty—I'm ready to go with you, Inspector," he said quietly.

McKinney looked at him steadily. "I've had my eye on you for some time, young fellow," he said. "I thought, maybe, we'd have to teach you a lesson . . . But I'm convinced that you've learned it yourself."

Jimmy stared after him, his heart thumping with relief. McKinney wanted to give him a chance—him and Sally . . . He turned as she came toward him.

"Is it all right?" she asked breathlessly.

Jimmy nodded wordlessly.

"I'm crazy about you!" he said.

Sally said: "I think you're a pretty fine guy!" And lifted her lips happily to his.

The End

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These Movies

(*Continued from page 35*)

concentration on her beauty. You forget that she is Anna Sten. She becomes the girl she is portraying, with simplicity and naturalness. She is real.

She is a healthy, unsophisticated peasant girl as the story opens in the czaristic Russia of 1885—a household protégée of two wealthy women aristocrats on their country estate. Like the trees in bloom, she is beautiful, unaware of her beauty, content with her lot. To the estate comes her mistresses' cadet-nephew, a young radical passionately interested in equality for all. Before he goes away, he falls in love with her, tells her she is his equal, promises eternal fealty. But back in the army corps, he is forced to engage in the dissolute life, and in the next two years becomes a sensual cynic. Again he revisits the estate for one night, callously seduces her, leaves her only a banknote . . . Years later, in Moscow, she is a street-angel, accused of robbery and murder, and tried before a jury of which he is a member. Innocent, she is sentenced to Siberia through an error. Frantically, he pulls wires, tries to get her free. Failing, he suddenly realizes the injustice of it all, blames himself, resolves to correct the wrong he has done, though she scorns him, and share her sentence with her. And that scene of their reunion is the big thrill of the picture. Her eyes, dulled by her tragedy, suddenly light up, shine, live again. A slow picture, it moves with an undercover tenseness, never relaxing your interest. Director Rouben Mamoulian has again proved his skill as a story-teller.

JUDGE PRIEST—Fox

Will Rogers Has Never Been Better

"JUDGE PRIEST" is the best Will Rogers picture since "State Fair"—and in it, to my mind, he gives his greatest performance to date. It marks his complete metamorphosis from amusing philosopher into character actor. He doesn't get a single chance to comment upon the modern scene. He is living in a sleepy old town in the Kentucky of the 1890's. In appearance, he may not be the *Judge Priest* of Irvin S. Cobb's stories, but in every other way he is that foxy, humorous, salty character.

The picture gets off to a leisurely start, introducing you to the town's and the film's principal character, his old Confederate cronies and his enemies. Slyly, it makes you interested in all of them. Then things start happening. *Judge Priest* is to preside at a trial that promises to be a bitter one, with the sympathies of the town divided. The attorney for the defense is his young nephew (Tom Brown), and the prosecutor charges the *Judge* with being prejudiced. Passionately defending his judicial fairness, he leaves the bench, but by a roundabout way finds a way to help the defense, having Henry B. Walthall take the stand. The rising suspense reaches a vivid climax in this scene—one of the most moving monologues ever presented on the screen, with the *Little Colonel* of "Birth of a Nation" fame proving that he is still one of the screen titans. He comes close to stealing the picture, excellent though Will is. The picture has that rare thing, charm—and practically everything else you could ask for, including drama, humor, pathos and romance. The big laugh moment is Will's imitation of Stepin Fetchit's voice, with the unerring marksmanship of tobacco-chewing Juror No. 12 another high point in hilarity. There isn't a weak performance in the picture. Especially outstanding, after Rogers and Walthall, is David Landau as the man on trial. That trial scene is the scene you don't want to miss.

THE GAY DIVORCÉE —RKO-Radio

You Can't Help Liking This Fellow Astaire

IT didn't take Fred Astaire long to become a movie star. He makes the grade in his third picture, which reveals that, in him, the screen has found a new, unusual personality. There has never been anyone like him in films before. Not the "handsome hero" type, he is infectiously likable, with his humorous naturalness, his light-heartedness and light-footedness, his unself-conscious singing. Everything he does, he seems to do with perfect ease, with a gay nonchalance. And in "The Gay Divorcée," with Ginger Rogers as his co-star, he has a musical comedy that is far above the average—in plot, in wit, in music—and a chance to achieve a believable characterization.

He is an American musical comedy star, on vacation in Europe, fraternizing with Edward Everett Horton, a would-be London lawyer, who suffers from bewilderment—especially when Alice Brady, who suffers from loss of memory, sets out in pursuit of him. At the customs, Fred helps a damsel in distress, makes her more distressed, but can't be rebuffed, he is that smitten with her. (The girl is Ginger.) For two weeks, he scours London, searching for her (cue for "Looking for a Needle in a Haystack"), finally finds her, only to have her elude him again. Meanwhile, she goes to Horton, to see if he can help her get a divorce from a dreary scientist. He arranges that she should go to a seaside resort and be found there by detectives with a man who hires out as a professional co-respondent. To the same resort Horton takes Astaire.

Finding Ginger there, and not knowing why she is there, he pursues her (cue for "Night and Day"), until finally she thinks he is the professional co-respondent and despises him. It takes some highly amusing scenes—intimate, without an iota of suggestiveness—and a dance duet during "The Continental," to straighten matters out. I liked the whole picture except "The Continental," and I liked that while Fred and Ginger were doing it. But when chorus gals and chorus boys, seemingly by the hundreds, start doing it, and continue to do it and do it, things get monotonous—for the first and only time. I warn you—don't miss Astaire.

POWER—British-Gaumont

Conrad Veidt Joins the Unforgetables

"POWER" lives up to its title. It is the finest picture the British have sent us since Charles Laughton's "Private Life of Henry the VIIIth" and Elizabeth Bergner's "Catherine the Great"—and, like those two memorable pictures, deals with the decadent nobility of another day. But where "Henry the VIIIth" was biographical comedy and "Catherine the Great" was historical romance, "Power" is tragedy, ironic tragedy. And in it Conrad Veidt renders a magnificent performance. Along with Laughton and Miss Bergner, the German actor—who was in Hollywood before talkies—now rates ranking as one of the ten greatest performers in the world.

The film is based on Lion Feuchtwanger's compelling historical novel of the same name. Its setting is the XVIIIth Century Duchy of Wurttemburg, Germany. Its story is that of Jew Suss, brilliant, romantic, coolly clever mystery man out of a German ghetto, who becomes a financial wizard and master of court intrigue, courageous, adventurous, thriving on unseen power. To him, power seems all-essential, until the backwash of intrigue brings the bitterest of tragedies into his own life. He gets retribution, according to his own code, but with his vengeance he writes his own finale. And here the irony mounts to climactic proportions. He discovers that he is not, as he and all the world had thought, a Jew. If he bares his discovery, he can escape the gallows. But—for reasons of his own—he keeps silence.

The picture is produced on the same lavish scale as "The Private Life of Henry the VIIIth" and "Catherine the Great." But that isn't the important thing. What is important is that here is a courageous, powerful picture, glorified by a tremendous performance. Conrad Veidt can laugh sardonically now at Hollywood's once deciding that it could no longer use him.

LADY BY CHOICE—Columbia

Robson and Lombard Co-Star in a Hit

"LADY BY CHOICE" is the best picture May Robson has had since "Lady for a Day," and the best that Carole Lombard has had since "20th Century." And I can't see any reason why this co-starring picture shouldn't be a hit, also, for in it they are both doing follow-ups of their earlier rôles. Moreover, the characters, though amusing, are humanly real, and the story, for all its theatrical hokum, is entertaining from start to finish.

No apple-seller this time, Miss Robson *is* a genial old derelict, haled into court. No Broadway queen this time, Miss Lombard *is* a temperamental fan dancer, who also gets haled into court. May, despite her objections, is sent away to an old folks' home; Carole receives a suspended sentence. Some time later, her press-agent conceives a publicity stunt involving her adoption of a "mother." They go to the old folks' home, Carole recognizes May, and chooses her to be her phoney maternal guide. May, however, takes her assignment seriously—with a resultant amusing clash of temperaments, particularly over the way Carole is treating Roger Pryor, who loves her. May is determined to be a dictatress; Carole is equally determined to be a rebel. Fun and drama unite to make the picture an enjoyable morsel, a banisher of the blues. And all kinds of praise can be heaped on both stars for their performances.

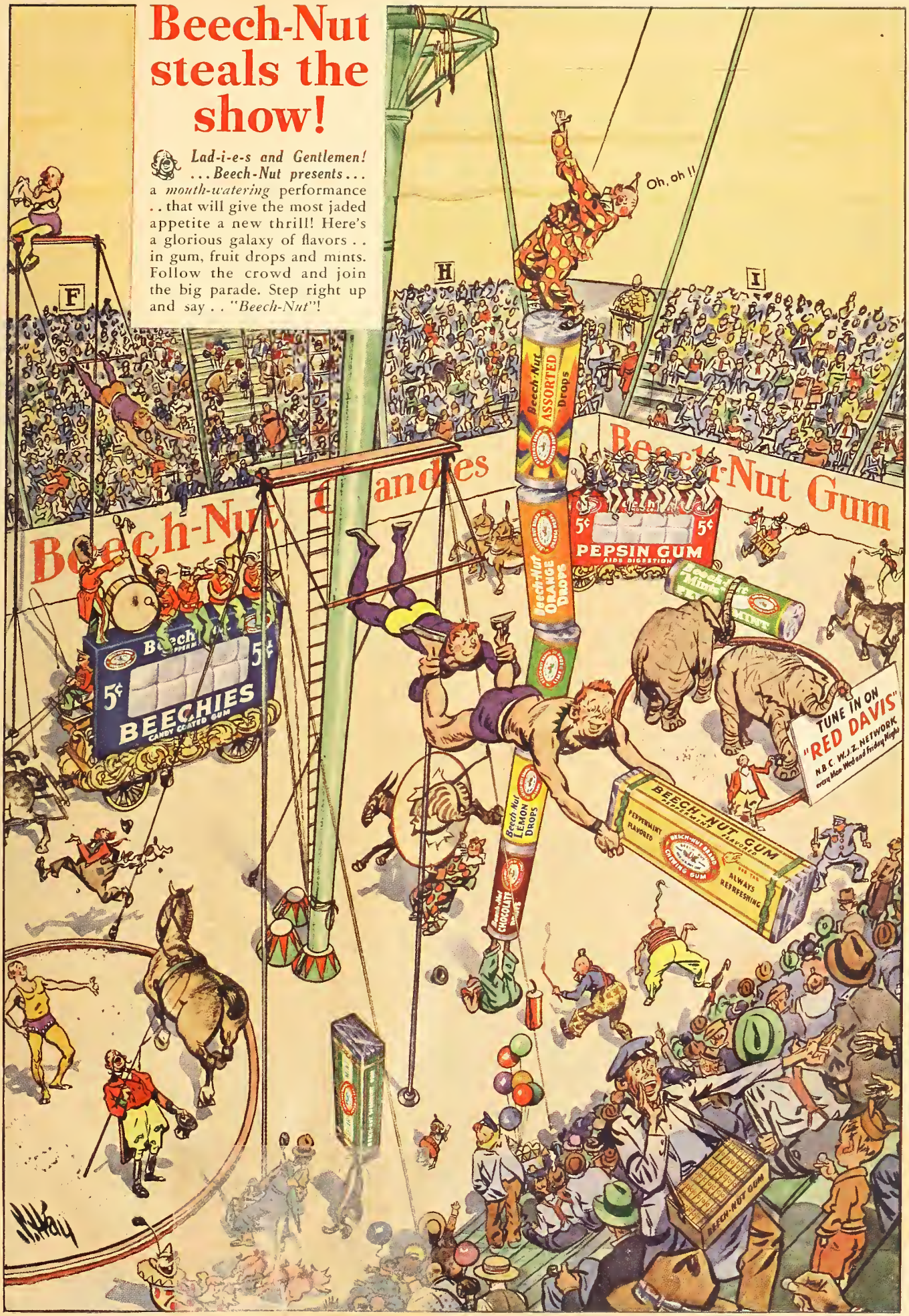
And I might say, briefly, that:

CARAVAN is a colorful comedy romance, with music—and almost too spectacular for its cream-puff plot. Aristocrat Loretta Young, deciding to marry singing-gipsy Charles Boyer, suddenly discovers that she loves aristocrat Phillips Holmes; Boyer consoles himself with jealous-gipsy Jean Parker. Louise Fazenda, in a comedy rôle, is a big help (Fox)

A LOST LADY is a slow, heavy, well-acted picturization of Willa Cather's novel about a young and tragic girl who marries a kindly older man, then almost wrecks his life as hers had been wrecked, at last finds happiness with him. Barbara Stanwyck, Frank Morgan and Ricardo Cortez are the convincing principals (Warners)

PECK'S BAD BOY is something for the whole family—a portrait of a mischievous, misunderstood, real boy (Jackie Cooper), who craves the companionship of his father (Thomas Meighan). (Principal)

HAPPINESS AHEAD is a disarming, light-hearted comedy-romance, with music, introducing a promising newcomer—Josephine Hutchinson, a poor little rich girl, who doesn't find true love until she meets that singing window-washer, Dick Powell. It is breezy, cheerful, pleasant (Warners)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